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THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR BOOK.

RECOGNITION IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

BY H. P. TAPPAN, D.D.

Shall we recognize each other in the Heavenly World?—a question often anxiously asked. Nothing on earth is so dear to us as the ties of friendship and kindred; and we cannot reconcile ourselves to the thought that we shall not recognize and feel the influence of these ties in heaven. It, certainly, is not unlawful to reason about this question in any way that shall not bring us into conflict with the Holy Scriptures. Let us then indulge ourselves a little in some unpresumptuous thoughts. God will not judge us severely for yielding to that kindly nature which He himself has given us.

If we do not recognize each other in the heavenly world, it must arise from the following causes:

We must inhabit separate regions, so that our intercourse shall cease; or, our forms must be so changed that we shall retain no resemblance of what we were on earth; or, if not so changed, we must lose our recollection of them; and in either of these two cases we must either lose the knowledge of our own identity, or not be permitted, or not feel a sufficient interest in the past, to introduce ourselves to each other by our earthly names and relations; nay, we must not recur to earthly histories or experiences at all, for we cannot conceive of this being done without involving personal recognitions: in fine, we must either lose all recollection of our earthly state, or the new relations into which we are introduced in the heavenly world, must so absorb us that we shall feel no interest in recurring to the past.

Now, does [illegible] scriptural or ra[illegible]

First, shall we be separated from each other, by inhabiting different regions? The Scriptures give no intimation of any such thing. On the contrary, the redeemed are represented as constituting a glorious assembly present with the Lord. Heaven is a glorious Mount Sion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, inhabited by an innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly of the Church of the first-born which are written in heaven—the spirits of the just made perfect. When the Lord shall come, he will bring with him those that slept in Jesus, and those which are alive shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Indeed the whole current of Scripture goes to show the union, and not the separation of the saints. Heaven is the organized, social and happy community of the redeemed. But, it may be asked, may not this united community dwell in different planets or worlds, forming a heavenly system? We can neither affirm nor deny this. If it be so, it would be natural, and not unreasonable, to expect that the inhabitants of any particular world will consist of those who are bound together by the most intimate ties. Now, among these ties we cannot but believe that those which were formed during our earthly probation in being helpers of each other's faith, in bearing one another's burdens, in exerting over one another the most holy and endearing influences in domestic and friendly relations, must, even in heaven, be regarded as dear and precious, and form a ground for the constitution of particular heavenly communities. But inasmuch [illegible] the redeemed from our earth have been con-

nected with one scheme of redemption here wrought out, have been parts of one great history here developed, have been the members of one Church militant extending through all time from the creation to the judgment, and together constitute the one body of which Christ is the head, in a union the most intimate and divine, we cannot suppose them, in heaven, to be divided into particular communities, except on condition that these communities maintain among themselves the fellowship of the saints, and are known and endeared to each other throughout eternity. If, therefore, we suppose them to be distributed through a system of worlds with dividing spaces, we have only to recollect that they are to dwell in spiritual bodies, and to be equal with the angels, and that the angels, like Gabriel visiting Daniel, can fly with such exceeding swiftness that what seem to us now vast spaces form in reality no separation. As to the other alternative—our personal identity we cannot lose, for this is inherent in the soul. Nor does it seem at all probable that we shall lose the identity of our bodily forms. Some marks of bodily individuality we must have, and why not retain those in which we began our existence? Nay, the doctrine of the resurrection seems clearly to imply the retention of our original forms, purified only from those imperfections which would be inconsistent with the beauty of heaven. This seems also to be indicated in the case of Lazarus and the rich man. Abraham, Lazarus and the rich man are known in the other world by their earthly identities. The same is true of the transfiguration where Moses and Elias appeared.

That we should forget our earthly histories, or lose our interest in them, is wholly improbable in itself, and plainly at variance with Scripture. The soul in its perfected state cannot lose the memory, one of its noblest functions. And dwelling forever in the presence of the Redeemer, it cannot lose its interest in the past, without a corresponding decay of its peculiar interest in him, and being drawn away from the richest theme of eternal gratitude and praise. The joy of heaven must, in a high degree, arise from contrasting the earthly pilgrimage with the glory and peace of the immortal state. And what is the new song of the redeemed in that world of glory? Is it not of the redemption achieved on earth? "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."

Since, therefore, we shall retain our knowledge of the past with the liveliest interest, as the theme of our meditations, our praises, and our mutual discourse, we cannot be unknown to each other even if our bodily forms should be changed But as we have good reason and warrant to believe that these shall not be changed, but only perfected, we may look forward to an immediate and joyous recognition. In heaven we shall not be married or given in marriage, but we shall not forget those to whom we were married. In heaven children shall not be born to us, but we shall not forget those who were born to us, or the parents who begat us. Even on earth we are conscious of a love in those relations far beyond any mere natural instinct—a love pure, spiritual and deathless. It is under the fostering and sanctifying influence of Christianity itself that this love is born. Christianity touches our mortal relations and makes them immortal. Husband and wife, parents and children, sisters and brothers, friend and friend, embracing each other in the faith, love and hope of the gospel, feel that they are united forever.

The anxieties which we are prone to indulge on this subject arise both from the extreme interest connected with it, and the shadowy and unsubstantial character which in our habitual thinking we attribute to the spiritual world. The former naturally leads us to torture ourselves with doubt; the latter renders it difficult to embody the future to ourselves as a reality. If the soul had pre-existed in a spiritual state, in contemplating its introduction into this world, it would probably have been filled with similar anxieties and fears. That form of being which alone we have tried appears to us the most real. In the unknown we seem to lose the real. To remove these apprehensions we ought to reflect that our being is progressive, and that in passing into the other world we are truly advancing to a higher and more pertect reality. We are now, indeed, treading upon what appears to us a solid earth; but it is really a changeable form of matter, and might be dispersed into invisible gases. We dwell in a substantial body, but it is doomed to decay, and must share the fate of all earthly matter. We are placed in many interesting relations, but they are relations which are continually liable to be broken. This is not, after all, a very substantial and real world to us. That which alone is permanent to us is the soul within us—our spiritual self. Death separates us from this changeable state, and introduces us into one which the gospel teaches us is unchangeable. The soul leaves nothing behind it but the earthly and imperfect. It carries with it all its noble faculties, its best affections, its immortal energies. It can lose no part of itself. That other world to which it goes is one perfectly adapted to all its wants, and opens to it the proper field for its

activities. Instead of going into a shadowy state, like the Hades of the ancient Greeks, it goes into its true and proper home. Instead, therefore, of feeling that it has lost anything when it arrives upon the heavenly shore, it will find, to its unutterable joy, that it has gained everything. That spiritual world will appear to it its natural abode, meeting all its wants, and presenting the most substantial forms of life. Ask, therefore, what you want in your noblest, most cultivated, and purest development, and be assured Heaven will give you all. You want a world of perfect beauty; you will find it there. You want an unfettered and unwearied intellect under the most auspicious conditions of development; you will possess it there. You want a heart purified from evil; there you will be holy to the full measure of your capacities. You want relief from care, trial, disappointment and sorrows; there all tears are wiped away, and the fountains of joy are overflowing. You want society of the refined, the noble, the true, the wise, the good; you will find it there—it is the society of the just made perfect. You want to be reunited in a deathless union with those whom you have loved on earth; if they have slept in Jesus, you will meet them there. Be assured nothing can be lost to you which is united to your soul in the faith and love of Christ. You want to renew particularly the intimacies which were dearest to you on earth; if these intimacies were sealed by the hope of the Gospel, you will renew them there. There will be myriads of the redeemed; you will be united to them all, you will love them all. But an equally intimate fellowship with all is impossible. The very conditions of our social nature assign limitations to the most intimate fellowships. Among the myriads of the redeemed, our most intimate fellowships must take place where our hearts would most naturally, fondly and congenially select them. Many of our relations on earth are artificial and constrained. These we would not wish to renew. But where souls have become one by real congeniality, by noble, pure and true affection, death cannot unseal a bond laid so deep in the soul itself. This is something which it belongs to Heaven to perfect and perpetuate. The true principle, both in a rational and scriptural point of view, on which to judge of the heavenly world, is that to which we have already alluded, namely, that our being is progressive, and that, as such, whatever is pure, good and beautiful in us now, must reappear in heaven under more perfect forms. We leave nothing behind us but the dark, the imperfect, the unholy. Thought, imagination, taste, and all the affections of a gentle, pure and loving nature will be like flowers transplanted into a richer soil, under more genial skies. Our proper humanity will still remain in heaven with nothing lost, but everything ripened to perfection, and kindled in a more glowing life.

THE PILGRIM IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

How throbbed my heart, when, through the morning skies,
The towers of Zion met my longing eyes!
When, one by one, along the horizon's verge,
I saw the hallowed landmarks first emerge;
And felt my glorious privilege to trace
The hills that guard Jehovah's dwelling-place!

There, gathered in majestic frame, were set
Moriah—Zion—Calvary—Olivet;
Where haloes of departed glory still,
With sacred light, encompass every

While godlike forms of priests and prophets rise,
And kings, who held their sceptres from the skies,
Still throw their hallowed mantle o'er the scene,
And marshal round their "melancholy Queen"—
The "Queen of Nations!" Lo, how pale she stands,
With wildered look, mute lips, and clasped hands!

* * * * * *

On yonder height, in many a heaving mound
Of human dust, behold her battle-ground!
There, marshalled for her rescue or her fall,
Host after host has girt her sacred wall!
The Roman cohorts, and the fierce Crusade—
Moor—Moslem—Saracen—in steel arrayed;
Iberian chiefs—the chivalry of France—
Have twanged the bow and couched the quivering lance;
And England's battle-axe wiped out in blood
The insults aimed at the triumphant Rood—
Rolled back the battering-rams that shook her wall—
Resolved to conquer—yet content to fall—
If there, at last, their ashes might repose
Where Jesus lived and suffered—died and rose!

* * * * * *

Thrice holy, yet unhappiest city! thou
Must wear no garland but the cypress bough!
Thy shrines are dust—thy sanctuaries defiled;
And, where thy temple stood, in triumph piled,
Omar's proud mosque usurps the hallowed place,
And frowns contempt on Israel's scattered race!

* * * * * *

Yet, widowed Queen! immortal is thy dower—
The name of God is writ on every tower!
I gaze, as if entranced! my spirit fraught
With sounds and thoughts—"unteachable, untaught"—
Feelings, that ask for utterance in vain,
Swell in my heart, and throb within my brain.
And hark! as with slow step I muse along,
The rocks still echo to the angel's song!
From green Gethsemane—from Siloa's wave—
From Kedron's brook—gray sepulchre and cave—
Each mound and vale, by saint and martyr trod,
Still shout, "Hosanna to the Son of God!"

* * * * * *

At such an hour, on such a scene to gaze,
Inspires new life, each former toil repays—
Blunts in my heart the stings of earthly care,
And crowns with rich reward the pilgrim's prayer.
For lo, at last, through scenes of various death—
Strife—storm—the desert's pestilential breath—
I touch the goal—I tread the hallowed ground
Where man was ransomed and the Saviour crowned!
Where Zion's gate, the gate of heaven, appears,
And thoughts, too deep for words, dissolve in tears!

THE LAND OF THY CHOICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. HENGSTENGBERG, OF BERLIN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A DISTINGUISHED man in a large city died. During his illness his friends had merely said that he was "a little unwell;" and a few moments before the death-stroke the doctor observed to the nurse, in a decorous whisper, "His appearance does not please me." The man himself had been so completely deceived, as to the fatal nature of his disease, that it was only when he felt the hand of death upon him, that he started, and said, "I believe I am dangerously sick." A moment after, with a sudden horror, the thought thrilled through his soul, "*Thou art dying.*" He struggled for a few moments—then all grew dark, and he sunk into an insensibility, which he supposed to be the commencement of annihilation. His friends stood horror-stricken and stupefied; and now, at length, they ventured to speak of his *death.*

* * * *

The night winds in the lonely church-yard sighed heavily over the fresh grave mound of the departed; and above it, wavering in the moonbeam, a shadowy form seemed slowly and gradually disengaging itself from the earth. It was the soul of the dead, now breaking itself loose from its earthly tenement, as the butterfly frees itself from its withered and useless shell.

"And am I then still living," sighed the departed, "and is there, what I never believed, a life after death? But how cold, how dreary is this solitude? Whither shall I go?" Here the cheerful voices of some travellers, who were passing by the grave-yard into the city, struck upon his ears, and stretching his arms towards them, in an imploring tone, he besought them to take him with them into the city; but he perceived that they neither heard nor saw him.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said; "I am no longer able to hold communion with living men. I am forever separated from the warm and breathing forms with whom I have hitherto lived. Whither then shall I go? Who will guide me in this cold and lonely world which I have entered?"

As he spoke these words an angel form swept downward from the skies and approached him; his figure was glorious, and his face marked with a strong, benevolent, yet somewhat sorrowful expression.

"Son of Adam," said he, "thy connection with life is over. Thy Creator hath placed thee in the territory of the spiritual world. To what part of it dost thou now desire to be led?"

At first the spirit seemed overawed by this address, but striving to recover himself, he replied—

"You treat me with more consideration than I had reason to expect, in the event of my coming into such a life as this. In my past existence, priests were wont to threaten hell and eternal torments to people of my habits of life and turn of thinking. I am now glad that I could see farther through the subject than they, and that I always treated their threats with contempt. But as you ask me whither I would go, I say, let me remain in this world, as here are all the things in which I have ever taken any interest."

"You forget," replied the angel," "that you can no longer hold any communion with men, o partake in any of their modes of life and enjoy ment."

"Ah! too true," replied the dead, "I should be only a forlorn wanderer among the scenes of former pleasures; and could I reveal myself to my friends I should be only an object of terror. Well, take me then into the better land with you."

"The better land," replied the angel, seriously, is large and wide. In my father's house are many mansions. To which of these would you be led?"

"To the most perfect of all, good angel," replied the departed.

"The most perfect," replied the angel, "is where God unveils his face—where Jesus is surrounded by the spirits of the just made perfect —where praises and hallelujahs to God and the Lam[illegible] [illegible]nually resounding."

The countenance of the departed expressed a feeling of ill-repressed disgust, as he answered—

"Is there no other place but that, good angel? I never liked to hear about Jesus Christ, and I am sure it would be very repugnant to my feelings to be anywhere in his presence; and as to all this psalm-singing and pietistic jargon, I always had the utmost contempt for it, and do not find the least disposition to conform to it now. But bring me into the society of intellectual men, of philosophers and men of learning."

"There is no learning in this world but the study of God and of Jesus, as seen in all the multiplied forms of creation. If it displeases you to hear of Jesus, there is nothing that you can investigate here with any pleasure, for in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and all things are by Him, and for Him, and He is before all things, and by him all things do consist."

"But then, if I cannot associate with your learned men," replied the departed, "bring me, at least, to the society of artists; for I have spent much of my life in the contemplation of the fine arts, and always found in them the greatest enjoyment. I think I am fitted for company of this sort."

"It is true there is such society here," replied the angel, "but the object of all art is to shadow forth, and express, by new images, the Divine beauty and grandeur, as it appears in all his works; but most of all as it is reflected from the face of Jesus Christ. If you can take an eternal delight in such exercises of the creative power, come with me."

"No, no," replied the dead, angrily, and shrinking back from the touch of the angel, "are these same ideas to haunt me everywhere? Take me to the society of the polite, the refined, the courteous; to such society, in short, as I have been accustomed to on earth."

"And what is refinement, but purity?" replied the angel. "Those whom you seek, are these same ones who stand with uncovered heart, beneath the eye of God, yet look up to his face without a fear; in whose bosoms every passing thought may be read, yet not a blush rise to the cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw away from God, or each other. If, with unveiled heart, you too can be happy among these, ascend with me."

"For Heaven's sake, no," replied the dead, with a mixture of terror and anger. "What! have all *my* thoughts seen!—*my* heart forever unveiled!—a fine eternity that would be for me!" and he laughed in a bitter, derisive tone. "You must know—you must see," he suddenly added, "how you mock me, by presenting at every turn these same ideas. You know I always hated and disliked all these images and associations; my whole life has been an effort to keep them out of sight; and do you suppose I can change in a moment so as to take pleasure in them?"

"I only tell you what is," replied the angel, in a grave and steady tone, "and again I ask, if all these things displease you, whither would you go?"

"Take me to those who feel and think as I do," rejoined the departed.

"You exile yourself from all good, in saying so," sighed the angel; "nevertheless, come with me."

Then, as with broad wing the angel swept upward, they came near to a fair golden star, where might be seen forms of unearthly beauty passing to and fro; and as they passed, they seemed to be communing in an earnest and loving manner, or singing hymns in a sweet, mild, full-hearted joyfulness; and though there were many different voices, yet there was no discord, but all blended together in a calm and soothing harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded back from the sphere of the star, as by some natural repulsion, and passed downward into a shadowy region. And now they drew near to another world, where were forms of men, walking slowly and conversing with each other, and ever and anon they looked upward with an earnest and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those who never fully in their life received the offer of the gospel by Jesus, but who died with a longing after truth, and an undeveloped germ of good in their souls. Here, by prayer and by searching, this germ is unfolded, till they ascend to the presence of God."

"Nay," said the dead, "this is not the place I am in quest of. I supposed here I should find an army of churches and priests, all in array to make a proselyte of me. No, let me go where all these things are never heard of."

"Then go," replied the angel, "to thine own place;" and with these words the spirit of the departed sunk to a gloomy region that lay far below. The angel followed him not, but stood above. He then found himself joined by two ill-looking figures, one of whom, laying hold of him roughly, saluted him by a vile name, that reminded him of the sins of his youth.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where am I now? Are there no laws here?—no police to protect me from abuse?"

The angel from above answered, "That police which you found so convenient in the world you

have forsaken, owed all its efficiency to that moral sentiment inspired by the religion of Christ, which you say you always despised. You wished to be where nothing of the sort existed, and your wish is granted. This is a world where no relic of any of those restraints, which come from God in any shape remain—where there is no trace of any kind of virtue that had its origin in His laws and institutions. All that can be expected from the association of the ungodly and profane—the haters of God, you will find here; but look not for security, rest or peace of mind in such society. These only are to be had among the friends of God."

Then the face of the dead man grew dark with anger and blasphemy, as he bitterly replied—

"I see now how it is, thou most holy, most virtuous, most devout son of God, thou most excellent preacher of righteousness. I am in the so-called regions of hell; *this* is what I am to understand; and call you this the land of my choice—this gloomy and sterile desert, where not one flower can unfold? Such a residence is contrary to my taste, and therefore contrary to justice."

"Nay," replied the angel, "is it not meet that the beautiful mansions of my Father's house should be inhabited by His children, who love his presence and enjoy his smile? Because thou canst not bear Him and them; because all that thou findest there is disgusting and painful to thee, therefore it is that thou art compelled to seek this outer darkness. According to the character of the soul, so doth the material world form itself around it. Around the pure and peaceful sprit, pure and peaceful skies arise; around the lovely and the good, forms of loveliness and beauty are constantly springing; but around the dark-minded, and impure, and passionate, dark and stormy clouds forever arise; for the world without must forever image the world within. Such is the immutable law; and does it not seem to thee to be just?"

"It may be so," murmured the dead, angrily, "but these vile forms around me, are these my equals?"

"They are so," replied the angel. "He who first addressed you was indeed a low and coarse voluptuary; thou wast a polished and refined one; but still ye were both of the same order; and the artificial distinctions which separated you in yonder world no longer exist."

"And how long," rejoined the spirit, angrily, "is this to be my residence?"

"Till thou canst love God, whom thou now hatest; till thou canst fall in repentance and submission at the feet of Jesus; till thy heart beats with the heart of the blessed—not till then."

"Till then!" rejoins the dead man; "*I* love God!—*I* ask forgiveness from Jesus! Never! never! never! Outer darkness—eternal storm—eternal fire were better than that. Here I shall, at least, have one comfort—to hate and despise and hold them in utter contempt for ever. I be subdued? no, never!"

"No, never!" responded the angel, in a voice that thrilled through the dark region. "No, never! Thou hast spoken it!"—Amen.

A WREATH.

BY R. W. T.

Oh! twine for me no wreath of Fame;
Her laurels grow to crown the tomb;
They serve at best to gild a name,
And clothe a shade in deathless bloom.
Too oft her chaplet, shining bright,
Galls what it decks with glory's ray;
And while she sheds a sickly light,
Too oft she steals [illegible]v.

Twine, twine a wreath of Faith, and Love,
And Hope—these holy plants of bliss,
That sometimes venture from above
To crown our cup of happiness.
Twine, twine this wreath—ye angels twine—
Oh! twine this fragrant wreath for me!
And it shall breathe its breath divine,
A d make my soul all harmony.

GOOD BREEDING.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

"What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment give them decent grace?"

It has been said, that "manners make the man." In some sense it is true. No small part of the art of succeeding well in the world consists in personal address. The pleasure of society is greatly diminished by offensive personal habits, or awkwardness of demeanor. To be conscious of such a deficiency in the art of making a good appearance, is such a serious drawback on the pleasure of social life, as to prevent not a few from seeking it. The position of one who is introduced into a circle of fashion, beauty, wit and wealth, without that knowledge of good breeding which will fit him to enjoy it—

"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully or standing still,"

is entitled to as much of commiseration as it is apt to receive of ridicule and contempt. We have a genuine sympathy with such unfortunates, for in all their misery we have participated; and therefore we write. We wish to put them at ease in society—to let them into the secret of true politeness, that they may feel at home in "the Christian Parlor."

A proper acquaintance with what society has established to be essential to good manners is necessary, in order to the cultivation of good breeding. It is still more important, because of erroneous views and instructions to be found in all the ordinary essays on politeness. The school of Chesterfield is not the place whither we would send our children and youth for this accomplishment. If it is essential to a graceful personal appearance in society, to learn and acquire "the morals of a prostitute, and the manners of a dancing-master," such a school is the most appropriate for the purpose. This "hollow and insincere system of artificial manners" may be acquired, with all that courtly polish, that graceful and punctilious adjustment of smiles, bows, dress and minute attentions to posture, which are demanded in the circles of fashion, and in the palaces of the aristocracy, and yet almost nothing be known of true politeness.

"I have not found," says the observant Dr. Johnson, "among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance, than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting public entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy. They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, (bells were not then in vogue,) how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned; but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their own vanity any gratification, however expensive, to the quiet of another."

True politeness has its seat in the heart. Whatever may be the education, the advantages of good society, and the outward personal grace, no one can be really polite, and truly well-bred, whose heart is destitute of kindly feeling. A pure heart and a sweet temper are essential to the perfection of good manners. The latter cannot subsist without the former.

"The universal axiom," says Dr. Johnson, "in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is, *that no man shall give any preference to himself*—a rule, so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility, without supposing it to be broken." Apply this standard to the circles of fashion, and the cases are rare indeed that can endure the test. The universal passion by which the fashionables of the day are actuated, even in their compliments and courtly attentions, is self-adulation. To excel in the pomp and show of dress, of furniture, of sumptuous entertainment, and so to excite the envy and the wonder, if not the admiration, of

the less favored, is the one great object of fashionable ambition. A disinterested regard for the happiness of others, and a constant and unselfish effort to promote their comfort, have but little place in the hearts or plans of fashionable society. Nowhere is there more heartlessness, more self-seeking, more triumph in the mortification of others.

A female friend of my acquaintance is possessed of a most ample fortune, and has, by the kindness of a bountiful husband, the means of indulging any desire of her heart for the luxuries of life. Possessed of an elegant person, and accustomed to mingle in the most fashionable and wealthy circles of the town, she is regarded as a lady of great politeness, and excellently well-bred. Her house is furnished with all the elegance that pride could desire, or taste suggest, and is deficient in nothing that wealth can procure to make it attractive. Not a year passes but hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of dollars are expended in the renewal or change of furniture.

With all this elegance of person, style, address, and dwelling, my friend is yet very deficient in true politeness. I seldom call upon her without a sense of mortification, produced not by what I see, but what I hear. Scarcely have I taken my seat, before she gives expression to her disgust and contempt for all her splendid *personnel*. Not that she feels how vain and unsatisfying such enjoyments are; but that they are so mean, so contemptible, she can scarcely endure them; she is tempted every day to send the worthless trash to auction. Nothing suits her; nothing is good enough. Her dress she has worn but once, and she never means to wear it again, though she paid an extravagant sum for it. Now, the evident design of all this is to call my attention to the elegance of her dress, and the sumptuousness of her equipage; to draw forth some expression of admiration, and to feast upon my surprise. The effect on most minds would be, as they contrasted their more humble possessions, to repine at their own inferiority with all this magnificence, and to feel an envious discontent at their own lot.

I cannot but think that my friend, who, by the way, is a member of a Christian church, is thus indulging her own pride by forcing me to make such a contrast. She has not yet learned that the obtrusion of unwelcome and displeasing ideas is a species of oppression, "and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of some real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulness of its absence, which is the next happiness to actual possession."

If asked, then, to give a definition of what I mean by good manners, I would say—REAL KINDNESS, KINDLY EXPRESSED. This is the essence and fountain of good breeding, whether in the courts of kings, or in the humble dwellings of the poor. It is a definition suited to all latitudes, and to every sphere of human life. Everything that comes short of this is, in reality, but affectation and artifice, or rudeness and vulgarity.

"Politeness," says Dr. Brown, "in all its most important respects; indeed in every respect, in which it is to be separated from the mere fluctuating and arbitrary forms and ceremonies of the month or year, is nothing more than knowledge of the human mind directing general benevolence. It is the art of producing the greatest happiness, which, in the mere external courtesies of life can be produced, by raising such ideas or other feelings, in the minds of those with whom we are conversant, as will afford the most pleasure, and averting, as much as possible, every idea which may lead to pain." A very slight acquaintance with the fashionable world must be sufficient to convince any one, that, while etiquette is studied and practised in great perfection, it is very rare to meet with that genuine politeness so truthfully defined by this learned philosopher and gentleman. True benevolence is the only basis on which it can subsist. And, where this is connected with a knowledge of human nature, and converts that knowledge into as many acts of kindness, and as few of unkindness, as possible, there you may expect to find good breeding. In vain will you look for it elsewhere. Real kindness, kindly expressed, is politeness the world over.

It shall be my design to show that, in the cultivation of good manners, the first and chief requisite is—true piety.

LIFE A KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY REV. F. G. CLARK.

How like the kaleidoscope is human life! The fascinating forms it offers to the eye, arrest the hand, enchain the soul, and make us loth to turn the instrument, that other scenes may come in view. Each combination of the dazzling fragments seems so fair that fairer we hope not to find.

So it is oft with human life. The heart grows fond of present scenes, and friends, and joys; nor does it think the future can bring aught more joyous or secure. The soul shrinks back from change. For in the countless chances of the future, it can see as much of dark as light, of joy as grief. Hence present bliss, though still alloyed, were better far than risk of future ill.

It is not so indeed with all. They only linger thus with transport on the present scenes of life, whose cup, half drained, does not reveal its bitter dregs. They to whom life is full of smiles, and flowers, and joys, they only are content this side the veil that hides futurity. But others, sickened with the painful scenes they daily view, long to rend the veil, and break the spell which hangs about to-morrow's doubtful fortunes. These have only ill, and every good to them must come amidst the revelations of the future. These turn with anxious eye the kaleidoscope of life, and hasten on to future scenes with eager steps, goaded on their way by thorns which pierce their feet. These sons of misery are never heard to sing but in such plaintive song as this:

"Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind;
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.

* * * *

"Sail on, sail on, through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore."

But hasten as we will, or press along the track of life with ever so great eagerness, we cannot accelerate the steady turnings of the wheel of fortune. A hand divine, a mind all-wise, a Father all good, these are the mainsprings of life's machinery, and they, both for time and place, DO ALL THINGS WELL!

FAITH IN VIRTUE.

BY NEWTON GOODRICH.

LEWD exultation, unavailing woe,
Were loud in Asia; for the dogs of war
Had slipped their leashes, and fair women sat,
Widowed or sonless, amid gore and gloom.
Darius had left Susa, glad through dreams
Interpreted by dreamers, with a host
Decked for destruction.
Alexander lay
Sick in Cilissa, chafed by Persian threats

And providence. His chamber seemed forsaken;
For they who sought his grace or loved his soul—
Courtiers, and ruder favorites from the camp—
Were taking counsel for his sudden cure;
And, save one boy, a page, whose kindling eyes,
Unnoted, in a dream of manhood, scanned
His glittering weapons and the warlike gear,
He was alone.
A messenger arrived;
And, at his servant's hand, the king received
A letter from Parmenio, warning him
Of secret death, through Philip, his physician.
He startled—fiercely frowned—supinely sank
Beneath a crowd of sorrowful reflections—
Rousing, shook consternation to the winds—
Sat upright in his couch, and, in the strength
Of some great purpose, calmly waiting, smiled.
A little while, and a low stir without
Broke the apartment's stillness. Then a group—
Trusting or trembling; staring, whispering,
Or laboring in thought; warm-fancied youth,
And wisdom grey—stood round the bed of anguish;
And Philip, proffering his remedy,
Received the accusing missive.
Glancing down it,
He turned, impulsively, in haste, to grasp
The goblet—'twas too late—the draught was drunk.
"Ay, *was* it poisoned, Philip?"—"Nay," the sage
Proudly and coldly answered. "Why then seek
To take it?" said the monarch. "To drink shame
To slanderers, and prove my innocence:
Why didst *thou* drink?" "I knew thee virtuous."
There was a pause, while big hearts swelled with joy,
And base ones shrank through envy; while bold eyes
Beamed admiration, and vague glances spoke
Surprise and hatred; then the patient drooped
Upon his pillow, in deep agony.
And, at the leech's signal, solemnly
And slowly, one by one, the rest withdrew
To plot, or weep, or serve a suffering master.
And morning found him arming for the fight,
And evening babbled of the blood he'd shed,
And fond Fame called him "Hero—Demi-god!"
And Time cried "Murderer!"
Ye earnest spirits
Who'd spurn soiled laurels, snatched from scenes of slaughter,
Whose thoughts are prophecies of future peace,
Oh, let the Macedonian's *soaring faith*
In virtue plead their cause, who, grand in will,
Are still miguided! and, believing worth,
Crushed, cherished, hidden, or revealed, to be
The heritage of genius, live on
With the high hope, that, in the end, all gifts
Shall, heaven-directed, work for love and right!

HANNAH.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AMIDST the scenes of war and violence, of alternate struggle and servitude unfolded in the Book of Judges, the picture of the pious Levite of Ramah, Zophim and his family, is one of peculiar beauty. The wonderful deeds of the most extraordinary among the Jewish heroes, Samson, were ringing in the ears of the people; the feeble and irresolute Eli was judge and high-priest of Israel, and the sons whom he so criminally indulged were bringing destruction upon themselves and wrath upon the nation, when within the sacred precincts of the tabernacle was growing up the devoted child, the chosen prophet, the pious governor, whose administration was to restore dignity and peace to his country. Elkanah was a peaceable citizen of a town in Mount Ephraim, and a devout servant of Jehovah, as appears from the regularity with which he went up, at stated times, to worship and offer sacrifices. The ark and tabernacle were at Shiloh in the territory of Ephraim, the most powerful and least exposed of the provinces; and thither to the one place and the one altar consecrated by the presence of Divinity, was the true Israelite bound to to repair, whatever disorder might prevail in the ceremonies, or however unworthy might be the priests who ministered in the holy ordinances. The character of this exemplary citizen is finely drawn by a few touches in the Bible. He was devotedly attached to Hannah, who seems to have been his first wife. For Peninnah, the mother of his children, he had due respect, and showed it in giving to her and the children the customary portions at the appointed peace-offerings, on which it was usual for the offerer to feast with his family. To Hannah, the beloved, he rendered more than the wonted attention; a circumstance which did not escape the jealous observation of her rival. The patience and kindness with which Elkanah bears the arrogance and malevolence of Peninnah, exhibited in a way which must have wounded him most severely, since it embittered the life of one dearer than himself, the tenderness with which he remonstrates with Hannah upon her indulgence of a grief that disturbed their proper performance of religious ceremonies, assuring her of the unchangeable affection which ought to have consoled her for all disappointments—and the fidelity with which he aids her to fulfil her pledge to the Lord, mark him as a faithful husband and father, as well as a true-hearted Hebrew. We know not the motives with which he had married Peninnah; probably the desire of offspring, as in Abraham's case, had influenced him; but like him he had reason to repent a step involving injury to his own peace, and rendering his house, when his family was assembled, the scene of discord and suffering. On every occasion, and particularly when they went up to Shiloh, to join in the solemn acts enjoined by their religious law—the fortunate mother of sons and daughters, proud of her fertility, and rejoicing that her rival was denied the blessing of children, taunted and provoked Hannah. Peninnah is emphatically called "her adversary," for her conduct was prompted by the most cruel malevolence, and might have generated not only discontent, but envy and vindictive resentment in the mind of the gentle being so wantonly insulted. But Hannah's nature, it seems, was not one ready to apprehend and resent injury. She gave no reply to the taunts hurled against her—even at times when respect for the ordinances of the sanctuary should have checked a vaunting or insolent spirit; she uttered no murmur against the providence which seemed to have cut her off from the hope of being a mother in Israel; but she felt the reproach intensely and keenly, and poured out her sorrow in tears, being unable to eat of the sacrifices, or fearing to partake of them in a spirit of mournfulness. Hannah does not appear to have possessed any of the impatient temper manifested by Rachel under a similar affliction. She had strong feelings, but they were controlled by her respect for Elkanah's authority, and by her religious faith. On the occasion mentioned particularly, the insolence of her adversary, and the anguish caused by her provoking language, seem to have reached their climax. Then it was that Elkanah rebuked her gently, for the immoderate grief which was an offense to God, as well as unkindness to him. Hannah answered not, but rose up after the solemn feast; her soul was full of bitterness, her anguish no longer repressible; and she obeyed

the native tendency of the spirit to pour out its woe to the Almighty Hearer of prayer. Let the waters of affliction overwhelm the soul—deep calling unto deep; let earthly help and hope disappear—and its cry ascends instinctively to heaven. Happy those, who, like Hannah, can pray in faith as well as fervently, and keep the vow made in the day of trouble!

Hannah stood within the tabernacle, and the pent-up sorrows of her bosom found vent first in a flood of tears, and then in earnest supplication before the Lord. She vowed a vow, that if a son were granted her, he should be consecrated to God, and devoted, all the days of his life, only to His service. Often might blessings importunately craved be found curses in reality; and the parent's heart be wrung by the ingratitude or the unworthiness of the child received as the dearest boon of Heaven. She who prayed now for a son, would secure his welfare both in this world and the next, as well as testify her gratitude for the gift, by dedicating him to the Lord. As she stood and prayed—her whole heart absorbed in the earnestness of her petition—her lips moving, but with no audible voice—unmindful or unconscious of observation, there was one who looked upon and condemned her. The high-priest Eli, seated by the post in the temple or tabernacle, had marked her entrance and her movements, and mistaking the evidence of strong emotion, taxed her with drunkenness. Here again are shown the mildness and humility of Hannah, in the courteous and respectful manner in which she replied, evincing no anger at the injurious imputation cast upon her. It was nothing strange, perhaps, in those days, when the temple of the Most High was profaned by licentious excess, when the very priests "lorded it over God's heritage," and desecrated his sacrifice with abominations, for the inebriate to venture into the sanctuary; nor had the reproof of the high-priest, in most cases, much effect. Hannah not only testified no indignation, but, in declaring her innocence and the sorrow that had brought her thither an humble supplicant, did not explain the cause of her distress. It lay between her and her Maker; in Him alone she trusted for relief, and she sought no human sympathy nor intervention in making known her complaint to the God of Israel. Eli acknowledged his mistake; and, without knowing what had been her petition, added his blessing and prayer that it might be granted.

Having "poured out her soul before the Lord," Hannah goes her way, no longer oppressed with sadness, and able, with a cheerful countenance, to bear her part in the stated worship. The son she asked is given, and she calls him by a name that perpetuates her memory of the obligation. She does not go up to the yearly sacrifice till the time comes when she may perform her vow, and give him up finally to the sanctuary. Elkanah approves her determination. "Do," he says, "what seemeth thee good; only the Lord establish his word." His zeal for the honor of Jehovah, and confidence that He would do all things well, rendered him willing to yield up his own judgment even in disposing of his child. How signally was the devotion rewarded!

A scene of deep interest and pathos is presented in the final restitution of the gift or loan for which Hannah had prayed in the sanctuary. Leading her boy, and having with her the offerings for sacrifice and thank-offering customary for those who came to pay a tribute of gratitude and joy, she appears once more in the presence of the high-priest. No longer bowed down with distress, she is so changed by the cheerfulness of her countenance and deportment, that she is not recognized by Eli. Her heart is overflowing with thankful happiness; she remembers not his unkind reproof, but, greeting him eagerly, declares herself the same woman who stood by him praying; that she has been made happy by a gracious answer to her petition, and that she is come to render up God's due, by giving her son to his service. How must the touching piety of this mother, with the innocence of the child who stood ready to be thus devoted, have struck the soul of Eli—so lamentably deficient in his own domestic management—so unhappy in the misconduct of his sons! It was hard for those affectionate parents to separate themselves from their only son, in his tender childhood, while his presence was most dear to them, but harder would it have been to see the working in him of the curse that follows disobedience!

Again Hannah prayed; but this time not in humiliation and anguish. Then, her voice was not heard, but her prayer struggled upward from her heart; now her words are uttered aloud, and her love and gratitude poured out in the sacred and sublime hymn, at the close of which is a mysterious prophecy of the greatness of the Messiah. She returns to Ramah, with Elkanah, leaving Samuel to minister before the Lord, but continues from year to year to visit him, and bring him little tokens of her maternal fondness, when she comes up with Elkanah to attend the sacrifice. She was blessed, amidst the cares of a numerous family, in watching the growth of this cherished son in wisdom and piety. Her trust was remembered in the grace which made the child "in favor both with the Lord, and also with men."

The child, destined, after Moses, to be the first

selected by the taste of William Kennedy, himself a true poet. We shall now draw upon Mr. Kennedy for one or two specimens of the new matter in the volume.

The following song strikes us as having much of the raciness as well as the tenderness of Burns:

"He courted me in parlor, and he courted me in ha',
He courted me by Bothwell banks, amang the flowers sae sma',
He courted me wi' pearlins, wi' ribbons, and wi' rings,
He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things;
But oh, he courted best o' a' wi' his black blithesome ee,
Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glaumour over me.

We hied thegither to the fair, I rade ahint my joe,
I fand his heart leap up and doun, while mine beat faint and low;
He turned his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,
The widdifu' o' wickedness took aries o' my mou!
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkily as he
Bann'd the auld mare for missing fit, and thrawin' him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the town,
When I could hear the kimmers say—'There rides a comelie loun!'
I turned wi' pride, and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,
And thought how dowie I wad feel gin he made love to Jean!
But soon the manly chiel, aff hand, thus frankly said to me,
'Meg, either tak me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!'

To Glasgow Green I linked wi' him, to see the ferlies there,
He birled his penny wi' the best—what noble could do mair?
But e'er ae fit he'd tak me hame, he cries—'Meg, tell me noo:
Gin ye will hae me, there's my lufe, I'll aye be leal and true.
Oh sic an honest, loving heart, how could I draw a bar?
What could I do but tak Rab's hand for better or for waur?"

As a contrast, we may take the following, affording a fair specimen of the masculine character of his style:

THE KNIGHT'S REQUIEM.

"They have waked the knight so meikle of might
They have cased his corpse in oak;
There was not an eye that then was dry,
There was not a tongue that spoke.
The stout and the true lay stretched in view,
Pale and cold as the marble stone;
And the voice was still that like trumpet shrill
Had to glory led them on;
And the deadly hand, whose battle brand
Mowed down the reeling foe,
Was laid at rest on the manly breast
That never more mought glow.

With book, and bell, and waxen light,
The mass for the dead is sung;
Thorough the night in the turret's height,
The great church-bells are rung.
Oh wo!—oh wo!—for those that go
From light of life away,
Whose limbs may rest with worms unblest
In the damp and silent clay!

With a heavy cheer they upraised his bier,
Naker and drum did roll;
The trumpets blew a last adieu
To the good knight's martial soul.
With measured tread through the aisle they sped,
Bearing the dead knight on,
And before the shrine of St. James the divine,
They covered his corpse with a stone:
'Twas fearful to see the strong agony
Of men who had seldom wept,
And to hear the deep groan of each mail-clad one
As the lid on the coffin swept.

With many a groan, they placed that stone
O'er the heart of the good and brave,
And many a look the tall knights took
Of their brother soldier's grave.
Where banners stream and corslets gleam
In fields besprent with gore,
That brother's hand and shearing brand
In the van should wave no more;
The clarions call on one and all
To arm and fight amain,
Would never see, in chivalry,
Their brother's mate again!"

We can close our inadequate sketch in no better way than by quoting two stanzas from one of the poems of the older editions:

I AM NOT SAD.

"I am not sad, though sadness seem
At times to cloud my brow;
I cherished once a foolish dream—
Thank Heaven 'tis not so now.
Truth's sunshine broke,
And I awoke
To feel 'twas right to bow
To fate's decree, and this my doom—
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry;
And cheerly now I meet my doom—
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

In these verses Motherwell foretold what has hitherto been a truth. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, and the spot is undistinguished even by a headstone bearing his initials! A considerable sum of money was raised by subscription among the friends of the deceased poet; but it was no more than enough to succor those whom Motherwell had been obliged to leave to the charity of his friends.

THE WEDDING WITHOUT A SMILE.

BY PROF. ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

In the afternoon of a pleasant day in June, the stage-coach stopped in front of the parsonage in the village of Alva. A young man alighted from the coach, and made his way to the door of the parsonage with a haste not quite in keeping with the dignity which his form, countenance, and dress, authorized him to assume. He gave a loud knock at the door, and without waiting for answer, sprang over the paling and entered the garden.

A young lady of seventeen, clothed in a neat calico dress, and shaded by a large sun-bonnet, was there engaged in weeding a bed of flowers. At the sound of approaching footsteps she rose up, holding in one hand a trowel, and in the other a basket containing the envious weeds.

"How do you do, Miss Wilson?" said the young man, checking his hurried footsteps and respectfully lifting his hat.

"George Marshall!" said the young lady, in a tone of intense surprise.

"Yes, your friend and playmate, George. I am glad you remember that old familiar name"—taking her gloved hand and pressing it to his lips. She extricated her hand with some difficulty, and manifested more embarrassment than is usually connected with meeting, after a long absence, the playmate of one's early years.

"You give me no word of welcome—not even a smile," said George.

She made an attempt to smile, which he regarded as a failure; but there was compensation in the rich blush which overspread her features, and in the words, "I am glad to see you: when did you come?"

"I arrived in the village about one minute ago: I knocked at the door, and then seeing you here I left the servant to suppose that the knock was the work of a mischievous boy. How have you been these long years? Let us walk to the summer-house and talk over the past."

He placed her passive arm within his, and they walked to the summer-house, which stood in the centre of the garden.

"I do not see that it has suffered much by time," said he.

"It has been rebuilt."

"I am glad you preserved the original form. There, please sit in the corner you used to occupy, long, long ago. This was my seat."

They were now seated as they often had been when children. There they had sung the songs of childhood, and had woven garlands of flowers, fancying they were in paradise—a fancy far nearer reality than any occupying the brain of older pilgrims in life's journey.

"You were accustomed to take off your sun-bonnet here," said Marshall, gently removing her bonnet, but not without disturbing her tresses, which escaped from their confinement and fell loosely upon her neck.

"Now," said he, "you look as you used to—only a great deal more"—— *beautiful*, he would have said, but he did not feel at liberty to say it in her hearing.

"You are the same George, you used to be," said she, putting her hair in place, and speaking in her natural tones, though her countenance had not yet regained its natural color.

"The same George! What else did you expect me to be?"

"I did not expect you at all."

"Very likely. If you ever thought of me, you thought of a tall, grave personage, speaking by rule, and ordering each action by the square and compass of propriety. You see me, and your expectations are disappointed. I expected to see the most lovely girl in New England, and am not disappointed."

The young lady put on her bonnet. This act, she seemed to think, was the only answer his remark required. There was silence rather embarrassing to both. Marshall, after a vain attempt to think of something proper to be said, was obliged to fall back upon the topic just abandoned. "What *did* you expect, Miss Wilson?"

"I expected to meet a man of the world, and I am not sure that I was wrong."

Marshall felt that she had reference to the complimentary remark above recorded.

"A man of the world," said he, "is a very indefinite expression. If you mean one who has seen a considerable portion of the world, you are not wrong: I have seen England, France, and Russia, besides dwelling for several years amid the smoke and fog of a German university."

"Tell me all about those countries."

"Most cheerfully in due time; but first let me know what you mean by a man of the world?"

"By a man of the world I mean one who is skilled in the language of compliment, and leaves sincerity to the unsophisticated inhabitants of the country village."

"Did you really expect that I should become such an one?"

"Why should not the world have its influence upon you as well as upon others?"

"Did you expect it would have that influence upon me?"

"I hoped it would not."

"Pardon me, did you believe it would?"

"No."

"Your father is awake, Miss Emily," said a voice which caused them both to start.

"Your good father—I beg his pardon for forgetting him for a moment; how is he?"

"He is very ill," said Emily, moving towards the house.

"Has he been long ill?" said Marshall, with unaffected interest.

"He has been ill for more than a year."

"Can I see him?"

"Not immediately. He is to take some medicine now, and it usually occasions coughing, which exhausts him very much."

"I will call, then, in the course of an hour."

Emily entered the sick chamber, and Marshall repaired to the village inn.

Emily Wilson and George Marshall had been playmates in childhood, and had then formed an attachment of unusual strength. When George was fourteen years of age his father removed from the village to the great metropolis. He soon went abroad, taking his son with him. The son remained abroad nearly six years, and had just returned to his native land. He had taken the earliest opportunity to visit the scenes and companions of his early years.

Emily gave her father his medicine, and smoothed his pillow, and fanned his temples till he became composed. She then informed him that Mr. Marshall was in the village.

"Who?" said Mr. Wilson.

"George Marshall."

"Is he alone?"

"I do not know, sir; he wishes very much to see you, if your strength will permit."

"Is he in the house?"

"No, sir; he said he would call soon." She rose and went to the window; "he is coming now."

"Ask him in."

Marshall entered the apartment. As he took the hand and marked the wan features of the invalid, he gave Emily a look which sufficiently indicated that time had not destroyed the interest he formerly felt in the family. The look did not escape the observation of the invalid.

"I am very sorry to find you in this state of health," said Marshall; then turning to Emily, that her father might be spared the exertion of speaking, he added, "how long has he been confined to his room?"

"About three weeks."

George was silent, and gazed with compassion upon the father, and with more than compassion upon the daughter. He wished to ask if there was no hope. The invalid anticipated the question. "My work here is done. For many years I was employed in doing the will of God—now I am suffering the will of God. I shall soon be released. I never expect to leave this room till I am carried hence to be laid by the side of my dear wife. Emily, my dear, do not give way thus to your feelings. Go and take the air while George stays with me."

The sobbing girl left the apartment, and George seated himself in her vacant chair.

"Does your physician give no encouragement?"

"He is a warm friend, and his desires influence his judgment. You have been absent a long time. I received your letter, and answered it."

"I did not receive the answer, or I should have written again."

"I am sorry you were led to suppose that I neglected you—besides, the letter contained counsels which I hoped would be useful to you amid the temptations to which you were exposed."

"I have been exposed to temptations, but the scene I witnessed under this roof, and the impression made upon my mind by the instructions here received, had a strong influence over me."

"You allude to the triumphant death of my dear wife. I shall soon be with her."

"I hope you will be spared to—Miss Emily"—

"The thought of leaving her has caused me great pain, but is now past. I have long preached submission, and now, I am thankful to say, I am enabled to practise submission. But I must not talk with you any more at present. How long do you remain with us?"

"I have no fixed purpose respecting my stay. My father has given me permission to dispose of myself for the summer, as I please."

"I shall see more of you then. Good-bye."

Marshall returned to the inn.

CHAPTER II.

A number of the inhabitants of the village had assembled at the inn, not to indulge in drinking, but to spend the short evening in social converse. The influence of the pastor had long since banished intoxicating drinks.

Marshall was passing through the bar-room to his chamber, when he heard mention made of the pastor's family. He seated himself by the table, on which a dim light was burning, and taking up a newspaper some months old, appeared to be busily occupied with its columns. No one present recognized him.

"I think," said Mr. Martin, "that the minister missed it that he did not go to the South, when he had a call there. This climate is too cold for him, and besides, the salary there would have enabled him to lay up something for his family."

"His daughter is going to be married, is she not?" said Mr. Jones. Marshall looked up from his paper as this question was asked.

"I have not heard anything about it."

"Johnson was there pretty often last fall, before I went away, and it was thought by many that it would be a match. It would be a good one for her, for he is doing a good business."

"That matter is at an end," said Mr. Moss.

"He told me," said Mr. Bolton, who was busily occupied in carving a snake's head upon his cane, "that he meant to marry her, and if he disappoints her I know of one who don't take any more apples to his cider-mill."

"It takes two to make a bargain," said Moss. "The minister did not like his principles, and the girl did not like the man, so there was an end of it. Johnson behaved well enough about it, I believe."

"Where is that boy who always used to be there—though he can't be a boy now," said Martin.

"Do you mean Marshall's son?" said Jones.

"Yes."

"He is in the old countries."

"I used to think that he and Emily would get together when they grew up."

"His father is now president of a bank, and is worth half a million. His son, if he ever comes home, will not be likely to marry a poor minister's daughter."

"So I think. I wish Mr. Wilson had something to leave his daughter. I suppose he has no property except his furniture."

"He might have had something if he had not been always giving away everything he got," said Bolton.

"He practised what he preached. He told us that giving to the poor was lending to the Lord," said Mr. Moss.

"I am afraid," continued Bolton, "that will not bring the money back, now that his daughter is likely to need it. I should be glad to have something done for her before the old gentleman is taken away, that he may feel easy about her. I am willing to do my part, and I should like to do it right away."

"So far as I see, then," said Moss, "what he has lent is pretty sure to be repaid. Whenever you say a thing ought to be done, you take hold and do it. It seems to me that the very man that doubts the doctrine, is about to prove it true."

"The truth is," said the landlord, who had recently come into the place, "she is about to be well provided for."

"In what way?" said Martin.

"The new minister in Charberry is to marry her. The woman that lives there told my wife so yesterday."

"Is it the man who preached here last Sabbath?"

"Yes."

"He is a good preacher," said Jones.

"He is a man of some property," said Moss, "so that matter will come around right, though to lose Mr. Wilson will be a great loss to us."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger. He brought some political news, which, of course, engaged the attention of all present except Marshall. He rose and went to his chamber. He was not at all pleased with the information that he had received below. He did not rejoice that the friend of his childhood was to be so well provided for. Had he come to the village with the purpose of wooing her? What did he know respecting the development of her character? Was her mind fitted for communion with his, enlarged by education and travel? Was it probable that one who had never passed the limits of her native village, was qualified to occupy the station which his companion would be called to occupy? Ought he not to rejoice that she had found a protector in her hour of trial? Reason could readily give answer to these questions, but reason was not the only power concerned with them.

CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning, Marshall called at the door of the parsonage, and inquired respecting the pastor. He learned that Emily had watched with him, and had just retired to rest. His heart

smote him that he had not made a proffer of his own services.

"After all," said he to himself, "it is well I did not. I should not have learned her present position, and might have suffered my feelings to have passed beyond my control."

The morning wore heavily away. He thought of visiting the haunts of his former years, but they no longer held out any charms. He was standing in the rude piazza of the inn, and giving indulgence to thoughts far more melancholy than were wont to occupy his mind, when Bolton, who happened to be passing, stopped, and having scanned his features for a moment, asked, "Didn't I use to know you?"

"I presume you did," said Marshall.

"You have altered greatly, but not for the worse: how do you do?"

"I am very well," said Marshall, returning the warm pressure of his toil-hardened hand.

"Well, I am right glad to see you. If you are not busy, walk along with me. My work is waiting for me, or I would stop and talk with you."

Marshall cheerfully complied with this request.

"You have been pretty much all over the world since you left us?"

"I have been abroad."

"I wish you had come home a little sooner. I always wanted you to marry our minister's daughter. Last night when they were talking about you—I wonder I did not know you then, but you held the newspaper before your face—and said you would not marry her because your father was rich, I did not say any thing, but thinks I, that is slander—I know him better than that."

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion."

"I saw a good deal of you when you was a boy, and I can tell pretty well how a boy will be likely to shape himself when he comes to be a man. There is the young minister now, at Mr. Wilson's."

They were now nearly opposite the parsonage. A fine-looking young man, a few years older than Marshall, alighted from his horse, and entered the house without knocking.

"He is a fine fellow," continued Bolton, "but"—he was going to say something more respecting Emily, but he checked himself and said, "How long do you intend to stay with us?"

"I think I shall leave to-morrow; I have nothing to keep me here."

"I am sorry you make so short a visit. I must see you again. Good morning;" and he turned aside to his work.

As Marshall began to retrace his steps, he saw Emily in the garden. She was accustomed to attend to her flowers whenever her father slept, or a friend called to keep him company. His first impulse was to join her, and his hand was placed upon the fence, when he hesitated. Many reasons suggested themselves for seeing her only in the presence of her father, but they were insufficient. The heart proved too strong for the head. He entered the garden and hastened to her side. She noticed the sadness of his countenance as he approached. It chased away the smile with which she was prepared to greet him. After inquiries respecting her father had been made and answered, conversation languished. They repaired, as before, to the summer-house, but their interview was in strong contrast with that of the former day. Marshall could not bring himself to make direct inquiries respecting the young minister of Charberry. He gave her an opportunity of speaking of him, of which she did not avail herself. Ought she not to be more frank with the friend of her childhood?

"I think I shall leave to-morrow," said Marshall. A start and a half-suppressed exclamation testified her surprise and pain.

"To-morrow! Why do you go so soon? Is it necessary?"

"It is not necessary, but it is not expedient for me to linger here."

"Oh, George," said she, familiarly, her eyes overflowing with tears, "you do not know how much I have suffered since my father has been ill."

"If medical skill or any thing which my means can command will save him, I pray that you will name it. I owe him a vast debt."

"A year ago, travelling might have saved him, but we had not the means. Oh, how my heart has ached as I have seen him failing day after day, and all for lack of the means necessary to his restoration. I never gave up all hope till yesterday."

"Why did you not write to me, or to my father?"

"I thought of you. My father said that if it was the will of God that we should travel, the means would be furnished."

"I am very sorry that I did not know his situation. Let me now do all that I can do for you. Confide in me as in a brother: a brother could not feel a deeper interest in your welfare than I do."

"Oh, do not leave me alone, then, when, at any hour, I may be left an orphan. My father, too, seemed so happy when he had seen you."

"I will stay as long as I can be of service to you, though it will be at the peril of my peace of life: but if you desire it, I will make the sacrifice."

"Oh, make no sacrifice for me, I entreat you. What did I ask? I am sometimes almost wild—no relative in the world but my father, and he about to be taken from me!"

Marshall placed himself by the side of the weeping girl, and supported her with his arm, till she dried her tears. "I must not be any longer away from my father," gently removing his arm and rising; "call and sit with us this afternoon. His friend is to stay but an hour or two."

"*His* friend!" said Marshall, with a look which brought a deep blush over her features.

"Yes, *his* friend—*our* friend, I ought to say, for he has been very kind to us."

"*Your* friend?" said he, half reproachfully.

"Not mine, peculiarly."

"Not *yours*?" said he, with a depth of meaning which she did not fail to fathom.

"No," was her distinct, but almost whispered answer.

He pressed her long and fervently to his heart, and imprinted kisses on her burning cheeks, while their tears were mingled.

"I shall never leave you," said he, as soon as his voice would do his bidding. A smile through her tears was the only reply.

Marshall repaired to his lodgings, and wrote to his indulgent father, making known to him the state of his affections, and entreating him to sanction the step he had taken.

CHAPTER IV.

It was with no small impatience that Marshall watched the progress of the sun till the lengthening shadows gave intimation that he might repair to the parsonage. Emily met him at the door. "Does your father know what has passed between us?" said he.

"No, you must inform him."

"Immediately?"

"You must use your own judgment."

"So," said Mr. Wilson, after his inquiries respecting his old friend, George's father, had been answered, "you have not forgotten the instructions of your early days?"

"I owe you, sir, a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

"You owe nothing to me. I was but an instrument in a higher hand. You have great means of doing good, and consequently, great means of happiness. The joy of life is the joy of doing good."

"I doubt not that is a pure and elevated joy, but are not the affections to be taken into the account? Is there not great happiness, even in this sin-disordered world, resulting from the exercise of the affections upon appropriate objects?"

"Doubtless, and yet they are often the occasion of the keenest pain; but God can give relief, and he does, to those who trust in him."

Evidently desiring to change the subject, he requested information concerning the religious condition of the countries which Marshall had visited. After an hour had passed, fearing that the strength of the invalid would be exhausted, the visitor rose to depart.

"I shall see you again?" said the pastor.

"I trust so—often and constantly—unless you disapprove the relation I sustain to your daughter."

By his looks the sick man requested an explanation. Taking Emily's hand and leading her to the bedside, Marshall said, "We desire your consent to our union at a suitable time." The father feebly pressed the united hands of the lovers, and turning his face to the wall, wept tears of gratitude and joy.

Emily followed her lover from the room. "Come early in the morning," said Emily, as he was taking his leave.

"Perhaps I may return this evening."

"I fear my father will be too weak for you to see him, or for me to leave him."

"I will try to stay away till morning." Having returned twice or thrice to repeat the parting salute under the screen of the woodbine which shaded the piazza, he made his way to the inn.

It was now pretty generally known throughout the village, that George Marshall had come. After sunset there was quite a gathering at the inn, to meet him. He was in a mood to receive them cordially. Having spent an hour with them, he deemed it necessary, in order to comfortable sleep, to take another view of the parsonage. His friends were not displeased that they were thus left at liberty to exercise their birthright. Some expressed their regret that he had not come a little sooner, and others were confident that he had come just in time. The announcement that he was to spend the summer in the place, gave great satisfaction to all.

"What is he going to do here all summer?" said one. Several guesses were made.

"I tell you what it is," said Bolton, "I have been putting things together, and I guess I have it. Either that young minister has got his walking paper, or there is nothing in your story, landlord. You see if my words do not come true."

"So much the better if they do," said the landlord, whose heart was completely won by the purse and the agreeable manners of his guest.

Marshall, on leaving the bar-room, set out with the purpose of passing the parsonage—peradventure of pausing for a moment to gaze at the window of Emily's apartment. As he drew near, it happened that a figure, clothed in white, stood in the door. There was no moon, and the light of the stars was obscured by clouds; still, the outlines of the form were visible, and earth contained but one such form. It would not do to pass without stopping to do it reverence. The interview at the door, varied by occasional visits of Emily to her father's room to see that he slept, continued until midnight.

Marshall now spent a large portion of his time at the parsonage. "My son," said Mr. Wilson, one day, "it did not occur to me, amid my thankfulness and joy, that I could leave my daughter with one in whom my confidence is so entire, that your father should be consulted in the matter."

"I have not failed to do so," said Marshall, taking from his pocket and reading the following brief and characteristic letter:

"My dear George: Yours received—I have not time to consider all the points presented, but as you cannot do a foolish thing, you have my full consent to do as you please.

Your affectionate father,

S. Marshall."

"I am glad to know that you did not forget your filial duty. Great blessings are connected with its performance. Now that you have your father's consent I am satisfied. I suffered greatly from anxiety in regard to Emily till the night before you came. I was then enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord. And mark, how He orders things! As soon as I rested upon him by faith, the provision was made apparent to sense. Now I can wait with patience till my change come."

A day or two after the interview above described, Bolton came to see his young friend. "It may be," said he, with characteristic bluntness, "you will think I am meddling with that which is none of my business, but I can't help it if you do. I must do what I think is my duty. I watched with the minister last night, and he is failing very fast. Some man ought to be there all the time, and you are the proper one. The fact is, and I may as well say it right out, you ought to be married before the old gentleman dies."

"I have had the same thought," said Marshall, "but I have been unwilling to propose it."

"Why so?"

"It may not be agreeable to Miss Wilson."

"It must be agreeable to her father, for he was always a man of sense, and I do not see how it can well be otherwise than agreeable to her. I would speak to the minister about it if I were you."

"I will commission you to do so."

"I don't know about it—it will be rather awkward work—but I will do it, because it ought to be done."

Bolton went immediately to the parsonage, and in a manner more delicate than could well be expected of him, proposed the matter. As he had anticipated, it was in accordance with the dying father's earnest wishes.

At their next meeting it was evident to Marshall that the matter had been spoken of to Emily. She made some maidenly objections, but yielded to representations of the satisfaction it would give her father to see her under the legal protection of one whom he loved with his whole heart.

The deacons of the church, and a few friends, Bolton among the rest, assembled in the chamber of sickness, soon to be the chamber of death, and the young minister whose name had been falsely connected with Emily, performed the ceremony which rendered the lovers one. Smiles rested not upon the countenances of those present, yet joy was in their hearts.

Mr. Wilson's last earthly wish was now gratified, and he was ready to depart. On the fourth day after the marriage he breathed his last. The smile upon his lips, as he gave the last look to his children, who were bending over him, remained when death had set his seal. All hearts rejoiced that Emily had so noble a supporter as she followed her father to the tomb.

LEGEND OF THE MAY QUEEN.

BY PROF. TAPPAN.

The sun is shining on every hill,
On meadows and valleys low;
His beams are dancing on every rill,
And the lake and river glow.

A thousand flowers with joy spring up
In the track of his golden light;
And scented buds from their narrow cup
Spread out their foliage bright.

The birds are singing their sweetest notes,
Fitful, and wild, and free,
As if their little warbling throats
Would burst with the melody.

The spirit of life and beauty now
Smiles on the grateful earth:
From heaven above she hath come below
With music, and love, and mirth.

In a far-off valley a lonely brook
Flows with a gentle sound;
And the flowers there have a happy look,
Wildly scattered around.

A wandering foot here seldom treads
To disturb the morning dew;
The flowers repose on their grassy beds,
Nor lose their beauteous hue.

'Tis said that the Queen of flowers here
In olden time did dwell,
Ere Fairies and Sprites offended were,
And bade the earth farewell;—

That the flowers e'en now do sometimes weep
And call for their gentle Queen,
And under the moon their vigils keep,
Sighing and hoping I ween.

And so it chanced on a morn of May,
That a gentle maiden strayed,
In the early dawn of that blithesome day,
Ere the flowers' tears were stayed.

For the morn of May was an olden time,
The morn when their Queen was crowned
In the golden age—in the ancient prime
When Love and Joy were joined.

This gentle maiden's eyes were bright,
  And the rose was on her cheek,
And her step was like a fairy's—light—
  But her smile was soft and meek.

The garment she wore was lily-white,
  And her zone of azure blue;
And her glorious locks were falling light,
  Like a shower of golden dew.

When the flowers felt where the maiden stept,
  Lightly and free along,
They raised their eyes and no longer wept,
  But listened to her song.

For she was singing a morning lay
  Of Love, and hope, and heaven,
A melody sweet which she flung away,
  Out of her fancies woven.

Then the flowers said in their joyfulness,
  Our gentle Queen is come!
To bring us back our blessedness,
  And to dwell in her ancient home.

And they wove a crown—these happy flowers!
  To which each one gave a part,
The blossoms and buds of May's young hours—
  'Twas an offering of the heart.

Then the birds they sung a sweeter strain
  Filling the valley wide,
That the Queen of Flowers had come again
  In their peaceful haunts to bide.

And the maiden wore the fragrant crown,
  And dwelt with the flowers that day;
But they wept again and their cups hung down,
  When the maiden went away:

But she promised those sweet and tender flowers
  That every morn of May,
She'd spend with them the joyous hours,
  And sing them a loving lay.

And to make it seem like the ancient day,
  She led there a lovely train:
Then the flowers said the next morn of May,
  "The fairies have come again!"

And those bright young maidens danced and sung
  While their beauteous Queen they crowned;
And the flowers were glad and their fragrance flung
  'Mid the fairy throng around;—

"Come let us crown our Queen of May,
  And rejoice the gentle flowers;
We feel with all living things to-day,
  And Nature's heart is ours!"

THE PAST SHALL REAPPEAR;

OR, THE BALIZE PILOT.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

> We shape *ourselves* the joy or fear,
> Of which life to come is made;
> We fill our future's atmosphere
> With sunshine, or with shade.
> The tissue of the life to be
> We weave with colors all our own;
> And in the field of destiny
> We reap as we have sown.—J. G. Whittier.

There came to the knowledge of the writer a striking verification of this great truth, when he was anchored in a merchant-ship on the bar at the Southwest Pass of the mighty Mississippi. As illustrative of the power of conscience, and shedding a warning light upon the character and history and mental exercises of a bad man, it is well worthy of record.

We were seventy days from Marseilles, with a cargo of claret wine for New Orleans, and had taken a Balize pilot in one of those dense fogs that hang over the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the great father of waters, in the months of March and April. When the tow-boat Hudson fastened alongside of us for the purpose of lightening our ship by a transfer of cargo, in order to draw us over the bar, this pilot obtained access to the whiskey-barrel, which, we are sorry to say, is open for the unrestrained use of the hands, on many of the boats of our western waters. Having been some days in our ship without his customary draughts of the maddening fire-water, he drank, it is likely, more deep than he was wont to do; and while trying that same evening to walk down a ladder laid obliquely from the hurricane-deck of the steamboat, he lost his balance and fell heavily against the capstan and down to the engine-deck, cutting the back of his head, and badly bruising his side, unobserved by the men, who were all busy on the cargo. With difficulty and groaning he made his way back into the ship and down into the cabin, where was the writer and a beloved brother—now in glory.

After assistance given him in bathing his wounds, and helping him into his berth, he began freely to unbosom, without questioning, his agonized soul. The imminent danger which he had run of being killed or drowned, had greatly alarmed him; and when we pressed him to the consideration of what would have been his condition, had he been thus unexpectedly summoned into eternity, and whether he was prepared to meet God, conscience began to unrake its buried fires, and blow them into flame, as it plied him with the harrowing recollection of his past offenses. And there he rolled and writhed upon his bed, under the double agony of remorse and bodily pain, an object pitiable and sad indeed.

He thought to give himself some relief by telling us, in the way of soliloquy with himself, some of his past crimes—by which, it appeared, that at the early age of seventeen he was stained with the blood of murder. He had gained the affections of a young girl of sixteen, who was loved by another young man of his companions, and had seduced her. His rival challenged him; they met alone with pistols, a duel was fought, and the former was shot through the body a little below the heart. He ran to his antagonist as he fell; received, he said, his forgiveness, and was told with his dying breath immediately to make his escape from Virginia. He did so and became a sailor, afterwards a privateersman in the wars of the States of South America, in which capacity he committed many acts of wickedness and robbery, that seemed to come up before his mind with great vividness and horror. He was taken in an engagement, along with others, imprisoned, and condemned to be hung, but succeeded, with his companions, in breaking out, killing five or six of the guards, and making his escape. Since then he had led, for a while, a

roving, lawless life, until he had finally settled down as a pilot at the Balize, with a band of half-reclaimed freebooters like himself, among whom he had seen a murder perpetrated with a carving-knife at the dinner-table, in a fit of inflamed passion.

When we urged upon him the necessity of repentance and faith in Christ, for the forgiveness of his great sins, he would endeavor with himself to excuse and palliate his guilt, talk of the infinite mercy of God, and ask if it were possible that all those who had died not Christians, in battle and by accident, would be forever lost. When assured, on the undeniable word of God, that as a man was in heart when he died, so would he be through eternity, and that if he did not love God here, neither would he in the next world, then he would attempt to soothe himself by the consideration of the multitudes that were like him. But all could not suffice to relieve the gnawings of the undying worm at his heart, or to quench the quenchless fire of his remorse.

When excusing himself for the duel, saying that he was challenged and did not want to fight, and that he expostulated with his rival in vain, but had to fight, we suggested that he ought to have fled away, or suffered anything rather than stand up to be shot at or shoot another. "Ah, yes!" said he, with a self-condemning tone and emphasis I shall never forget, "Young man, you are right—you are right!" The workings of the soul we saw under sin, and we thought this might be a faint image of the power of conscience and the anguish of the finally impenitent in hell. When he closed his eyes in slumber, he said the image of his murdered companion stood before his mind, and he could see his pallid cheek and languishing eye, and hear his expiring words. And again his words were that he saw the countenance of his friend, with its sad, dying look, as clearly when he closed his eyes as he could with them open. It haunted him always; a fact fearfully corroborative of the remark of Dr. Macnish in "The Philosophy of Sleep," who says: "When any crime has been committed by one, the wide storehouse of retributive vengeance is opened up in sleep, and its appalling horrors poured upon him. In vain does he endeavor to expel the dreadful remembrance of his deeds, and bury them in forgetfulness; from the abyss of slumber they start forth as the vampyres start from their sepulchres, and hover around him like avenging furies, while the voice of conscience stuns his ears with murmurs of judgment and eternity, like an echo from the tomb. Then a crowd of doleful remembrances rush into the mind, no longer to be debarred from visiting the depths of his spirit."

From the first of this pilot's coming on board, we thought he had the restless air and manner and suspicious ways of a man whose conscience was accusing him of crime. Now in his agitated mood he thought aloud, and sometimes a couplet of a hymn or a scrap of Scripture which he had committed in childhood, but had not thought of before, perhaps, for the space of thirty years, would come back to his mind, reappearing from the depths of the past and rising to the surface, as do the timbers, sometimes, of long-foundered ships. In this way he repeated parts of those hymns, "The Dying Christian," "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," "In robes of Judgment, lo, He comes," and several others, proving forcibly the importance of causing children to learn early by heart, and infix upon the memory, hymns and verses of the Bible.

If such, we thought, be the power of an awakened conscience in this life, burdened with crime and writhing with a sense of guilt, how terrible will remorse be in eternity, when its fires shall be kindled by keen perceptions of truth and obligation, and by a quickened recollective memory, from whose unfading tablets no sin shall be erased; no lost opportunity of repentance and submission to Christ obliterated; no entreaty of friends or warnings of ministers, or striving of the Spirit effaced; but there they shall burn on forever in characters of fire, consuming the imperishable spirit with anguish unutterable. There will be no need that there should be written on paper those significant words once indited by a dying man, "remorse, remorse, remorse," but it will be engraved as with the point of a diamond and a pen of steel on the pages of conscience, in characters that must be perused forever by all the finally impenitent.

Who that has ever thus seen, in this life, a guilty man writhing under the tortures of remorse, has not thought of the undying worm and the quenchless fire of hell? What *material* image can be adduced, that conveys such a vivid idea of torment and despair, as the bare thought that the sufferer in the world of woe must be always saying to himself, "I am the author of my own punishment—I am self-ruined. With suicidal hand I have slain myself." *Thy ways and thy doings have procured these things unto thee; this thy wickedness is bitter. Your iniquities have turned away those things, and your sins have withholden good things from thee.*

Then shall the soul around it call
Impressions that it gathered here;
And pictured on the eternal wall
THE PAST SHALL REAPPEAR.

THE USE OF DIFFICULTIES.

Difficulties have a very bad name in the world. Nobody likes them. Every one wishes to have his own path cleared of them. If there are any whom we love better than ourselves—not an impossible case, even in this selfish world—though content to struggle with those which fall to our own inevitable lot, we long to know whether in any way the loved ones can become exempt from them. We would be willing to take something additional to our own burden of difficulty, if we could make that addition a certain insurance price against their liability.

Thus a mother's heart—fountain of purest and most self-denying human love—anxiously forecasts the future pathway through this rugged life of her sleeping babe. She is forgetful of all she has endured in giving it birth and nurture; she is regardless of her present daily toil and nightly watching, but she is tremblingly alive to the certainties of its future difficulties and the possibilities of its future hardships and sufferings; and how gladly would she augment her own labors, if thereby she could provide that its every resting place in the pilgrimage before it, should be soft as the cradle in which she has rocked it to slumber, and its every scene of activity as free from danger as that in which its first steps are taken under her own guiding hand.

Whoever will undertake to show the way of obtaining the advantages of life without encountering its difficulties, will be sure to find abundance of willing auditors predisposed to become infected with the feverish illusions by which their own brain has been heated and disordered, or it may be to be duped by the craft which for some selfish purpose they have learned to practise.

Royal roads to knowledge and eminence without number have from time to time been opened to view, but then they have been sketched upon the clouds, not carefully surveyed and measured out upon the solid earth. Fancy's wing could soar and speed along them with unobstructed and majestic sweep; but human progress is destined to be of another kind, step after step, on patient, plodding feet. Genius has sometimes lent its power to light them up with rainbow hues, and show their seeming point of contact with the earth; but the simple ones who have started to reach that point, apparently so near at hand, have strangely found that it receded as they advanced, and then its brightness has soon vanished and left them bewildered and lost.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

One of the absurdest, yet perhaps one of the most common objections urged to the thorough education of females is, that such a process removes woman from her true sphere. The objector should first define what woman's sphere is, or rather what it ought to be. That her present sphere is, in all things, her proper sphere, will surely not be contended. It is not unnatural that at every period of the world's history, the existing should be deemed the right and the eternal; but yet changes steal in, and the thing that is, is not what was, or what yet shall be. On such a subject it becomes no one to dogmatize; but thus much may be safely said, that never will it be known what woman's *sphere* is, till the powers with which she has been gifted by our common Creator shall have been unfolded to the utmost, and till she shall have been qualified, too, for the situation which she may be destined to fill. It may be that in every succeeding phase of our social condition, woman's sphere is proportioned to woman' smerit. Let us increase the merit of woman then, and trouble not ourselves about her sphere; it may be safely left to provide for itself. It is a problem—like most of our social problems—to be wrought out, not talked out, written out, or thought out. As it has been well said, it is one thing to enlarge a sphere of action,

and another thing to change the sphere. It is the former, not the latter, that it is desirable to do. With richer culture, a deeper consciousness of duty, outward acts visibly the same, are, in spirit, widely different. It is the lofty spirit that will best

"On itself the lowliest duties lay."

Work of all kinds will be better done when its real significance is understood and felt, and the agent loses the oppressive sense of isolation and inutility, and feels himself, however humbly, a fellow-worker with the best and greatest. Too much should not be conceded to habit, in our notions of woman's fitting sphere.

It cannot be with any justice said, that the highest education of woman necessarily removes her from her domestic duties. It rather capacitates her to discharge them in a higher spirit, because with a deeper and truer knowledge of their value. There is a fallacy in this reasoning which needs to be pointed out. We commonly hear contrasted man's literary pursuits on the one hand, and woman's domestic duties on the other; and we are gravely told that the latter disqualify woman for the former. But the true contrast is between man's business occupations, and woman's domestic duties; to both literary pursuits are a neutral and an equal ground. If the one disqualify woman, the other must not less disqualify man; and in truth, in the great mass of cases women have greatly more spare time for mental culture than men have. This fact renders their neglect of such studies the more to be deplored.

The senseless ridicule which deters so many women from following the dictates of their better nature is unworthy of their notice. The name "*blue-stocking*" is losing its power. If for a lady to be learned is wrong, because it is unusual, reverse the rule, let it be usual, and it will be right.

It is beginning to be more and more felt that improvement, man's as well as woman's, is deeply concerned in the question of female education. They cannot be wholly left apart: they act and re-act together. As through Eden the fallen pair wandered hand in hand, so hand in hand through the world they still must go. What degrades or elevates either, infallibly degrades or elevates the other.

GIVING WAY TO SORROW.

Of all the simple beauties with which the writings of Washington Irving are rich, one touching episode in his "Sketch Book," on the solemn subject of the grave, we are inclined to think among the finest. To weep in sacred sorrow over the ashes of "the high hearts and brave" that are gathered beneath the dull turf, to the breast of our parent earth, is one of the most merciful prerogatives assigned to humanity by a most merciful Providence. The burstings of the bereaved heart, perhaps thrilling with their echoes the breathless hour of midnight, of all things touch most nearly the tender sympathies.

A parent, mourning the loss of a beloved child, we must conceive as in the absolute depths of desolate sorrow. Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, might engage the fervent pencil of a Raphael. The King of Israel, too—he who, through rugged vicissitudes and constant battling with his fellows, retained the affections of his heart gentle and pure as the spirit of that system his illustrious descendant was destined to consummate—even he brooded over his son's untimely death with a grief whose graphic description is instinct with deep power. "Smiles form the channel of a future tear!" The beaming expression of brotherly or sisterly affection is suddenly frozen into furrows, where flow the tears of the tender fountain, so rudely shattered by a death-stroke. What more bitter than the tear on the pale orphan's cheek? What unmans more than the ruins of a friendship despoiled and severed, or the prostration of the time-honored head of a benefactor?

But time has two characters; it is a healer and a destroyer. The gnawing of a dwelling such as grief, is not like the eternal voracity of the vulture which fed on the entrails of Prometheus. The load is gradually lifted; and, as the most brawling stream runs on the most shallow bed, the most violent sorrow is commonly the most readily exhausted. In some minds, indeed, the traces left by grief are surprisingly transient. Every active temperament, however it may feel

stricken when the blow falls, however it may resolve to nourish its grief as a sacred inmate of the bosom, from its very nature, rises elastic from the weight. Bitter days pass over, and these may be lengthened into weeks, and even months; but the voice will soon regain its full-throated ease, the face its unbidden smile, and the step its careless tread. This may be predicated of the majority of people. Those on whom sorrow sinks down with a leaden weight are the subjects of intense contemplative sentiment, disappointed hopes, or the flatterers of a morbid melancholy, which, the more causeless it is, is cherished the more, and appears to communicate sensations of singular satisfaction. The more pains that are taken to study the annals of psychology, the more certain will be the inference that, in the soundest minds, grief finds its most transitory home.

To an intellect firm in its judgment, with its active and moral atmosphere pure and vigorous, sorrow, in fact, however one may recoil from the proposition, must be regarded as unnecessary. To brood over earthly disappointments, leading to misfortune, is contrary to every principle of mental health. Extending this fact to the cases in which the world's esteem may causelessly or otherwise have been forfeited, useless ruminating becomes still more objectionable. Action should be the great principle of life, guided by a steady hope. When, farther, the green turf closes over the wreck of some dear connection, grief, though it may not be deprecated and stoically stifled, should be steadily subdued. Whatever tenderness it may bring on its drooping wings, as a guest it should be allowed to depart, instead of being coaxed to remain. If one would regard his lost relation or friend as "*not* lost, though gone before," and if that sunniness, which is the brightest phase of the human heart, would not be spotted with a sudden mildew-shade, grief, which becomes too often a degeneracy of moroseness and selfishness, would come and go with noiseless tread, but leave no corroding footmark behind.

We are no enemy to the usages of a becoming and natural sorrow. No one can respect, with more tender hand, the eternal shrine of Nature's affections; but, in the deliberate calmness of a rational spirit, and aided by the light of the very spirit of Christianity, it must appear obvious, and of no secondary importance, that a stable mind, firm in its faith and hopes alike, finds an earthly sorrow a fruitless tenant, and, some would even say, all but incompatible with its very character. To be salutary, grief must be neither violent nor long-continued; and, as a process of purifying, to a spirit already sound and stedfast, it is not necessary.

Nothing connected with time and earth can have a permanent existence. It is so with grief. No mind can always retain the impression of a sorrow which subdued even to prostration at its first blow. There may be deep resolutions to nurture, as a point of duty, the remembrance, solemn and affecting, of severed connections and ruined affections, to the exclusion of everything this world calls innocently gladsome or gay. In every interval of occupied hours, one may revert to his recent loss; he may revert with something like resignation, and think that the striking change has made him a better man, and weaned him from the frivolities of life; but still revert with a determined tenacity of his sorrow, which makes him seem strangely desirous of a condition of self-torture. He will open his casement on the quiet lawn, at midnight, where the moon "sweetly sleeps" upon the close-cropped bank, and where in giddy hours, whose like he will never see again, he sported with a rosy-cheeked brother or a blue-eyed sister, now sleeping in "the sleep that knows no waking;" and here he may conjure up old echoes, or contrast the present with the past. He may piously plant flowers about the tombs of "the lost and lovely," and, if it be in some quiet hollow, he may weep as he hears the lonely wailing of the plover from the sedge. But all such grief will insensibly decline under the influence of time and external circumstances. Grief is like some bitter but soluble substance dropped in the whirling pool; the friction of the dancing waters wears it into dissolution, till even its grains are thoroughly melted in the general mass. That mass circles not the less pure or healthy. Even that most morbid kind of sorrow which, morosely plunging in religious speculation, verges on fanaticism, though the most tenacious, because most tickling to human weakness, is liable to the same decay. Joy is transient; grief is only a degree less so. But a sunbeam vanishes sooner than a shadow: the former is extinct in an instant; the latter glides slowly into imperceptibility.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

A DUETT.

WORDS BY PROF. TAPPAN. MUSIC BY F. BLANGINI.

Andantino Grazioso.

1. O bright star of morning! Which ushers our dawn-ing, The love-star we call thee, With heaven a - round. Thine, thine is the pow-er Of life's earliest

hour; In rap - ture we hail thee, Our being new found. Then young hope broods o'er us, Joy

dances be - fore us, While the hours with flowers Our pathway sur-round, Our path, our

path, Our pathway surround, Our path, our path, Our pathway sur-round.

rall. *f*

2. O bright star of evening,
Thou art not deceiving
The eye in its trusting,
Which looks on thee still.

The sun—it hath left us,
But hath not bereft us
Of love-light, whose morning
Our bosoms did fill.

The star of our rising!
The star of our setting;
The same holy love-light
Thine eye doth reveal.

CHRIST THE COMFORTER.

SEE PLATE.

This picture is a homily of the most convincing character. Christ, the deliverer from sin and death, is throned on high, while round him are grouped in various attitudes of contrition and humility, the widow and the fatherless; the martyrs of sin and the world. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me shall not perish, but have eternal life!" and these words of blessed promise are faintly shadowed forth in the picture. See, from off the negro's wrists the chains of slavery are falling; and bonds more tight and painful far than even these—the bonds of disobedience and indifference—are loosened by His power. Hark, the triumphant shout in heaven, echoing far and wide through the ether, "Glory, glory, glory be to the Highest; and on earth peace, good will towards men." The victory over the world has been accomplished; another sinner has been saved.

And looking to another phase of the subject, what a glorious and beneficent boon is that promise made by the Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest!" There is no condition attached to the merciful invitation; it is simply, Come! And if ever sound were welcome to the ears of weary pilgrim, this must be doubly so to the tired traveller of life. How the words rest in the memory and sink in the heart! Upon the throne in heaven the Comforter is seated in radiant glory, ready to welcome and receive all who supplicate his mercy. Having suffered death upon the tree for the fallen sons of Adam, he is ever at the right hand of Power to intercede for them. Feeling and knowing the manifold temptations that beset humanity, he is ever ready to pardon and protect all who turn to him; for there is joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. Having lived the life of the world, and felt the penalty of the law, he has compassion on the children of men. And there are none who are positively debarred the privilege of his saving grace. The poor and miserable have a friend and comforter in Christ, for "he hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised."

This picture is the production of Ary Scheffer, a Dutch artist of considerable celebrity; its exhibition on its first appearance excited the greatest sensation among both the public and the lovers of the fine arts. The genius of Scheffer is of that profound and imaginative class which is so often copied, without success, by the second-rate followers of the German school.

Though a Dutchman by birth, his productions are all of the most warm and life-like description; such, indeed, as cannot fail to absorb attention and secure regard.

To such a mind as that of Scheffer's, the execution of the grandest conceptions and most difficult and *outré* situations becomes a matter of necessity, the outwelling of the great soul within; and the production of such a design as this is sufficient to immortalize the name of the artist, should he never produce another.

The varied expressions depicted in the countenances of the figures are managed with great skill and judgment, while the composition of the whole bespeaks the most poetic taste and feeling. Ary Scheffer well deserves the praises of the judicious admirers of art. His designs have in them a sentiment and power that will never die.

BO-PEEP

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

About three hundred years ago, there was a small kingdom, spreading over the cliffs and ravines of the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees, called Navarre. Its population, of about five hundred thousand, consisted of a frugal and industrious people—those living upon the shore washed by the stormy waves of the Bay of Biscay, gratifying their love of excitement and adventure by braving the perils of the sea—those who lived in the solitude of the interior, on the sunny slopes of the mountains, or by the streams which meandered through the verdant valleys, fed their flocks and harvested their grain, and pressed rich wine from the grapes of their vineyards, in the enjoyment of the most pleasant duties of rural life. Proud of their independence, they were ever ready to grasp arms to repel foreign aggression. The throne of this kingdom was, at the time of which we speak, occupied by Catharine de Foix. She was a widow, and all her hopes and affections were centered in her son Henry, who was to receive the crown when it should fall from her brow, and transmit to posterity their ancestral honors.

Ferdinand of Arragon had just married Isabella of Castile, and thus united those two kingdoms. And now, in the arrogance of power, seized with the pride of annexation, he began to look with a wistful eye upon the kingdom of Navarre. Its comparative feebleness, under the reign of a bereaved woman, weary of the world, invited to the enterprise. France might interpose should he grasp at all. Should he take but the half, which was spread out upon the southern declivity of the Pyrenees, it would be virtually saying to the French monarch, "the rest I generously leave for you." The armies of Spain were soon sweeping resistlessly through these sunny valleys, and one half of her empire was ruthlessly torn from the Queen of Navarre, and transferred to the dominion of imperious Castile and Arragon.

Catharine, with her child, retired to the colder regions of the northern declivity, and as she sat down gloomily in that portion of her dismembered domain, she endeavored to foster, in t[illegible] bosom of her son, the spirit of revenge, an[illegible] inspire him with the resolution to regain t[illegible] lost acres which had been wrested from the inheritance of his fathers. Henry imbibed his mother's spirit, and chafed and fretted under wrongs for which he could obtain no redress. Ferdinand and Isabella, in their pride and power, could not be annoyed even by any force which feeble Navarre could raise. The queen, however, brooded deeply over her wrongs, and laid her train for retributions of revenge, the execution of which she knew must be deferred until long after her body should have mouldered to the dust. She courted the most intimate alliance with Francis I., the king of France. She contemplated the merging of her own little kingdom into that powerful monarchy, that the infant Navarre, having grown into the giant France, might crush the Spanish tyrants into humiliation. Nerved by this determined spirit of revenge, and inspired by a mother's ambition, she intrigued to wed her son to the heiress of the French throne, that even in the world of spirits she might be cheered by seeing Henry heading the armies of France, the terrible avenger of her wrongs. These hopes invigorated her until her fitful dream of life was terminated, and her restless spirit sank into the repose of the grave. She lived, however, to see her plans apparently in progress towards their most successful fulfilment.

Henry was married to Margaret, the favorite sister of the king of France. Their nuptials were blest with but one child, Jeanne d'Albert, the prospective heiress to both the thrones of France and Navarre. This child, in whose destiny such ambitious hopes were centered, bloomed into most marvellous beauty, and became also as conspicuous for her mental endowments as for her personal charms. She had hardly emerged from the period of childhood when she was married to a near relative of the royal family of France. With her husband she left Navarre to reside in the metropolis of that powerful empire. One hope still lived with unabated vigor in the bosom of Henry. It was the hope—the intense passi[illegible]n, with which his departed mother had inspired him, th[illegible]son would arise from [illegible]nion, wh[illegible] the spirit of Han[illegible] vengr[illegible] upon Spain. [illegible] [illegible]s, with

the feeling that the desires of his life were about to be gratified. And twice, with a broken heart, he saw these hopes blighted, as he committed the little ones to the grave. Henry had now become an old man. Disappointment and care had worn down his frame. World-weary and joyless, he still clung to hope. The tidings that Jeanne was again to become a mother, rekindled the lustre of his fading eye. The king sent importunately for his daughter to return without delay to the paternal castle, that the child might be born in the kingdom of Navarre, whose wrongs it was to be his particular destiny to avenge. It was mid-winter. The journey was long and the roads rough. But Jeanne promptly obeyed the wishes of her father, and hastened to his court.

Henry could hardly restrain his impatience as he waited for the long looked-for avenger. With the characteristic superstition of the times he constrained his daughter to promise that during the most painful moments of her trial, she would sing a mirthful song, that her child might possess a sanguine, joyous, and energetic spirit. This promise the heroic mother had the fortitude to fulfill. The old king received the child, at the moment of its birth, into his own arms, totally regardless of a mother's rights, and exultingly enveloping it in soft folds, bore it off, as his own property, to his private apartment. He rubbed the lips of the plump little boy with garlic, and then, taking a golden goblet of generous wine, the rough and royal nurse forced the beverage he loved so well, down the untainted throat of his new-born heir. "A little good old wine," said the doting grandfather, "will make the boy vigorous and brave." The little stranger received the ancestral name of Henry. By his subsequent exploits he filled the world with his renown. He was the first of the Bourbon line who ascended the throne of France; and he swayed the sceptre over that wide-spread realm with a degree of power and grandeur which none of his descendants have ever rivalled. The name of Henry IV. is one of the most illustrious in the annals of France; and the history of his struggles for the attainment of the throne of Charlemagne is full of interest. Henry IV. was born at Parr, in the kingdom of Navarre, in the year 1553. His grandfather immediately assumed the direction of everything relating to the child, apparently without the slightest consciousness that either the father or the mother of Henry had any prior claims. The king possessed, among the wild and romantic fastnesses of the mountains, a strong old castle, around whose solitary towers the eagles wheeled and screamed in harmony with the gales and storms which often swept through those wild regions. The expanse around was sparsely settled by a few hardy peasants, who, by feeding their herds and cultivating little patches of soil, obtained a humble living; and by exercise, and the pure mountain air, acquired a vigor and an athletic hardihood of frame which had given them much celebrity. To the storm-battered castle of Courasse, lowering in congenial gloom among these rocks, the old king sent the infant Henry to be nurtured as a peasant boy, that, by frugal fare and exposure to hardship, he might acquire a peasant's robust frame. Bare-headed and barefooted, the young prince, hardly emerging from infancy, rolled upon the grass, played with the poultry, and paddled in the pools of water with which the mountain showers often filled the court-yard. His hair was bleached and his cheeks bronzed by the sun; and few would have imagined that the unattractive child, in its studiously neglected garb, was the descendant of a long line of kings, and was destined to eclipse them all by the grandeur of his name. He advanced to energetic boyhood, the constant companion, and, in all his sports and modes of life, the equal of the peasant boys by whom he was surrounded. He hardly wore a better dress than they. Shoeless he climbed the mountains and leaped the streams. He struggled with his youthful competitors in all athletic games. His daily fare was only the common food of the peasants—brown bread, beef, cheese, and garlic. His grandfather had decided that this regimen was essential for the education of a prince, who was to humble the proud monarchy of Spain, and regain the territory which had been wrested from his ancestors.

Henry was still quite young when his grandfather died and his mother ascended the throne of Navarre. Her husband, Antony de Bourbon, was a fearless old soldier, with nothing in his character to distinguish him from the multitude who do but live and die. The whole world was then agitated with the conflict between the Catholics and the Protestants. Antony, espoused the Catholic side in this controversy. His wife, Jeanne d'Albert, conscientiously devoted to the principles of the Reformers, and not very ardently attached to her husband, to whom she had been married merely as a matter of state policy, and with whom she cherished but few congenial sentiments, adhered to the cause of the Protestants, or Huguenots, as they were then called in France. A separation, though not a hostile one, was the result. Antony de Bourbon, taking his son under his care, that he might be educated in the Catholic faith, and that he might be surrounded by the influences of the court, took up his residence in Paris. Jeanne

d'Albert retired, with a little daughter, to the more humble metropolis of her paternal domain. The queen of Navarre, however, most deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of her son, induced her husband to place Henry under the instruction of a gentleman of very distinguished attainments named La Gaucherie, who was himself a very decided advocate of the reformed religion. The two parties of Catholics and Protestants about the court, struggling for the supremacy, were pretty nearly equal, though the great mass of the people were firmly wedded to the ancient faith. With the two factions contending around the throne, there was not, on either side, apparently much conscientious religious zeal, but merely a struggle for political power.

Henry was at this time an exceedingly energetic, active, ambitious boy; very inquisitive respecting all matters of information, and passionately fond of study. Dr. Johnson, with his rough and impetuous severity, has said, "it is impossible to get Latin into a boy unless you flog it into him." The experience of La Gaucherie, however, did not confirm this sentiment. Henry always went with alacrity to his Latin and his Greek. His judicious teacher did not disgust his mind with long and laborious rules, but introduced him at once to words and phrases, while gradually he developed the grammatical structure of the language. The vigorous mind of Henry, grasping eagerly at intellectual culture, made rapid progress, and he was soon able to read and write both Latin and Greek with fluency, and ever retained the habit of quoting with facility from the classical writers of Athens and of Rome. Even in these early years he seized upon the Greek phrase, "η νικᾶν ἢ ἀποθανεῖν," *to conquer or to die*, and adopted it for his motto.

Catharine de Medicis, who at this time reigned over France, as regent in behalf of her son, Charles IX., who was not yet of age, contemplated these indications of genius and energy with no inconsiderable apprehension, lest the proud boy might crowd her own feeble children from the throne of France. There were many providential indications that, erelong, Henry would be the most prominent candidate for that throne, in demanding which, many claimants would probably soon rise. Plutarch's lives of the ancient heroes has perhaps been more influential than any other uninspired book, which was ever written, in invigorating genius, and enkindling a passion for great achievements. Bonaparte imbued his mind, in early youth, with the heroic deeds of the leaders of the Greek and Roman republics. A Henry read and re-read the [illegible] of Plutarch the most absorbing delight eagle eye, and with no little solicitude, watched these indications of an aspiring genius. She, at first, requested his teacher to endeavor to check his enthusiasm for lofty exploits, to guide his reading to themes more tame and luxurious, and endeavor to interest him in the pursuits and amusements of the young men flitting about the court. But the penetration of this extraordinary woman soon taught her that all such endeavors were unavailing; and she resolved to endeavor to attach so firm a character to herself, by all the chains of indulgence she could throw around him.

Although in France there were, at that time, about one hundred Catholics to one Protestant, yet Germany and England sustaining the Reformers, it was difficult to decide which party, on the whole, was the strongest. Nobles of the highest rank were ranged under either banner, and the ambitious queen-mother was greatly undecided as to which cause she should espouse, and which party, as the stronger, she should call to her aid. Hesitatingly, however, she adopted measures of government to win the favor of the Protestants. The Catholics rose, took her and her son prisoner, in their palace at Fontainbleau, and carried them, in magnificent captivity, to Paris; the proud queen weeping with chagrin and indignation at the insult. A bloody war ensued between the two rival parties. Germany and England came with eager armies to the aid of the Protestants. Catharine, jealous of the power of the haughty and hated Elizabeth, England's domineering queen, resolved that she would not be helped by her, and with her whole soul espoused the cause of the Catholics. France was deluged with blood. At the seige of Rouen, Antony de Bourbon, the father of Henry, was shot, and died in his carriage, as his attendants were endeavoring to remove him to a place of safety. Many of the prominent leaders on both sides fell during the sanguinary conflict, either in the midst of the carnage of the battle-field, or falling before the dagger of fanaticism. Churches were sacked and destroyed; vast extents of country were almost depopulated; cities were surrendered to pillage, and atrocities innumerable perpetrated; from which it would seem that even fiends would revolt. At last, wearied with the horrors of war, a treaty was made, allowing the Protestants a degree of liberty of conscience which many of the Catholics deemed highly dangerous to the interests of the Papal Church. There was deep-seated enmity remaining in the bosom of both parties, and each waited but for [illegible]portunity to grasp arms again, with a pros[illegible]ccess.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WINDOWS.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

Omnes eodem cogimur.—Hor.

I LOOKED on the dead, and bethought me
Of a story strange and wild,
That has haunted my wayward fancy
Since e'er I was a child.

Six windows a prisoner counted,
As he entered his spacious cell;
On the beams of the sunset in-streaming,
He gazed, and he said, "It is well."

He sleeps, and his dreams are of freedom,
Till the clock of the castle strikes one;
'Tis an earthquake! the prison is moving!
He wakes—and a window is gone!

From morning till eve in his terror,
He ponders this mystery o'er:
'Tis midnight again. Hark! a jarring!
Of the windows there only are FOUR!

Now nearer the floor and the ceiling,
And nearer the walls get to be;
The door where he entered has vanished,
That night he counts windows but THREE!

The sweat on his brow cold and clammy,
Oozes thick as the new-fallen dew;
With fear and with trembling he watches,
In vain! there are windows but TWO!

He lays himself down, (not to slumber,)
The fatal sound cometh once more;
The ponderous walls crush together,
A shriek—and his sorrows are o'er!

This story long slept without moral,
Yet one raiseth it now from the past:
Though the earth seems at first a large prison,
To the coffin we come at the last.

Each year as it closes around us,
Unto death more and more gives control;
Oh! his grasp to the body is fearful,
Then, what must it be to the soul!

ELI AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The condition of the Hebrew nation at the period of Eli's priesthood, contributed to increase the weight of priestly influence and power. The frontiers harassed by enemies, to oppose whom a continual struggle was necessary—the central territory of Ephraim became the most powerful province among the tribes. The tabernacle and ark—the strength and hope of Israel, as the symbol of the presence of Deity—were at Shiloh, whither the people went up at stated times to worship; that place, therefore, was acknowledged as the capital, and Eli was invested with civil as well as religious supremacy, being both judge and high-priest in Israel. His own character, as an individual, appears to have been upright and blameless; he had a knowledge of the attributes of God, and worshipped Him in sincerity; he manifested submission, patience, and penitence when punishment was denounced upon his house; and at the last, when he watched, with a fearful looking for of judgment—when overwhelming ruin was upon him his apprehensions and his anguish were more for the ark of God than even for his doomed children. It was in his relations as a father and ruler, in his public capacity, that he was so culpably defective; that he was judged worthy of the terrible punishment under which he sank in his old age.

Two sons had Eli—Hophni and Phinehas—who also were engaged in the sacredotal service at Shiloh. They had been brought up to the sacred office, and probably instructed according to the law; but they had no real acquaintance with the perfections of the Being they professed to serve, nor any disposition to honor his ordinances. Their unjust and illegal exactions from those who came to offer sacrifice, their insolence and tyranny, caused the people who suffered from such abuses to "abhor the offering of the Lord." Evils yet more scandalous and disgraceful were introduced, by them, into the very courts of the tabernacle; till the heaven-appointed rites of Hebrew worship, thus shamelessly profaned, were in danger of being assimilated to the corrupt [illegible] of the votaries of Ba[illegible] Babyloni[illegible] Such abandoned co[illegible] cial position, wh[illegible] doubtless considerable, could not fail to degrade. in the eyes of the people, the sacred ceremonies in which they ministered, and induced so general a neglect of religious observances as tended to bring divine displeasure upon the whole nation. All Israel suffered from the wickedness of those sons of Belial in high places; and times of profligacy, apostasy and idolatry were likely to ensue upon their sacrilegious insults to the institutions of Jehovah. While these atrocious abuses were going on, the pleasing interlude, described in the foregoing chapter, took place; and it is a relief to turn from the sight of the wicked priests to the picture of innocence, faith, and pious confidence and gratitude presented on the other hand. There was doubtless a congeniality of disposition between the aged high-priest and the consecrated child entrusted to his care. Eli addresses him as a son, endeared to him by affection and knowledge of the high destiny in reserve for him; and sore indeed must have been the father's heart, when he reflected on the contrast between this artless boy and those who were indeed his sons. The rumor of all they had done to the people who came to worship at Shiloh, and of the effects of their heinous example, reached the old man's ears, and drew from him a mild reproof for their evil doings. He appealed to them as if they had possessed consciences, and had been capable of being moved by the reasons he alleges, to amend their course. Vain expectation; its indulgence only proves how ignorant was the father of the depravity of the human heart, and the fearful state of those who are given up to impenitence and condemnation. He executed not upon them the punishment their crimes deserved, and which was imperatively called for, to vindicate the honor of the priesthood and counteract the tendency of their example; he expelled them not from the office they had profaned; and listened rather to the dictates of parental feeling, which prompted to a light passing over of their offenses, than to the stern requirement of his duty as head [illegible] the church and ruler of the people. His re[illegible] so inadequate in severity, had no effect, for [illegible]ed the mercy of God, and were [illegible]ns to his justice.

The father, culpable in his partiality, forebore to repress wickedness by due punishment; the righteous Judge therefore pronounces sentence upon him as involved in the guilt. A messenger extraordinary, bearing a direct message from the Lord of hosts, appears in the presence of the high-priest, whose peculiar province it was to consult the divine oracle with the sacred breastplate of judgment. Fearlessly he delivers the words committed to him—the terrible threatening of vengeance from which there was no deliverance—"Thou honorest thy sons above me!" was the charge against Eli; he had thus connived at, and virtually encouraged their crimes; and was to be chief in bearing the punishment. He had forgotten the favor conferred on the house of Aaron and his own family, and was now to see the calamity of the habitation of God, with the transfer of the priesthood to another line, and the degradation and misery of his descendants. The death of the wicked priests, his sons, was to be but a sign of the evil to come.

Once more, by the mouth of the child Samuel, came the message of vengeance to Eli. It is likely he looked to this youthful servant of God, growing up under his care, for consolation amidst the heavy afflictions which had bowed him down more than the weight of years. He loved the boy, and was affectionately reverenced by him. They had taken sweet counsel together in the shadow of the sanctuary; and the soul of the feeble old man had been refreshed in the companionship of innocence, pure from all contamination of the world. How agonizing must his consciousness have been, when, from the lips of this child, reluctant to speak of the vision, but solemnly charged to hide nothing from him of all that had been revealed, he heard the fearful denunciation, erelong to be more fearfully executed than even he had apprehended! There was no room for mistrust or suspicion, of harshness or exaggeration, in the messenger; there was nothing equivocal in the message itself: "I will judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not,"—were words whose import could not be misunderstood. The meek reply of Eli to the communication showed his acquiescence in the terrible sentence. He presumed not to remonstrate, or entreat mercy; but, assured that God would do right, and that his part was to submit in humility to the merited chastisement, calmly expressed that submission, doubtless in humble trust that mercy would be extended to him as a man, in the midst of temporal judgments.

The time came for the destruction which had been foretold. The people of Israel were at war again with the Philistines. The time is supposed by some to have been shortly after the remarkable death of Samson; and if so, it might be that the Hebrews, who seem to have been the party to commence hostilities, were encouraged by the slaughter of the Philistine chiefs in the fall of the temple at Gaza, into efforts to throw off the oppressive yoke by a vigorous attack upon their enemies. The people went forth to battle with large hopes of success; and marching to Aphak, where the foe was encamped, the encounter took place there between the rival armies. It resulted in the total defeat of the men of Israel, while four thousand were left dead upon the field. There was consternation in the camp when the discomfited forces returned; and the question as to what caused the day's disaster was rife among them. The elders are ready to propose an expedient which they imagine will secure them future triumph. The wonders wrought in former days, when the ark, the symbol of God's presence, was borne in front of the ranks, when the waters of Jordan were divided, and the walls of Jericho fell down before it, were vivid in their recollection; they forgot that no divine command authorized them now to expect similar miracles; and anticipated the terror and flight of their enemies before the sacred emblem. They send to Shiloh for the ark of the covenant. It may be conjectured with what feelings the blind old man, Eli, knew of the removal of the ark from its place in the holy of holies, to be carried into the army under the care of his guilty sons. Heavily must the prophecy have weighed upon his heart, mingled with fearful apprehensions for the fate of that on which hung the fate of the nation—and more—the worship of the true God upon earth. Its arrival in the camp is welcomed with a shout from the entire army, with which the earth rang. The shout is heard in the enemy's camp; the Philistine leaders, in surprise, inquire the meaning of the strange burst of exultation, and learn that the ark is with the Hebrews. Though flushed with victory, they are seized with a sudden terror at the tidings. "Woe unto us!" they cry, for they have a hereditary dread of the mighty and mysterious Deity who has heretofore proved invincible; whose presence and power brought such signal defeat on the Egyptians and the Canaanites. But their alarm is speedily overcome by strong resolutions to sustain their character for valor, and to fight to the death for their liberties. The final encounter takes place; the Philistines fight with desperate resolution, determined not to be enslaved by the people who had groaned under their yoke; the Hebrews

with energy, and assurance of success; but the day is against them. The Philistines gain a complete victory: thirty thousand of Israel are left dead on the field; and the survivors are scattered in every direction, and flee every man to his tent. The wicked priests who bore the ark, proudly esteeming themselves the deliverers of the people, are slain; and, worst calamity of all! the ark itself has fallen into the hands of the uncircumcised enemy. What a triumph for the conqueror—what a loss for the nation abandoned of their God—and doomed, as it seemed, to hopeless servitude! No such terrible disaster had ever before happened. A fugitive from the army, with his clothes rent, and dust upon his head, ran to Shiloh, to bear the appalling intelligence. The aged high-priest has gone forth, and sits by the wayside, near the gate, waiting for news of the battle; his heart trembling for the ark of God. As the messenger rushes in, and spreads his disastrous news, a cry of wild grief and horror runs through the city. Eli hears the tumultuous lamentation, and eagerly inquires what is the cause. He knows that his sons have perished—that Israel's army is defeated; but what woe more terrible than defeat and slaughter has fallen on the land—to plunge all into mourning!—"The ark of God is taken!" With those words the measure of anguish, for the old man, is complete. He had bowed himself to the judgments predicted; but this dishonor to his religion, this loss of that which was the life as well the glory of the nation, this final departure, as he might have deemed it, of Jehovah from the place chosen for his abode! and all in consequence of his own criminal weakness and negligence, has crushed him to the earth. Too much overcome to utter a word of reply or comment, he swooned, and fell backward from his seat; his neck brake, and he died.

Nothing is said previously of the wives of the sons of Eli; but the incident recorded of the wife of Phinehas, shows the strength of her reverence for the national religion and the sacred ordinances. She pays no regard to the intelligence that she has borne a son; she heeds not the approach of death; even grief for her dead husband and father-in-law seems lost in a deeper emotion. Her dying lips repeat the announcement—"the ark of God is taken!"—and she only notices her child to bestow the name commemorative of the event—"Ichabod—the glory is departed from Israel."

How impressive and full of instruction is the contrast presented in the history of the two families, thus strangely associated together, though so different in character! The obscure citizen, persevering in his attendance on the religious services; steadfast in redeeming the vows by which his child was devoted, even though he leaves him exposed to the contagion of evil example, has his reward in the piety and usefulness of the great prophet and ruler of Israel; the judge and high-priest sinks under the weight of the calamities his own sin has brought on his country through the iniquity of his sons. In the one instance we see great good, in the other great evil to the state, wrought by the due fulfilment, or the neglect of the fundamental principle in the duty of a parent. The regard of Elkanah and Hannah for the honor of God—the ruling motive of their conduct—cements the family union, and exercises a conservative influence over the children; Eli's weak preference of the pleasure of his sons to the stern performance of his duty as priest of the Most High, not only involves him and them in ruin, but brings unprecedented disgrace on their land and their faith. Pages might be written upon the lesson: but we leave it to the reader's reflection.

A FATHER'S VISIT TO THE NURSERY AT NIGHT.

Oh, how mysterious 'tis to view
  That group by slumber's spell entranced!
Where is the merry-hearted crew
  That lately laughed, and sung, and danced!

All earth-born frolic's hushed—and now
  A holy, heav'nly calm is shed
O'er ev'ry marble, cherub brow
  But whither has the spirit

Each, by
  To fix

O, yes! O, yes! that raptured smile
  Is kindled by celestial beams.

All of vile earth has passed away—
  A glory to each sleeper given;
While soft the Saviour seems to say,
  "Of such my kingdom is in heaven."

Next to the wish that would restore
  My innocence when life was new,
  [illegible] kind Heaven, at such an hour,
  [illegible] of innocence to view!

THE ELOQUENCE OF TEARS.

I saw a mother o'er her infant bending—
  Listless she seemed, nor dreamt that I was near;
But on her cherub's cheek I saw, descending,
  Affection's outburst in the briny tear:
Awhile I stood entranced; my soul was teeming
  With kindred feelings towards her, as she sate
Mute as the stony Niobe, and seeming,
  In nerve and muscle, as inanimate.

I spoke—the mystic spell at once was broken;
  She started—clasping closer to her heart
Her babe, and cried, "Oh! this, love's truest token,
  My life, my love, I thus to thee impart:"
Again burst forth the burning flood, o'erspreading
  His sunny features, glistening in the tears
That fell and testified her love unfading,
  For him, the object of her hopes and fears.

Oft is the modest maiden's first confession,
  Told in the trickling language of the eye;
Of undisguised and eloquent expression
  The best it is that feeling can supply.
How artless, yet resistless, its appealing!
  And that the ardent lover knows full well,
For down his cheeks, responsively revealing
  The mutual flame, the tears their story tell.

A bosom friend departs, perhaps forever,
  And oh! our friendship then seems doubly dear;
We part! the fond farewells, half-uttered, quiver
  Upon the unwilling tongue, until a tear
Starts from its briny bed, the heart relieving
  From its oppressive load. We from the shore,
And from the bark the distant billows cleaving,
  Exchange a kerchief's wave, and all is o'er.

Within the cave where Lazarus was sleeping
  The dreamless sleep of death, the torch's glare
Disclosed a Martha and a Mary, weeping
  O'er the cold clay of him they loved so dear;
But there was One who to that tomb descended—
  A form divine, who loved the form that slept
Corruptingly, and as o'er him he bended,
  The God! the Man! the world's Redeemer wept.

THE SUNBEAM UPON THE GRAVE.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

BY CHARLES MACLAUGHLIN.

There are many who will understand me when I say that there is little to interest a boy at school, and particularly if that school be situated in the midst of a pleasant country village, and the time a summer afternoon, when the sun is pouring his glowing beams through the open windows, and every breath of air is laden with the fragrance it has gathered from the gardens which surround the homely temple of learning. There is little, we say, to interest a boy in the dry routine of school-room duties—either in making bad imitations of round-hand copies, or overcoming the difficulties of the multiplication-table. Such at least appeared to be the universal feeling of my fellow-schoolmates, when, on such an afternoon, we cast wistful looks at the green fields beyond, and prepared, as we had previously arranged, to present a humble petition to the master to be permitted to leave a little earlier than usual.

The schoolmaster—poor old Mr. Bray!—was a very worthy person, albeit a strict disciplinarian. He was a little man, with a red face, and wore a wig. If anything, Mr. Bray was a little too much given to flogging, and although this was considered by the parents of the boys his only fault, it was just such a one as no other virtues could redeem, so far at least as they were concerned.

Mr. Bray was a good man though, in every acceptation of the term. He was also a local Methodist preacher, and several evenings of the week, and three times of a Sunday, the school-room became a temple of worship, and he edified the people of the village with simple but fervent and sincere exhortations. As a schoolmaster, bating the floggings, he was a very good, kind, painstaking, patient man.

On the afternoon in question I was deputed a committee of one to present the said petition, and with many inward misgivings, slunk up to side of his high stool, and handed in the imp document. If brevity b as well as of wit, our p qualifiedly good, for it contained only the following words: "If you please, it is so fine, we should like to leave an hour before the time: and, as in duty bound, we will ever pray," &c. We probably intended to say play; and in that case, doubtless, we should have been much nearer the truth.

Mr. Bray adjusted his spectacles, and having quickly digested the contents of the petition, cried out, in a sharp voice, which was a damper to our hopes, "Who desires to leave his studies before the proper time?"

There was a general silence for the space of a minute, when Robert Tremaine rose and replied, faintly, "The sunbeam is on her grave now: may I go?"

Mr. Bray drew forth his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose violently; and, while his lip trembled with emotion, we just caught the words—"Go, my poor boy—go."

Robert disappeared quickly, and a loud rap on the desk gave notice that we were about to know the result of our request.

There are circumstances under which the most repulsive persons will seem, if not beautiful, at least good-looking; and as we looked at the schoolmaster, who, fixing his feet firmly on one of the rounds of the stool, rose to speak to us, his whole appearance seemed to have undergone a change, as though a sunbeam had shone upon his heart, and given to his nature softness and beauty. The tone of his voice was tender and musical, his manner kind and paternal, and with difficulty he prevented the tears from breaking the boundaries he had fixed for them.

"My boys," he said, "I will give you the indulgence you desire this time, and I don't think you will take advantage of the kindness which is excited by the affliction of one of your school-mates. The poor youth, who is by this time in vorite place, the grave-yard, is deeply to be t this you cannot understand; the day ows, when you, like him, may ay it always come when

you watch for it. There, go; be good and kind to each other."

The simple earnestness of the old man was not lost upon us; but it did not make our shouts the less energetic as soon as we were beyond the threshold of the school-room. His words left an impression upon the hearts of some of us, and the youthful mind recurred again and again to them. They awoke an interest for Robert Tremaine, whom we regarded therefore as something of a different mould from ourselves; and in truth he appeared to be so, with his pale, thin, sharp features, and attenuated form, and large blue eyes, glistening with a fitful light, as they mirrored the wild thoughts that flitted over his diseased mind. Poor Robert! his was a strange and melancholy fate: a boy of sorrows, the season of his life had been unnaturally changed, and winter had taken the place of spring. His existence was the embodiment of a sunbeam, and when it was darkened life became a blank.

At the time to which we refer, Robert was about thirteen years old. Two years before that he was joyous and happy, and entered with as much spirit into our sports as the veriest madcap among the boys of the village; but all at once we missed him; and the only reply to our inquiries was a solemn shake of the head by our mothers—a mournful look, and a desire to "go and play;" a permission we generally improved, so that the mystery did not trouble us much. At length a boy of a more inquiring mind than the rest, excited our curiosity by informing us that his disappearance was in some way connected with the death of little Janette Simmonds. Months passed, away, however—the cold, dreary months of winter—and spring had begun to brighten the face of nature, when it was rumored that Robert had returned home. He did not join us as usual in our games; and we only occasionally got a glimpse of him at the window of his mother's cottage. We were told that he was ill, and cautioned not to disturb him. As the summer opened he was seen sometimes to leave the house and take his way across the fields, always alone, and carefully avoiding the most frequented paths; but as summer wore away he was seen less frequently, and ere the winter commenced he had again disappeared; and thus for two years had he come and gone like the birds that shape their course with the sun; or as those false friends who, in the dark season of adversity, fly the home that cherished them in brighter days.

During this time Robert had been occasionally at school, taking little share in its routine of duties, yet apparently intent upon his book. His disappearance every winter had become so much a matter of course that it had ceased to excite any surprise; and until the afternoon when Mr. Bray granted the holiday, and exhibited so much emotion when referring to him, we had looked upon him but as a fellow-schoolboy, and his peculiarities, from becoming familiar to us, had cease to be viewed as such. Now, however, a well-spring of thought had been opened, and he was the subject of our boyish conversation, when, as the twilight darkened into night, we sat together in some unoccupied wagon in the quiet street of the village.

The result of these nightly cogitations was an intense desire on our part to learn the nature of this mystery; and, after much deliberation, we determined to seek the resolution from Mr. Bray himself. Accordingly, one day, about a week after the opening of our story, we plucked up courage, and asked him if he wouldn't be so good as to relate the history of Robert Tremaine and Janette Simmonds. He promised that he would do so on the following Saturday afternoon, when he took us, as he frequently did, for a walk through the fields. He was as good as his word, and, sitting down, with his back against the trunk of a tree, and placing us in a semicircle before him, thus commenced:

"I need not tell you, my boys, what a beautiful girl little Janette Simmonds was, for you all remember her well; her graceful form and merry pranks, as she once sported in these fields, her bright eyes sparkling with the exhilaration of exercise, and the ringing laugh, so full of joyousness, gave little indication that she would so soon be laid in the cold church-yard. When I think of her as she was, with the health-glow on her cheek, and her fair ringlets artlessly curling round her head, and as she is, lying there in her shroud, it seems as though I had awoke from a pleasant dream, and that little Janette was only a being of my imagination. She was a good child; not too good for earth, as some persons are apt to say when children die; no, my boys, there is nothing too good for the earth which God made for us. Robert and Janette were brought up together, for she was an orphan, and became the child of the village; she was adopted by us, as it were, and the special charge of her was given to the widow Tremaine. When she could yet scarcely toddle, they were seen, hand in hand, visiting the houses of the neighbors, or rolling on the greensward opposite their own door. As they grew up, their love of each other seemed to increase, and neither of them appeared to be so happy as when together they wandered through the fields, plucking the buttercups and daisies, with which Robert used to form a mimic wreath for her head. Her

mild, expressive, free, and full blue eye possessed for him, even then, young as she was, an unaccountable witchery. I remember he said to me one day that, when he thought of Janette, strange ideas entered his mind of heaven and of angels, who he fancied must be beings of exceeding beauty, forever singing there. And then he would ask Janette to sing, for, as she would be an angel, he felt stre hers must therefore be the melody of angels; for he was a sensible child—too much so for one of his age. How often have we remarked that his head was too old for his shoulders, or his brain too large for his head! Well, Janette was the star of his destiny, and a fatal destiny it has been; he seemed to live only in her, as though her heart governed the throbbing of his own. But little Janette died—died just when her loveliness began to unfold. We saw that she drooped; that her step lost its lightness—her eye its brightness. Death had commenced his work near some vital part, and ere we could discover the cause of the change, she was gone. I was with her when she died. Robert stood by me, with the little hand of Janette in his own, which was scarcely larger, watching the suffering child. Poor boy! it was his first introduction to a death-bed, and he looked bewildered, as though he felt that something dreadful was about to happen—but he knew not what. He could not realize the idea that the loved companion of his childhood was about to leave him forever; and it was only when she gently drew him toward her, and whispered, "Robert, I'm going to die," that he seemed to suspect the truth. He then threw himself on the bed in a burst of sorrow, and when he again looked up she had ceased to suffer. That was a painful and solemn scene, my children, and I can't help weeping now, when I recall it."

Mr. Bray seemed much moved, and it was many minutes before he resumed. We all sat in breathless attention, anxious to hear the remainder of the story, and fearing to change our position lest we should break the charm it had thrown around us. After a while he continued: "We had little difficulty in removing Robert from the room, for he was totally helpless, and remained seemingly unconscious of everything for several weeks after the funeral. He, however, gradually recovered, and one day surprised his mother by asking her to take him to the grave of Janette. She did so, and from that time until the winter had fairly set in, he visited it daily, planting flowers around and upon it, and making it the parterre it appears at present. It
however, as the days shortened
came over mi

and, although for several weeks we sought to console his afflicted mother with the assurance that it was not so, it became at length too evident to be concealed. From morning till night he would sit at the porch of the door, as though watching for something, and as evening came on would burst into tears, and saying, 'There is no sunbeam on her grave now,' creep to a corner of the room and sigh himself to sleep. At this time, you remember, he suddenly disappeared; the physician thought it best to send him to an asylum, as by proper treatment he might recover. So he went to a public establishment, where he was kindly treated; but the nature of his lunacy left little hope of a permanent recovery, for it was a melancholy madness, which is seldom cured; and no treatment could restore his reason. Throughout the dull wintry days he watched for sunbeams, and when they came not, he wept; but as the spring opened, and they became more frequent, he appeared less melancholy, and so continued to improve as the we ther brightened. Then he desired to be at home again, and at length his wish was complied with, and he came back; better certainly, but still a poor shattered thing. Poor Robert! his mind is like the summer flowers—it lives only in the sunshine, and droops when his rays are withdrawn. Such, my children, is the history of your little schoolmate. He is now with us once more, for this is the season of sunbeams; but his health is failing fast, and the flowers he has planted in the church-yard will soon probably bloom over his grave; then the dark shadows of his life will have passed away; and in heaven there is no winter to make poor Robert crazy."

Mr. Bray ceased, and we all remained silent for several minutes; his eyes were closed, and his lips moved as if in prayer. When he at length arose we followed him, and all seemed instinctively to turn toward the church-yard. The grave of Janette was in one corner of it; and for the greater portion of the day lay in the deep shade of some overhanging willows; indeed it was only when the sun had reached a certain part of the heavens in his downward course, that a small opening permitted his rays for a short time to brighten the simple mound. Robert needed no dial to discover the hour when this occurred, and never failed to be there, watching for it with intense anxiety. As we drew near the spot we saw him busily employed with his flowers, trimming some and carefully transplanting others. We remarked, too, that many of them had been removed from the grave of Janette and placed by the side of it; we knew not why, at the
'ir seemed as though he had a presenti-

ment that he should soon be beneath them. We did not disturb him, but quietly passed in another direction.

It was in the afternoon of a day in the early autumn, and Robert and I were strolling across the fields; he was leaning on me, for he had become so weak as to be unable to walk far without help. For several weeks he had been confined to the house, from no particular disease, however; but it was evident that he was gradually passing away; and as his physical strength failed, his mind became proportionably stronger. There was no indication of his relapsing into lunacy; but he grew more gentle—more ethereal; so unlike anything earthly, that it seemed as though he had prematurely put on immortality.

It is painful to watch the slow approach of death to the young—the buds of hope and promise sinking into the cold embrace of the grave; but in this case regret was lessened by the melancholy circumstances attending his fate. Indeed, death was far preferable to the semi-existence he had known. On this day he had asked me to take him near the church-yard—to look once more on the grave of his childhood's love. As we drew near the place a change became visible in his appearance, and, looking up at the sun, he said, "The sunbeam will soon be on the grave, and it will very soon be on mine."

"Why," I said, "are you always thinking of sunbeams? It would be better to discourage such thoughts."

"Discourage the thought of Janette!" he said, looking at me, reproachfully; "she is the sunbeam of my thoughts—she is the sunbeam itself—it has been all a night to me without it. They thought me mad, but I was not mad. I felt that it was one weary, weary night—and I longed for the morning to break. Are they all mad who watch and pray for the day-spring? It is coming now. I know it—I feel it. It was whispered to me when I last sat by Janette's grave—it spoke in the sunbeam that, like me, loves the spot—the last farewell beam that kisses the rose which blooms over her heart. Tell me not to think no more of sunbeams; I have lived and I shall die in a sunbeam."

There was a melancholy tenderness in his voice that went to the heart, and mine was so full that I could not reply. So we walked on in silence until we reached the gate, when he felt exhausted, and sat down, completely overcome with fatigue. The change that I had before observed in his looks became more apparent; I was too young to understand the indications, or I might have known that death was placing a mark on his victim. After a few minutes he spoke, but it was scarcely above a whisper. His desire was to reach the grave, and after much difficulty I placed him on his favorite spot; and, becoming alarmed at his increasing weakness, ran back to his mother's cottage; and, having told her where he was, hastened to the house of Mr. Bray, and we went back together. His mother was already there, and was sitting on the grave with Robert's head in her lap. Alas! how great a change had taken place in that short time!

It was proposed to convey him home, but he looked so imploringly as he asked them to let him die there, that a reluctant assent was given, and I was dispatched for the clergyman.

The sun was just descending behind the willow trees, and throwing his beams through the opening opposite the grave, when I returned with the minister.

The dying boy beckoned me to his side, for his mother was weeping bitterly; and, pointing to the sun, and then to a particular spot near him, whispered, "Move me there!" They did so, and the minister knelt by him and prayed. He seemed to watch him with much anxiety, and once whispered, "It will soon be there." At length the shadows on the grave increased, the sunbeams gradually withdrew, and as the last one lingered on the rose that grew above the heart of Janette, he gave me one look and faintly smiling died, as he had predicted, "in a sunbeam."

"HARK! HOW THE POET SINGS."

Hark! how the poet sings,
Whom grief is wearing;
Like as the flower springs
Into full bearing.

Where amid old decay
Fine skill has laid it;
Even so the poet's lay;
His woes have made it.

THE SEA.

Hail, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail, thou multitudinous ocean, whose waves chase one another down, like the generations of men; and, after a momentary space, are immerged forever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labors, and give health and plenty to mankind. How glorious, how awful, are the scenes which thou displayest! whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unruffled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens! or whether we behold thee in thy terrors, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds, when death rides in the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay! And yet, mighty deep! it is thy surface alone we view! Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? or search out the myriads of objects whose beauties lie scattered over the dread abyss? The mind staggers with the immensity of its conceptions, when it contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which, from the beginning of the world, were never known to err. How do we shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!

Oh, I shall not forget until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billows, all boundless, were open before me.

As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new perceptions within me expand;
Of glory, and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of power.

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill
Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill;
Which longer than love, or its memory, shall live,
And has dearer sensations than rapture can give.

It is not a feeling of gloom or distress,
But something that language can never express;
'Tis the essence of joy, and the luxury of woe,
The bliss of the blest, faintly imaged below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given,
As pledges of purer ones, hoped for in heaven;
They are those which arise when, with humble devotion,
We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent ocean!

Though while in these mansions of clay we must dwell,
We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell,
What the feeling of fetterless spirits will be,
But they're surely like those that are waken'd by thee.

A sense of His greatness, whose might and whose will,
First gave thee existence, and governs thee still;
By the force of whose fiat thy waters were made,
By the strength of whose arm thy proud billows are stayed.

A PARENT'S PLEA.

Tenderly, oh, tenderly,
Mother Earth, enwrap his form;
Shield him from all hurts that be,
And keep him safe and warm!
He was a loved, a cherished thing,
And it was hard to part with him—
Parental eyes will oft grow dim,
His infant smile remembering.

Verdantly, oh, verdantly,
Spring, ye grapes, o'er the mound;
Breezes, as ye wander free,
Softly breathe around!
Words of kindness, looks of love,
Only in this world he knew;
All his day swere very few—
Who could chide *him*, or reprove?

Pleasantly, oh, pleasantly,
Sunshine rest upon the spot,
Like the ray of memory,
Which departeth not!
Loving hearts may here bow down,
Though it be with tearful eyes,
Owning God is good and wise,
Even when he seems to frown.

THE YELLOW CHURCH OF ELLINGTON.

BY REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

FRAGRANT and fresh are the memories of that country parish in which I was born, and where I grew up toward manhood, and where I should like to die and be buried. As I grow older, and the frosts of life's winter cover me, and I think that the clods must soon lie on me, I begin to feel as one of the early pastors of a New England city did when he saw his end approaching. He had been settled, in early life, over a parish some miles distant, and his heart was bound up in that people of his charge, as with a first and only love; and he begged his friends to carry him back and let him die there. They told him that he was too weak to be moved, and that he would be injured by the exposure; but he would listen to no arguments; he would go and die where his heart was, and they put a bed into a cart, and the old, dying pastor on the bed, and carried him *home*, and he was laid in his grave.

There is no place like home; and there is no home but where the young heart has made itself a haunt, and gathered its warm affections as in a garner. You may go the world over, and get the riches and honors that the earth gives, and bring them all about your new habitation, and call it home, and think you are happy in it; but the heart will yearn for the homely house, and the green hillside, and the murmuring brook, and the pine grove, and the pleasant walks of childhood and youth; they are all fresh and perennial, and will never be forgotten while memory is true to her precious trust.

Of course there were all sorts of people in that country congregation; and I have thought I should find a melancholy pleasure in taking my pen and drawing sketches in ink of some of them, as they now appear to me, after the lapse of so many years.

I must say something of the place itself, the church, the pastor, and the ways of doing things up there; and then I shall be ready to speak of the people, and the scenes of varied interest which I have passed through, and which have been witnessed in that retired but eventful place. I shall try to avoid the mistake of supposing that everybody else takes the same interest in matters personal to myself that I do; and shall therefore avoid many incidents that have a charm to me, but others may not regard of any importance. There is, however, a "touch of nature" about scenes in the country that makes us brothers, and there are facts in the annals of the old town that will reach a chord in all hearts that love nature, and the way they do things a couple of hundred miles from the city.

The town of Ellington is in the northern part of the state of ——; and must have been cold in winter and cool in summer; a place where a hardy race of men and fair women may live, and the manly virtues with brave constitutions flourish, more freely than we find them in sunnier climes. The mountains lie around it as they do about Jerusalem; and the glorious illustration in the Psalms was always read with peculiar force from the pulpit of the old yellow KIRK, as many of the Scotch people loved to call it, in memory of old times in a far away land. A pleasant stream, by way of dignity called *the* river, wound its way among the hills, and watered the lovely meadows of that charming valley; the fine farms stretching up from its banks to the sides of the hills, and even these were year by year becoming cleared by the ascending husbandmen, who found the soil more profitable for corn than timber.

Those were honest, good men, those farmers, and they feared God and honored Him in their ways. One of them I have in mind this moment; a good man and true, whose uprightness became a proverb, and it was common to hear the remark when one would assure another of his own integrity in dealing, "I will be as fair in this matter as Mr. Norton would be," and this was one of the strongest guaranties. There was a short crop of corn one season, (not a very rare occurrence in that northern climate,) and the price of the article rose considerably in market. Mr. Norton sold to those who would transport it to the city, and took the market price, but to the poorer people, the day-laborers and others around him who had no more ability to meet the increased price than they had to meet a harder

winter, he put the grain as in former years, and made no merit or mention of it. He did it as a matter of course, and would have thought very meanly of himself if he had taken advantage of the necessities of his neighbors. Very many will say this is nothing; but very few would have done as farmer Norton did, however they may undervalue the generous way of the farmer when they see it in another. But, speaking of farmer Norton brings to mind, and I would not have forgotten, if I had forgotten him, that there was a daughter of his, whose loveliness and fate have made a deeper impression on the pages of my memory than almost any other of the young people of Ellington. We were young together, and my first memories of her are when we went to the district school and stood up in the same class to recite. That was the way up there, however strange it may sound to those who have no other idea of the mode of education than a fashionable boarding-school offers. Ellen Norton was a fair girl and a smart one; so that in the class where we took our places according to merit, those who recited best were up at the head of the class, and the order of the rest exhibited their comparative success; so Ellen had a double advantage. She was a general favorite, and every one wished her to be above the rest, and she was so bright a scholar that she would easily have taken the lead in spite of the best of them. I was very fond of being next to the head, when she was quite there. No doubt I studied all the more for that, so that it was a good thing for me that Ellen was smart, as it served as a stimulus to me, that ambition to be above the others would not have supplied.

Then I remember Ellen grown up to seventeen, at a prayer-meeting, thoughtful and serious; and on the way to her home one evening, she told me that she had been thinking much of death lately, and the need of religion whether we live or die. It was wonderful to me that one so young, so innocent and lovely, should talk of dying, and more that she should want to be any better. I told her so. How she sighed as I spoke! It seemed as if I had pierced her heart with a sudden pang.

"You know," she said, "that we have sinful hearts, and that we are inclined to evil. I have struggled against the inclinations of mine; but I feel that it is very, very wicked, and that while it remains so, I cannot enjoy God nor heaven."

This was all strange to me, for though I had heard the gospel in the old kirk, and had been trained up in the straitest sect of the orthodox, I had never felt as this gentle girl now felt, and I reasoned very properly that if one of so much purity and loveliness of character was accusing herself of sinfulness, there was far more reason for me to be thinking of my own condition. And Ellen hinted at this necessity, not by way of the contrast with herself, which my own conscience was making, but from a strong desire, which she was not ashamed to express, that I should set out with her to seek the pearl of great price. I hope we both found it; and for many years of time, I know not how they reckon in heaven, Ellen Norton has been in glory, an angel there; and if they are the brightest and happiest in heaven who were the purest and best on earth, she must be among the nearest to the throne.

She was nineteen when her health failed. Her friends thought she was growing more beautiful, as the blushing rose faded from her cheeks, and the lily took its place. She was not less cheerful, and she was even more active in her walks of usefulness, which she took like an angel of mercy among the abodes of the poor and the sorrowing. "Blessings on you! a thousand blessings on you!" it was common for them to say as she gave them her fair hand on rising from her knees to take leave, and when the door was closed they would add with a sigh, "but she is too good for this world; she won't live long."

This is a common saying in the country among the humbler classes, who have the pleasing superstition that the Latins expressed in the sweet line, "Whom the gods love, die young." We have all noticed it: not that early virtue ripens for the grave; but when God will take a flower to bloom in his garden, he transplants it in the morning, in the dew of its youth. He trains the young for his service and enjoyment, and then takes them to his presence, where there is fullness of joy. Ellen was thus trained. Her heart was all alive to the wants of others; and in the cottages of the poor, and especially among the sick, she loved to be like him who went about doing good. It was a sight that I am sure the angels lingered over, and God himself contemplated with delight, when Ellen Norton stood up in the aisle of the church, and was received as a member of its holy communion. In the summer season, the windows and doors of the church were open, and the pleasant air was softly finding its way through the aisles; a calmness like that of heaven rested on the minds of the simple, pious people gathered there, and Ellen, alone in front of the sacred desk, stood up, in her beauty and gentleness, so pure, so lovely; and when she answered the solemn questions proposed to her by the man of God, and gave the promises he requi f glory passed over her brow, as

if a shining spirit had rested there a moment, and then flew away to heaven.

There were some who thought then she looked as if she were fitted rather for another world than this, and that she would be there before many years should pass. A sad foreboding, but prompted more by love than fear!

And even then a watchful eye might have detected signs of early and premature decay. The flush of her cheek was too bright, and her eye was lighted with more lustre than a quiet spirit like hers should inspire; yet to those who could not think of her but with the love that we bestow on an infant, these were the evidences of her health and hope. Alas! for these hopes, that consumption almost always raises, when he comes to do his cowardly, murderous work! They are hopes that are kindled only to be extinguished.

I have read in books of the beauty of death; but it was never visible to me except when permitted, as I was, to see Ellen Norton die. Her sickness was long, but not painful. The destroyer was compelled to deal gently with her, if there can be gentleness in wasting one's strength away, eating out the heart and stealing away the life-blood of one whom affection, and tears, and prayers in vain attempt to shield from the ravages of disease. Yet so gradually did she wear away, and so soft were the footsteps of the messenger as he came to her chamber, that from day to day you would not observe the difference in her health, though she was steadily sinking to the tomb.

"I am dying," she said, one day, to her mother.

"Oh no, you are not, my dear child; I think you look better to-day than you did yesterday," replied her tender mother, as she moistened her lips and kissed them.

"I feel that I am dying," Ellen continued, with no emotion that one standing by could observe; "there is a sinking at my heart, and a faintness comes over me. But I do not fear. There is so much more of love to the Saviour in my soul now than I ever felt before, that I feel as if I would like to be with him where he is, and see him face to face."

"But you are leaving us; and we shall never see you again," sobbed the mother.

"Never! oh yes, you will; we shall meet soon, and then we shall never part—never—never."

At this point her good old pastor came in, a kind-hearted man, who had known and loved her from infancy, and had kissed her a thousand times in her childhood. Every day in his walks he had called in to see her since she had been confined to her room, and now, as he entered, he smiled pleasantly, and met a smile in return from the face that was as snow-white as the pillow on which Ellen's head was lying.

"And how is my daughter Ellen to-day?" he asked.

"Going, but happy," she said, and put out her thin white hand, which he held in his own, while the tears fell fast upon it.

'Going, Ellen; going where, my child?" he said, with a trembling voice.

"Going to Christ," she answered; "and I shall soon be with him."

There was silence deep and tearful for some minutes; the good pastor knelt by the bedside, and in earnest, strong petitions, poured out his desires that Ellen might yet live, if it were the Father's will; and when he added, "Nevertheless not our will, but thine, O God be done," a soft *amen* was heard from the lips of the dying.

Her parents, and brothers, and sisters, and another who loved her more than any of them, were around her, and she took her leave of them more calmly than for an absence of a week, and begged them to think of her as always near, and to be happy in the thought that she was happy in the Saviour's presence and love.

That night, as the sun went down, she ceased to breathe. Her dying was only going to sleep as if for the night, with a morning near; it is not far off, I trust, the morning of her awaking.

The church-yard in which we laid her was just in the rear of the old yellow church; a wide field embracing some three or four acres of land, that had been used for two generations as a burial place. It was an amusement for the boys to hunt among the tomb-stones for the earliest dates, and none were found more than fifty years back of the time in which we were living and dying. But some of the epitaphs were very curious, showing that in former times they had notions of propriety quite as diverse from ours, as ours will appear to those who live fifty years hence.

I remember one that we used to be very fond of reading, on a stone in the centre of the grounds:

"Here lyeth the bones of Jacob Middlefield, who dyed December 9, 1789, in the 20 yere of his age. He loved evry one, and evry body loved him, and God took him early. He was laid in the *middle* of this *field* to rest till the resurrection morn."

It was a sad day, when we entered this sacred enclosure, to commit to its kindred dust the remains of Ellen Norton. The whole town had gathered, drawn by a common interest to the house of mourning, and anxious to speak, by their presence and sympathy, their love of her who was to be buried. Eight young men bore the

bier on which she was laid, and for a mile the long procession moved slowly and sadly to the grave.

And there she rests, sweetly and peacefully; the grass is green over her bosom, and the flowers that love planted have bloomed from year to year, though tears have watered them much and often.

It was in my mind to have drawn this sketch of the country congregation still further, and to have spoken of other scenes that are fresh in my heart; but the story of Ellen Norton has saddened me more than the reader, and I will rest here and resume the history hereafter. There are lessons, not of interest only, but of profit, to be drawn from this record, and pastors and people may find something to arrest their attention, and beguile a leisure hour in my reminiscences of a country congregation.

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

How rapid, how splendid, how complete the ascendancy of this man! Three years ago and capricious fortune had no such plaything as Mirabeau. His father and his king did what they could to embitter his life. His country had no dwelling-place for him except in her dungeons, and in foreign lands he was not safe. His great heart had its affections all embittered into sublimated gall. Unwittingly the demon of French tyranny had been educating, by the most fiery discipline, the mightiest as well as the wickedest mind in France, to grapple in a death-struggle with hoary oppression.

France trembles as with the throes of dissolution, and lo! suddenly as a rocket exploding in darkness, Mirabeau blazes out on the vision of mankind. The tenant of dungeons becomes the idol of all oppressed men, and the foot-ball of fortune becomes the evil genius of kings and all oppressors. In a few brief days, not only a king of venerable ancestry trembles before him, but the stormy spirits of blood and disunion, Brissot, Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, fear him as their master. He binds men and things to his will. One shake of his "boar's head"—as he himself called it—cows the Jacobins, and one sharp word subdues the heroes of the Gironde. Scarce two years pass and the end draws on. Those years were crowded with such excesses of personal iniquity as would hardly be credible in the long life of a common man. And yet, iron man as he was, even he could not endure such an enormous draft on the powers of life. "The excesses of our youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date." The corruption of Mirabeau was too enormous to admit of so long an extension of the debt to nature.

On the 27th of March, 1791, Mirabeau went to the Convention for the last time. The powers of nature were almost exhausted. He would strip the leeches from his neck, and then, swathed in bloody towels, be carried to the scenes of his tribunitial triumphs. On this occasion, as usual, he was attended by an immense rabble, who doted on him as their idol and defender. In the midst of his progress he fainted, and as his pale remains were carried to a friend's house, a wild shriek went up "he is dead, he is dead, the friend of the people is no more!"

In a short time he was restored, and undaunted, proceeds to the hall to speak the last time. His appearance in the street was hailed with the delighted acclamations of an immense concourse. A more striking object never took part in the doings of the living. His broad face was haggard, and the marks of the small-pox seemed more hideous than ever. His long hair hung in masses on his shoulders, and its frightfulness was set off by the bloody bandages about his neck. The eye alone proved his spirit unbroken.

The Jacobins clamored, and now perceiving the weakness of the only man they feared, attempted to carry some point peculiarly displeasing to him. The powers in him were stirred, and nerved by mental energy alone, he compelled his jaded body to carry him to the tribune. He had no strength to waste on preliminaries, and hurled a thunderbolt among his enemies, which annihilated their opposition.

They attempted to cry him down, but one shout, "Silence there, ye thirty tyrants!" stilled them. Some inferior men attempted to overcome his feebleness by various noises, but his inflamed eye blazing on them, and his "terrible head" shaken at them, subdued them. In the face of the pres-

ident's decision he spake, and wrung concession even from his enemies.

It was an eventful morning. Five times he spake, or rather thundered, and as often triumphed. Never had he seemed so grand, never had he been so imperious, and never had he proved himself more perfectly to be the greatest mind in France.

But even that scene of triumph was only a part of his dying agonies. To all human endurance there is a limit, and now Mirabeau was carried, fainting and dying, to his own house. The demagogues of the Convention had crouched before the lion for the last time.

Paris had never felt an event like this. "The great Mirabeau is dying!" rang from lip to lip. Business and amusement were suspended. The populace allowed no carriage to rumble over the stone pavements, lest it should disturb him. Those wild men were in tears and spake in whispers.

"Who will defend us now that Mirabeau is dying?" was the agonized question of one.

"Who will give us bread now?" asked another, fully believing this man to be the dispenser of food.

"Who will cut off the heads of these aristocrats, who are sucking out the blood of France?" asked another, with clenched teeth, as he remembered Mirabeau's apostrophes, which had shaken the privileged classes as an earthquake. It was a wonderful spectacle. The streets were crowded with anxious multitudes, silently and tearfully awaiting the issuing of the bulletins announcing the progress of the death-struggle.

But look. Yonder is a strange sight. The King of France has sent a special messenger, of noble birth, to inquire after the health of Mirabeau. The crowd gave way, and for once felt grateful to Louis for feeling so much for their favorite. The messengers of the Convention stood, with one from the king, at that door of death. Prostitutes, and the lowest of the Parisian mob, mingled with the high-born and the great before the house in which Mirabeau was dying. Scarcely could a greater tribute have been levied on the affections of that populous city.

"The over-wearied giant fallen down to die," was as great in death as an Atheist libertine could be. Look at this man, the victim corroded to dissolution by his own execrable vices, and from that scene let these words of his take their emphasis. It was the last time Dumont saw him, and he now flung his arms around the neck of his friend, and exclaimed in an agony of weeping:

"I would pass through a furnace heated seven times, to purify the name of Mirabeau! But for this name, so polluted, all France would be at my feet!" Ponder that exclamation, ye corrupt libertines in high places; it is an aphorism of wisdom distilled from the experience of the greatest of such as you!

"Is this the end of my glory?" said Mirabeau. "I would restore France, but life is going out; yes, going out forever!"

Talleyrand stood by him. Mirabeau gazed in his face with a proud consciousness of his importance at that crisis, and yet with the mournful conviction that all was over.

"My friend," said he to Talleyrand. "I carry with me the last shreds of monarchy! In my heart I carry the death-dirge of the French monarchy; the dead remains of it will be spoils for the factious."

His feet had lost feeling, and death was creeping slowly up to the seat of life. Suddenly the peal of a distant cannon was heard, and starting up, he exclaimed, magnificently,

"What! have we the funeral of *Achilles* already?" Truly, as Talleyrand said, "Mirabeau's death was a drama, the principal actor in which never failed to act his part in the grandest style."

His companion raised him in bed, and supported his head. His bodily anguish was forgotten a moment, as he said: "Yes, support that head, it is the greatest in France; would I could will it to you!"

He seemed to feel that Europe would exult over his death. "I would have given *Pitt* some trouble, but now he will do as he lists." There was much truth in his self-complacent words.

A Roman Catholic priest offered his ghostly services to Mirabeau, who declined them with a jest.

"I would gladly accept your offer, but I have been shriven by your ecclesiastical superior, *my Lord Bishop of Autun!*" alluding to Talleyrand, who had been with him.

Death was near, and he said to those about him, "Come, friends, sprinkle me with perfumes, and crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep!"

His agonies of body were so great as to master even his own resolution, and looking at his physician, he said, passionately, "I wish to sleep, give me opium to make me sleep!" A moment more he was dead. His physician, like a true Atheist, said, as he felt for the pulse, "*he will suffer no more!*" Was it so?

Paris was wild with grief, and did this man's remains such honors as no emperor ever had. A hundred thousand followed his body to the Pantheon, dedicated by "France to great men."

The gloomiest predictions of Mirabeau were fulfilled, and soon the Reign of Terror began.

SOUL-GROWTH.

BY HENRY P. TAPPAN, D.D

I HAVE in my garden a choice rose-bush; I planted it there when a little one, a mere root, with one little shoot just peeping out. I planted it in the fairest and most auspicious spot I could find. The soil is rich and mellow. It is sheltered from rough winds. Soft showers and gentle dews visit it. There the sun shines from morning till evening. Daily have I watched its growth. I have carefully plucked out the weeds as soon as they appeared. I have loosened the soil gently about its spreading roots. In a season of drought, I have daily watered it with the purest water. My cares and anxiety have been rewarded. How delighted I was when the first bud appeared! How that delight was increased as the delicate petals opened and disclosed the soft and beautiful hues! Then many buds put forth, and many flowers opened; the air was filled with fragrance, and this thing of life and beauty was perfected. Curious were the reflections which now arose in my mind. Nature had done the work, and yet my culture had aided nature. There was in the plant too, a vital force, and its own wonderful law. An action had been going on within its own bosom. The sunshine, the moisture, the genial earth, and the careful culture would all have been in vain, had not the vital force been busy drinking in all, assimilating all—had not the constructive law governed and determined all. The finger of God was there—it was his work—a work which no other than a Divine artist could produce. The rose-bush seemed to breathe of heaven. There was in and about it invisible ministries. It was an impulse of natural piety to kneel down beside it and exclaim, "Thy God is my God—beautiful flowers, ye are emblems of wisdom, love and beauty ineffable!"

I have another garden—a garden of human souls. One plant there appeared and promised fair. It was beginning to put forth its buds, when a night came, and an invisible hand removed it. Then another plant mysteriously appeared in its place, and that yet remains growing up in strength—but what it is to be is hid from me. And then another appeared, just smiling into life—it was like a sunbeam from heaven—a cloud passed over it, and I saw it no more. And then another was given, and it yet remains a beautiful opening flower—dear to my heart. I have hope, but it is not given to me to prophesy. And then one more appeared, and five summer suns shone upon it, and it was most lovely and gentle—a spirit of heavenly thoughts and promises breathing into my heart: I hoped it was mine to keep and nurture; but a wintry storm passed over it, and it was gone. And yet that wintry storm, as it swept away, went up high into the heavens, where it melted into a soft and rose-like light, and showed an angel's wings and form as it disappeared.

And thus three are transplanted into a heavenly garden, where my care cannot reach them, and where they do not need my care. Is not the soil more genial there—are not the dews and showers more quickening—is not the sunshine brighter—have they not the ministry of angels—is not the smile of God ever upon them? Yes, I am content to have them there, although I have shed many tears over their loss. It is far better for them to grow in the garden of souls in heaven, than to take their lot in my garden of souls upon the earth.

But the two that I have remaining here—what shall I do for them? O Parents! O Teachers! O Ministers of God! All ye that have gardens of souls on earth, weigh well the charge ye have. The nurture of souls, is not this the loftiest duty of human beings? And this is what we mean by Education. As the rose-bush must be nurtured according to what it is—in view of its vital force and its constructive law, that it may have the most perfect growth, and produce the most beautiful flowers; so is it with the soul—it, too, must be nurtured according to what it is—in view of its true spiritual force and constructive law. It is made after the Divine likeness; God is its archetype. Its end, therefore, is reached only as it grows to be perfect as its Father in heaven is perfect. It is not a mere creature of the earth—earthly, to be prepared for mere earthly uses, and to be adorned with mere earthly accomplishments: it is constituted for an immortal growth, and in its growth to develope its divine form and measure. It may be left like a rose in the desert, to grow wildly and by accident, not without beauty and fragrance. Or it

may be distorted, choked with weeds, and trampled down. The great aim of education is to give it the most genial soil, the fairest sunshine and sufficient moisture; to remove hurtful weeds, to prevent inimical visitations, to provide all kindly influences, whereby it may grow into its true form, and by its inner power and law clothe itself with wisdom, beauty, and love. We must treat the soul as a soul; we must enkindle it to feel itself to be a soul, if we would have it to become a true and godlike soul.

Education, therefore, as a discipline, must begin by inspiring souls with a sense of their own worth and dignity; and that, in their education, as a process, intellectual and spiritual, are contained their great personal interest, hope, and well-being. Education is not a mere means to an end: it is the end to which all things else should contribute as means. Education as a discipline, next provides means and influences, the best which earth can afford, or which have been gained from heaven, for instituting and conducting education as a process—a process of growth, developing form and properties; and which, while it scatters on every side deeds of usefulness like ever-budding flowers and perpetual fragrance, spreads abroad the fair boughs more and more; and carries them higher into the sunshine, until the time of transplanting come.

In pointing out specifically the true discipline, we must begin by stating specifically what the soul is. It is a creature of Intellect, of fine and beautiful sensibilities, of conscience and active will. Its education, therefore, must comprise a genial and fitting discipline and nurture of all these. Truth and exact methods of reasoning for the Intellect: the beautiful forms of nature and art for the Sensibilities: the religion of Christ for the Conscience: habits of attention, self-government, and energy for the Will:—these comprise all.

As to the order of discipline, we must follow the indications of nature. The faculties are to be cultivated in the order of their development. First, then, is the acquisition of languages orally; the cultivation of the senses by familiarizing them with their proper objects; the acquisition of descriptive knowledge, and an initiation into descriptive art. Next, the discipline of the intellect, gradually introduced, by exact and noble sciences, in connection with the higher forms of art, and the profounder study of language. This to be constantly accompanied with compositions in the vernacular tongue; the study of rhetoric and oratory, or the right use and utterance of language, and select readings in the vernacular literature. Last of all, mental philosophy, for not until the mind has gone out in search of its proper objects, and thus developed itself to its own consciousness, is it prepared to know itself.

The discipline of the conscience and the will is to permeate the whole. It must begin with the first dawn of thought and feeling. It can never end. All other studies must be turned into discipline and aliment for these. But the religion of Christ, as an angel with outstretched wings, dropping gracious influences into the inner life, must hover over these growing souls all the while.

We often hear of accomplishments in distinction from education proper: but there is no just ground for the distinction. The arts of music and drawing, a knowledge of languages, and graceful manners, are really parts of a proper education; and all proper education consists in accomplishments of the soul. Whatever is foreign to the mind and heart is foreign to the human being. A disastrous use, however, is often made of this distinction, where it is attempted to cultivate certain æsthetical tastes, to acquire certain arts, to become familiar with a foreign language, and to acquire graceful manners, independently of the exact and thorough discipline of the intellectual functions. Education must aim at a well-balanced cultivation of our whole being. It is not for us, by neglect, to commit a suicide upon any faculty of our being. All that goes to make up the soul must grow in the proper and harmonious growth of the soul. And what can we hope for in the condition of that soul in which the high attributes of reason and conscience have been neglected—those attributes which govern and guide us, which unfold character, which bear the most resplendent marks of our divine original, which, more than all, make us souls, and reveal the light of truth, and contain the promises of immortality? Indeed here are the ideas which form the starting points of all beautiful arts. Hence this partial education must fail in its own sphere, because separated from those springs whence all grace and beauty flow. The thoroughly disciplined mind will easily master the minor graces, for it has collected its strength in a higher region. But that mind which attempts nothing more than these, will often find itself inadequate to their mastery, for the very reason that it has not gained the full play of its powers. In conducting the educational process, two main principles are to govern us: to grasp, with a clear and full understanding, whatever we undertake; and to allow full time for the growth of our thoughts. Imperfect acquisition begets superficial habits of thought, weakens the power of thinking, leaves no lasting fruits

in the memory, and creates a distaste for knowledge by shutting us out from its interior palaces of light and beauty; making us only dwellers on its cold threshold. But thorough acquisition marches through knowledge like a conqueror, gathering fresh strength; tastes the deep delights of truth, and makes for itself permanent possessions.

The necessity of sufficient time for the growth of thought is laid in the mind itself. I planted my rose-bush where it might receive all the quickening and nourishing influences and supplies of the heavens and the earth, and yet it could not grow faster, nor take to itself any other form, colors and fragrance, than had been provided for and determined by its own organic law. There might be a difference in the ministering influences and supplies, and these would make a difference in the growth and beauty of the flower. But this could be true only within a certain limit. The vital force would demand certain days and nights in which to work, and the organic law, under the most favoring clime, would permit the plant to drink no more moisture, to receive no gayer colors from the sunshine, to assimilate no more aliment than was required for the specific form and properties. So with the soul—childhood, youth, and manhood mark the stages of its growth—those stages which are symbolized by the corporeal structure in which it dwells. You cannot force it beyond the measure and form of its spiritual activity in the successive periods, nor minister more knowledge than the law of its thought will permit it to assimilate and make its own. As we must have the bud and the flower of a fruit-bearing plant during their full time, before we have the fruit, and as the fruit must have its time for ripening; so the soul must have its budding, flowering, and fruit-bearing and ripening seasons.

You must feed the soul according to its own law of growth. It is possible, indeed, to make a great parade of educational apparatus; to make a great noise and bustle of carrying young minds through all sciences and accomplishments; you can make them turn over the leaves of many text books, hear many lectures, recite many lessons, and impose upon them and upon an unthinking community, the belief that they are educated. But are they indeed educated? Their minds have been excited, but they have not been at work in the quietness of thought. They have tasted everything at overloaded tables, but instead of digesting they have been sickened. You have been concentrating the sunshine upon your plants through burning-glasses; you have smothered them with your composts; you have deluged them with your watering, pots; you have violated, and not aided nature. There is time enough for the growth of the soul, if you will always let it be growing, and if you will minister to it aright. The great error is to hurry the soul on, by certain empirical and deceptive methods, to an imaginary point of development which is called a finished education, and there to leave it to grow no more. The task is accomplished—a disagreeable and toilsome task, because engaging an excited and hurried action about knowledge and accomplishments, without affording any opportunity for seeing into the heart of things, like a frightened humming-bird chased from flower to flower without dipping its bill into the honied cups: the task is accomplished; and now business and pleasure becomes the life, where the remembrance of the *finished education* only reacts in the direction of worldliness and folly. The soul has been teased, not disciplined. Had it ever known the delights of thought, it could never leave off thinking. But these wearisome pretenses it easily lays aside for engagements and enjoyments well suited to a garnished but uneducated being. Be not one of these. Make education the great business of life—as indeed, by the good man, it is contemplated as running through immortality itself. Let it be your highest personal interest; make it the noblest form of your benevolence to others; pursue it steadily in noble studies and holy duties. Be in no hurry, but be always doing with manful strength; seek not for easy methods, but for thorough methods; and believe that those tasks which seem the hardest at first, will yield most delight in the end, for the soul grows just as it puts forth its strength and wrestles for truth. Gain all the knowledge that you can gain well; but be more concerned for a harmonious development of your powers than for knowing many languages and sciences. We have an unending time in which to gain knowledge; but it is of infinite moment that we begin our immortal growth in a pure, rich soil, and under such influences as shall make us grow after our Divine archetype. And as the growth of the soul after its archetype comprises its highest hope and well being; and as it is acting most worthily for itself when steadily, patiently, and with great energy acting for this end, a self-conscious spiritual plant exerting vital force, obeying its inner law, and revealing its beauty more and more; so there is nothing so noble and praiseworthy, and of such vast account, that a man can do for his day and generation, as to promote the growth of souls in any way that he best can. In taking care of thy own soul, therefore, forget not the souls which are growing around thee. Thou wilt grow most nobly thyself, while thou helpest others.

GOOD MANNERS.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

"Man, in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out—there only reach their proper use."

To make ourselves agreeable and respected, is at once to multiply our sources of happiness, and to increase our means of doing good. Made for social life, no small part of earthly joy is to be derived from the society of our acquaintance and friends. This joy may be greatly increased by a proper attention to the wants, wishes, and prevalent tastes of those with whom we mingle. We may add to their comfort as well as our own. And, if we may, we certainly ought.

There is a charm in good breeding, that is felt by all classes. The man whose ordinary deportment is courteous, who studies to render himself agreeable in every circle, and to whom politeness has become a second nature, who, without artifice or awkwardness, endeavors to abstain from what is offensive to others, and to perform those minute acts of attention which the rules of good-breeding require, wins his way into the good graces and affections of his acquaintances, multiplies the number of his friends, and readily finds admission into the society of the virtuous and the respected. At the same time, he is gradually extending his personal influence; and thus gives weight to his opinions, acquires power over the minds and hearts of his friends, and, if virtuous himself, recommends his own good qualities by presenting them in an attractive form. "He that regards the welfare of others should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied."

The Christian owes it to his profession to make his presence and acquaintance courted rather than shunned. If possible, he should endeavor to invest his religion with such charms as to attract, rather than to repel. If, by the exhibition of kindness, and by a constant attention to the great law of courteousness, he can win to himself and his profession the good graces and the admiration of others, and so commend the religion of the cross to his fellow-men, he is greatly at fault if he neglects the cultivation of such a gift. If it is characteristic of heaven-born charity, or true that it "doth not behave itself unseemly," or indecorously; if the Christian is to pay special attention to "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report," and "if there be any virtue, any praise," to "think on these things," to study to excel in them, to "covet earnestly the best gifts," then is it a great oversight, a great neglect of duty, for the follower of Jesus to pay no attention to the rules of good breeding, and to look with contempt on the art of politeness.

A kind expression of real kindness is the perfection of good breeding. To please others, and not one's self; never to give one's self the preference over others, even in little things; to manifest a uniform disinterestedness in trifles, in matters of small moment, as well as in weightier matters; these are essential to good breeding. But the great law of social intercourse, enjoined by the Great Author of our faith, includes all this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Or, as the great apostle has expressed it, "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not himself."

This law of Christian love, then, if faithfully observed, will go very far towards the formation of good manners. The selfish propensities of the heart must be overcome, before this disinterestedness can be perfectly secured. But, in order to this, there must be an entire renovation of the heart. By nature, the heart is completely under the dominion of these propensities. As, therefore, nothing else can so change the disposition, so subdue the vengeful and selfish temper, and so inspire with true kindness and benevolence, as the grace of God in the gospel of Christ, so the very first and surest prerequisite to true gentility and sweetness of manners is, the attainment of pure and undefiled religion, by the renewing of the mind and the regeneration of the soul.

Though great ease and grace of deportment may unquestionably be attained without the possession of true piety, yet the same individual, it is maintained, would have found it far easier to

acquire such a degree of accomplishment, and have arrived at a still higher state of refinement, had he first sought and secured that benevolence and purity of heart, which flow from the possession of a heart renewed and sanctified by divine grace. He who has made this attainment, and learned from his great exemplar to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please himself, has already secured the first great element of a well-bred character; has a fountain of kindness and love within him, which, when properly directed, will, in the most natural manner, send forth its perennial streams to gladden every sphere in which he lives and moves.

A writer on "True Politeness, or Etiquette for Everybody," has very properly observed that "the essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and to avoid giving pain. Any man possessing this desire, requires only opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman." But this is the very law of Christian kindness to which I have just referred. The Bible constantly aims at the formation of such a character, and, as the most perfect example of it, exhibits to the admiring eye the faultless Jesus. If ever there was a perfect gentleman on earth, it was the son of Mary. The law of kindness was in his heart, and every act of his life was an expression of kindness in itself most kind. An intimate acquaintance with the spirit and manner of his life, and a constant study to be like him, will go very far towards the attainment of good breeding.

"If you wish to be a well-bred lady," says a fair authoress, "you must carry your good manners everywhere with you. It is not a thing that can be laid aside and put on at pleasure. True politeness is uniform disinterestedness in trifles, i. e., (*even* in trifles,) accompanied by the calm self-possession which belongs to a noble simplicity of purpose; and this must be the effect of a Christian spirit running through all you do, or say, or think." Again, she remarks, "The charm which true Christian politeness sheds over a person, though not easily described, is felt by all hearts, and responded to by the best feelings of our nature. It is a talisman of great power to smoothe your way along the rugged paths of life, and to turn towards you the best side of all you meet."

To the same effect is the testimony of the Prince of Conti, of the house of Bourbon, in one of the Port Royal essays. He observes, that "worldly politeness is no more than an imitation or imperfect copy of Christian charity; being the pretense, or outward appearance of that deference to the judgment, and attention to the interest, of others, which the true Christian has as the rule of his life, and the disposition of his heart."

No one can have a correct knowledge of that religion which the Bible commends, and not unite in this testimony. True religion is love to God and man in the fullest and most constant exercise—the very essence of kindness. It teaches the most undissembled and unaffected modesty, humility, self-denial, gentleness, tenderness, meekness, simplicity, disinterestedness, and benevolence, of which the human heart is capable. It causes and promotes serenity, cheerfulness, approachableness, and even affability, or readiness for conversation. It enjoins respect for all, condescension to inferiors, and veneration for all of superior station or worth. All this flows spontaneously from the heart of an experienced Christian, without effort or constraint.

The modesty inculcated by the Gospel, leads us to be diffident of our own goodness, to esteem others better than ourselves, and to arrest all tendency towards arrogancy or disrespect. Its humility checks and destroys that pride and haughtiness, which, under "the various modifications of superciliousness, vanity, and false diffidence," occasion more offenses against good manners, and breaches of the rules of good breeding, than any other cause whatever. Its self-denial leads us to disregard our own wants, comforts, and preferences, out of deference to the feelings of others; while its gentleness, tenderness, sympathy, and simplicity prompt us to seek the kindest expression of the kindness of the heart. Let the cheerfulness and serenity of true religion be shed over all this, and what can exceed the religion of the Gospel, as a means of promoting good-breeding!

"Religion," says Dr. Witherspoon, "is the great polisher of the common people. Let us go to the remotest cottage of the wildest country, and visit the family that inhabits it. If they are pious, there is a certain humanity and good-will attending their simplicity, which makes it highly commendable. There is also a decency in their sentiments, which, flowing from the dictates of conscience, is as pleasing in all respects as the restraint imposed by the rules of good-breeding, with which the persons here in view have little opportunity of being acquainted. On the contrary, unbred country people, when without principle, have generally a savageness and brutality in their carriage as contrary to good manners as to piety itself." Judging from an extensive observation, this distinguished citizen and divine observes, in respect to the middle ranks of life, "I scruple not to affirm, that whatever sphere a man has been bred in, or attained to, religion is

not an injury but an addition to the politeness of his carriage."

Such must be the testimony of every candid and careful observer of society. Says the venerable Dr. Miller, "We have only need to see an example of that unaffected kindness, affability, respectfulness, gentleness, and attention to the feelings and comfort of all around us, which real religion at once demands and inspires, united with the gravity, dignity, and prudence, becoming those who remember that for every word and action they must give an account—we have only, I say, to see this happy union of qualities fairly exemplified in human deportment, to be convinced that nothing can be more nobly beautiful or attractive, in the view of every thinking beholder, than the undissembled expression of pure Christian feeling; and, of course, that, to be an humble and assiduous imitator of Christ, is the shortest way for any one to exhibit the most perfect manners of which our nature is capable."

It is not, then, to the circles of the gay, the wealthy, and the fashionable, that we are to look for the best specimens of good breeding. Again and again have I been pained and shocked in society of this description, with such offenses against genuine politeness, and breaches of the rules of good manners, as never could have been committed, in the same circumstances, by the sincere and humble Christian. The most perfect gentlemen with whom it has been my happiness to be acquainted, have learned their politeness not in the school of Chesterfield, but of Christ.

It will be said, however, that Christians are not always well-bred, and many of them are exceedingly deficient in good-manners. Unquestionably; and, at another time, I will develope some of the principal causes of their deficiency in politeness, and show that it is to be attributed not to their religion, but to their circumstances.

THE VOICES OF THE HEART.

Language hath not the power
To give the voices of my heart a tone—
To tell the feelings, desolate and lone,
That o'er my spirit shower.

The rose upon her stem,
The violet, and the lily of the vale,
With their sweet fragrance, breathe me forth a tale
I cannot speak—a gem.

The organ's pealing sound
Seems off'ring up the incense of a prayer,
And in its notes of joy and praise I share,
With homage most profound.

The bright, the glorious sea,
Whose waves seem bounding with a conscious pride,
As they rush on in their impetuous tide,
A language hath for me.

The moon in the clear sky,
The thousand stars around her brilliant throne,
Speak to me with a music all their own,
Though they may wake a sigh:

They shine upon the deep,
And their soft feelings fill my eyes with tears;
And the lost friends and hopes of former years
Across my mem'ry sweep:

For I am all alone;
I've seen my heart's best idols all depart—
Have seen, with tearless eye but bursting heart,
My fondest hopes o'erthrown.

The earth is passing fair;
The hill, the valley, and the murm'ring stream,
Are lovely as the tracery of a dream—
But none are left to share

My rapture, as I dwell
Upon her beauty; and, with brow of gloom,
I turn me sorrowing to the darksome tomb
In passion's fitful swell.

I think a while on death,
On time, eternity, and that dread hour
When, by the mandate of almighty power,
I must resign my breath.

My spirit longs to know
er destiny, and future state of being,
To which death is the entrance—the unknown
Above, around, below.

But language hath not power
To give the voices of my heart a tone—
To tell the feelings, desolate and lone,
Which o'er my spirit shower.

LISZT, THE PIANIST.

TRANSLATED FROM ANDERSEN'S "POET'S BAZAAR."

Liszt gave a concert at Hamburg, in the "City of London Hotel." In a few minutes the hall was filled to overflowing. I arrived late; but, notwithstanding, obtained a good place close by the platform on which the piano-forte was standing—to which I was conducted by the back-stairs. Liszt is one of the monarchs in the realm of music; and, as I have said, I was conducted into his presence by the back-stairs; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge it.

The hall, the very ante-chambers gleamed with brilliancy, with gold chains and diamonds. On a sofa near me sat a Jewish maiden, corpulent and over-dressed: she looked like a hippopotamus with a fan. Solid Hamburg merchants stood crowding each other, as though some weighty stock business was to be transacted. A smile rested on their lips, as though they had been buying bills, and had made a fortune. The mythological Orpheus, by his playing, set trees and rocks in motion: Liszt, our modern Orpheus, had electrified them before he began to play. Common fame, by the halo which surrounded him, had opened the eyes and ears of the people: everybody seemed to know and feel beforehand what was to follow. I myself, in the light of those many sparkling eyes, in that anxious beating of the heart, felt the presence of a great genius, whose bold hand, in our own days, has marked out the limits of his art.

In the "great Machine City of the world," London, or in Hamburg, the "European Exchange," would it have been noteworthy to have heard Liszt for the first time. Time and place here harmonized, and in Hamburg was I to hear him.

Ours is not the age of fancy and feeling: it is that of the understanding. Artistical dexterity is an indispensable requisite for the execution of any art or endeavor. Language has been so cultivated that it belongs to our school discipline to be able to express our thoughts in verse, such as would, half a century ago, have been esteemed a work of true poetry. In every great city there are scores of people to be met with who can execute music with a skill which, twenty years ago, would have caused them to be listened to as artists. Everything technical, material, as well as spiritual, has, in our day, reached its utmost development; and hence, in our times, there is a sort of elevation, even in the inert masses.

Our great genius, if he be a true soul, and not the mere foam flung up by the seething of the age, must be able to endure a critical analysis, and elevate himself far above all that can be learned by mere study. He must be able not merely to fill his own niche in the spiritual world, but must do more: like the coral insect, he must add another bough to the living tree of art, or all his endeavors are of no avail.

There are in our day two masters of the piano, who in this wise fill up their place: Thalberg and Liszt.

When Liszt entered, it was as though an electric shock ran through the room. The ladies mostly rose; it seemed as if a sunbeam diffused itself over every face; as though every eye rested on a dear friend.

I stood close by the artist. He is a hagard young man. Long dark hair surrounds his pale face. He made his salutations and took his seat at the instrument. Liszt's whole aspect and movements indicate him at once to be one of those persons who are noticeable, solely and entirely from their own individuality. God's hand has set upon him a seal which marks him out among thousands.

When Liszt seated himself at the piano-forte, the first impression made upon me by his appearance, and by the play of strong passions upon his pale visage, was that he seemed like a demon bound to the instrument from which the tones were pouring forth. They came from his blood, from his thoughts: he was a demon who must play his soul free. He was on the rack; his blood eddied, his nerves thrilled; but as he played on, all the demoniacal disappeared. I saw the pale countenance assume a nobler and more beautiful expression. The divine soul shone forth from his eyes—from every feature. He became beautiful—as beautiful as life and enthusiasm can render one.

His "*Valse Infernale*" is more than a daguerreotype from Meyerbeer's "Robert." We do not stand before it gazing on the well-known portraiture: we transport ourselves into it; we plunge down into its very depths, and discover new whirling forms. It was not as though the

strings of the piano were sounding; every note seemed like a ringing water-drop.

He who can admire technical dexterity of art, must do homage to Liszt; he who is enraptured by the genial spirit, the gift of God, will do still deeper homage. The Orpheus of our times has sounded his notes through the "great Machine City of the world," and men felt and acknowledged, as a Copenhagener phrased it, that "his fingers were true railroads and steam-engines;" his genius is more powerful to bring together the spirits of men, than all the railroads in the world. The Orpheus of our time has sounded his notes through the "European Exchange," and, for the moment at least, the people believed in his gospel; the spirit's coin rings louder than that of the world.

We often use, without being aware of its significance, the phrase, "a sea of sound:" and such a sea is it which pours forth from the piano at which Liszt is seated. The instrument seems transformed into a whole orchestra. Ten fingers, possessed of such skill, can do that which seems incredible, though guided by a mighty genius. It is a sea of sound, which, in its wildest uproar, is yet a mirror for all the evanescent impulses of every glowing spirit.

I have met with politicians who have comprehended by Liszt's playing, how peaceful peasants could be wrought upon by the notes of the Marseillaise Hymn to seize their weapons, leave home and flocks, to do battle for an idea. I have seen staid citizens of Copenhagen, with all the Danish autumnal chill in their blood, at his playing become political bacchanals. The head of the mathematician has become dizzied by his ringing figures and in the computation of his notes. Young Hegelians—not mere blockheads, but the most highly gifted among them—who in the galvanic currents of philosophy only grimaced intellectually, have in this "sea of sound" perceived the wave-like advance of knowledge towards the shores of completion. The poet has found herein the whole lyric of his heart, or a rich drapery for his boldest imaginings. The traveller—for I close by speaking of myself—perceived sound-forms of all that he had seen or should see. I listened to his playing as if to the overture to my journey. I heard, how my heart throbbed and bled at parting from my home. I heard the farewell of the waves; waves which I should first again hear dashing on the cliffs of Terracina. It pealed like organ-tones from the old cathedrals of Germany; down from Alpine heights rolled the glaciers; in carnival attire danced Italy, thrusting with harlequin sword of lath, thinking all the while in her heart of Cæsar, of Horace, and of Raffaelle. It blazed forth from Etna and Vesuvius; from Grecian mountains, where the old gods lie dead, sounded the trump of doom; tones which I knew not, tones for which I had no name, shadowed forth the Orient—the poet's second father-land.

When Liszt ceased playing, flowers rained down upon him. Lovely young maidens, ancient dames who yet had once been lovely young maidens, flung their bouquets: but he had flung a thousand bouquets of sound into their hearts and heads.

From Hamburg he was to go to London, there to scatter new bouquets of sound, there to breathe poesy over the material every-day life. Happy he, who can thus journey on his whole life long; ever beholding mankind in their spiritual Sabbath-day attire; in the festival pomp of inspiration! Shall I again meet him?—such was my last thought; and fortune so ordered it that we should meet again in our journey, in a place where I and my readers could have least expected it, that we should meet, become friends, and again part. This all belongs to the closing chapter of this journey. For the present fared he to Victoria's capital, I to that of Gregory the Sixteenth.

A. H. G.

A MOMENT.

A MOMENT! what art thou? the briefest space
Of time, immeasurable, undefined;
'Twere vain for mortal man of finite mind,
Thy indivisibility to trace.
Yet such as thee compose the circling year—
[illegible]rs and ten, that narrow span,
[illegible]n to bound the life of man;
That gone, how short indeed doth it appear.
How soon a moment's swallowed in the vast
Unfathomable ocean of the past!
Quick, as the quickest twinkle of the eye,
'Tis lost forever in immensity;
Yet in a moment's space, to endless day,
The vital spark starts from the still warm clay.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

Do what you will, use what instrument you please, you cannot drive Nature out of the human heart. She will return to it again like the bird to its nest. And Poetry is Nature, as truly as Reason or Conscience. They are all God's witnesses and agents of good. Reason bears witness to the actual and the true; Conscience to the fitting and the right; Imagination to the beautiful, the awful, and the possible. Man cannot forego either without injury. Rob him of reason, and he is without a guide; of conscience, and he is without a prompter; of imagination, and you condemn him to a barren and cheerless existence on earth, and deprive him of the chief means by which he realizes the unseen future; for religion is the highest poetry, and without the faculty of imagination could not be received into the human heart. Angelic existence is an eternity of pure poetry, and the awful change which fits man for communion with angels and spirits is one that begins by destroying and dissolving that gross framework of matter which now drags down and cripples, and defiles the pure and subtle workings of the poetic fire. But in this mortal state, "prisoner of earth, and pent, beneath the moon," Poetry must work with such poor materials as she can find. The visible and the tangible are about her, and from these she must distil her nectared sweets, weave her garment of many colors, and rear her airy mansion. Sensation, Reason, Conscience, Sentiment, and Passion, are her fellows, and she must adapt herself as best she may to their companionship.

Is or is not the pursuit of science favorable to the culture and growth of poetry? Perhaps the simple fact that poetry has actually survived steam-engines, gas-works, water-works, railroads, and electric telegraphs—that it flourishes in spite of them, and breaks forth into song amid the very whirl and clatter of the factory—may be deemed a sufficient answer to the question if it refer to the practical applications of science; but if it relate to the more recondite inquiries in which science especially delights, then is the answer to the question still more conclusive, for philosophy and poetry have too often dwelt in harmony together to be suspected of any antagonism. The names of Haller, and Jenner, and Davy, and Goethe, occur at once to our recollection as those of men who found the pursuit of science by no means incompatible with a more or less earnest devotion to the muse; and others might be adduced who have exhibited, in the peculiar graces of their prose compositions, all the attributes of the true poet.

The philosophic and the poetic mind and temperament have marked analogies. An abiding sense of the beautiful, the awful, and the mysterious, is an element in both. The same emotions which stir to its lowest depths the soul of the poet, equally shake the mind of the philosopher. The highest poetic inventions and the most comprehensive scientific discoveries have much in common. An observation of nature, more or less close and accurate—a subtle generalization of natural phenomena—will always be found at the core of the poet's most successful creations. In like manner, the "scientific insight" will be found, if closely analyzed, to be of the true essence of poetry. Had Shakspeare been a philosopher, his Ariel would have been a force; had Newton been a poet, the theory of universal gravitation would have been embodied in a form of surpassing power and loveliness. Prospero is Science personified, ruling over brute forces ever ripe for revolt, and commanding the willing services of the powers of nature; Science still resembles the solitary master of Caliban and Ariel, with the wand of a magician, the benevolence of an angel, the humility of a servant, and the sublime sadness of a mortal agent wielding delegated forces. This sadness, this moody melancholy, this overwhelming sense of insignificance, waging a painful war with the consciousness of a high destiny, which forms so essential a characteristic of the true poet, is it not also an element in the character of the true philosopher?

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep,"

breathes the same spirit of sadness as Newton's retrospect of a life: "I know not what the world will think of my labors, but to myself it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself, unexplored, before me."

Is the pursuit of science favorable to the culture and growth of poetry? Is the march of scientific knowledge, and scientific adaptation to practice, favorable or otherwise to that highest

exercise of the poetic faculty—adoration of the Supreme Being? Propound these questions to intelligent and thinking men, and a fair proportion would answer them, if not in the negative, at least doubtfully. There is certainly a misgiving as to the tendency of science in both directions; some fearing lest it should destroy the charm of this life, others that it may weaken the consciousness of a future existence.

The progress of science, though it may not destroy poetry, or impair the sentiment of religion, must work a revolution in the sources of emotion. It may not affect the force of the current, but it must, of necessity, change its direction. The spring must have a deeper source, if not a larger volume. Science, which looks from the surfaces and shows of things to their substance and essence, if it conduce to poetry, must supply the poet with new materials. Are they such materials as he can work with?

Let us narrow this question before we can answer it. We must first eliminate all the sources of emotion which science leaves untouched, and then examine those which are likely to be dried up or turned aside by its searching inquiries.

In the first place, it is evident that science does in no way interfere with that inexhaustible well-spring of poetry, the human heart. Its affections, emotions, and passions remain, in these utilitarian days, much what they were before the flood. If some objects of interest and attachment have been replaced by others, poetry has certainly gained by the exchange. Covetousness, for instance, which displayed itself of old by the hoarding of money and objects of barter, now embodies itself in the library, the gallery, or the museum, which have less of narrow selfishness in them, and more of the elements of poetry. In spite of all that has been said of the levelling and disfiguring tendencies of railroads, the fair face of nature beams upon us with all its pristine beauty; and the iron intruder, who has scared away the deities and nymphs of many a rural scene, makes ample amends in the speed with which he bears us to their more favored haunts. The heavens above us, though here and there somewhat overcast by the clouds and vapors of our crowded cities, remain unchanged; and science does but add to the sublime immensity of the ocean the idea of a growing and expanding usefulness, rich in all the elements of poetry.

Science will infallibly destroy the kind of poetry to which the world has been hitherto accustomed, and work an entire change, not in the nature, but the expression of the poetic emotions. Science will not affect our appreciation of the poetry of past generations; but it must exercise a very important influence on the poet of the future. It must deprive him of many of the choicest materials of his predecessors. Comets, eclipses, meteors; ghosts, fairies, witches; oracles, miracles, and the awful tricks of the heathen temples; sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, and undines; the marvellous personifications of the Greeks, and the thirty thousand gods of the Romans, have ceased to create in us emotions of affection, admiration, or terror. The cloud on the mountain-top no longer shapes itself into a gigantic form, striking fear into the stoutest heart; the meteor of the grave-yard refuses to embody itself as the ghost of the departed dead; the whistling of the wind and the rustling of trees have ceased to utter articulate sentences; and even the earthquake and the tempest are more terrible in their effects than in their immediate cause. The lightning-rod, which extracts electricity from the cloud, draws off with it, not merely the mystery that wrapped itself in its threatening form, but part of the terror which in any case it is fitted to inspire.

Nor does science, by its practical adaptations, replace the elements of poetry which it has destroyed. The science of war, aided as it is by the invention of gunpowder, and by fearful means of destruction which it is painful even to think of, is less fruitful in the elements of poetry than in the old hand-to-hand combat, which centred the interest of armies in the heroic prowess of angry chiefs. It would task the genius of Homer himself to make a good poetic hero out of a mere modern hard fighter. The same march of invention which has made war a system of tactics, has converted the hero of a hundred fights into a cautious calculator of chances; a player of the game of chess, with the battle-field for his board and men for his pieces. When we give ourselves the trouble of reflection, we see at once the vast superiority of the modern to the ancient hero; but that very reflection is destructive of poetry, which is a thing of impulse and intuition, not of conviction.

So, also, with inventions of a more peaceful nature. The sailing-vessel, to a great extent at the mercy of the winds and waves, has ten times as much poetry in it as the dark steamer, with all its vast practical superiority and comparative independence of the elements. The same remarks apply to those other great inventions of our times, the railroad and the electric telegraph. The horse and his rider, the coach and prancing steeds, had more of life, and therefore more of poetry in them, than the railroad with all its power and speed. The solitary messenger with his impor-

tant missive, spurring his horse covered with foam to the desired goal, where he arrives at the critical moment of time, after a thousand petty obstacles and difficulties have been overcome, is far more favorable to poetry than the express train, running at the greatest measured speed ever yet attained. The very figures spoil the poetry of the thing. The electric telegraph, again, is very wonderful; but we are too much in the secret of the invention to extract the materials of poetry out of it. Even that most awful of all things, the wholesale destruction of human life, seems to affect us less when brought about by causes we entirely understand, than when attended with circumstances savoring of mystery. Thus it happens that railway accidents, and steamboat collisions, and wholesale suffocations inflicted by man's own ignorance and carelessness, though they fill us with indignation and horror, do not excite poetic emotions. We know too much about the causes which have produced them. There is ground, therefore, for the apprehension that science and the march of invention tend to destroy many of the elements of poetry.

Have they anything to offer in the way of compensation? Let us take a striking example:

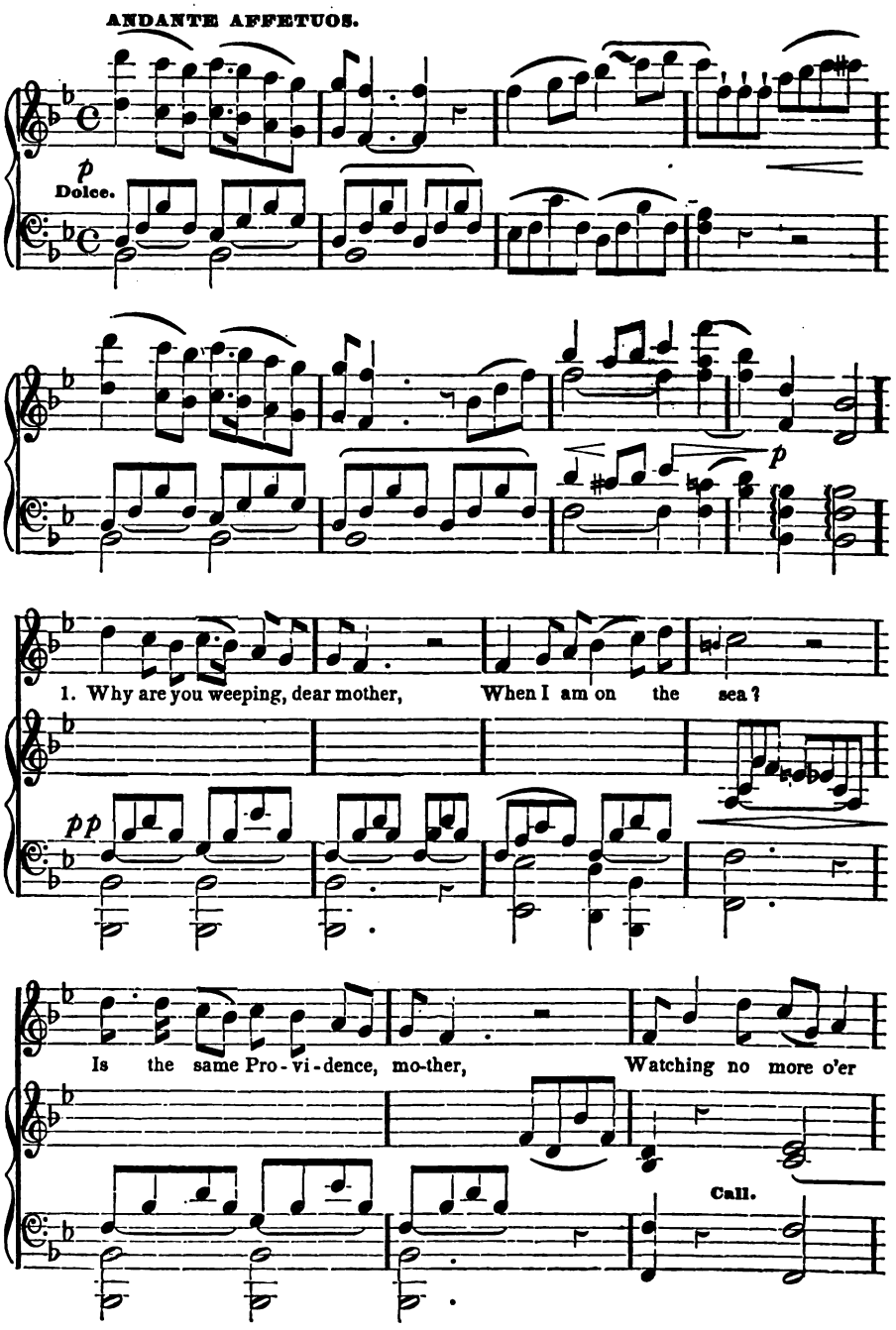
"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun; which cometh forth as a bridegooom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

Such is the language of poetry, full of personification, and suggestive of images of beauty and power. The earth turning on its axis at the rate of more than one thousand miles an hour, and revolving round the sun with a speed of upwards of sixty-eight thousand miles in the same time; the earth and the other planets of our system, under the stern compulsion of two opposed forces moving in curves around the same common centre; the entire system—sun, planets, and satellites—bound by some mystic chain to an undiscovered centre, and moving toward a point in space at the rate of thirty-three millions five hundred and fifty thousand geographical miles, whilst our earth is performing a single revolution round the sun; the earth rocking regularly upon a point round which it rapidly revolves, whilst it progresses onward in its orbit, like some huge top in tremulous gyration upon the deck of a vast aerial ship, gliding rapidly through space; and all this progress of worlds taking place with a velocity and impetus which, if the powers of the physical forces were for a moment suspended, would be sufficient to scatter the mass of our planet over space as a mere star-dust; and yet, so long as these forces continue to act in harmony, in such sort as that the delicate down which rests so lightly upon the flower is undisturbed. Such is the language of Science, striving after poetic forms of expression; but failing in her object. There is too much of the balance, the compass, and the plummet; too much of detail, too many figures, to produce an agreeable impression on the mind. The idea of the calculator seems ever striving to mix itself up with the thought of the first Great Cause; and, practically, the impression upon the mind is altogether disproportioned to the gigantic forces in operation.

This discloses the true bearing of Science on Poetry. The path from scientific discovery and practical invention to the great Author and Giver of the powers of nature is apt to be overlaid and overlooked. It is more easy "to look through Nature up to Nature's God," than it is to raise the mind from science up to the Author of all knowledge. But the mind once turned in this right direction, it is indisputable that science affords ample and unrivalled materials for pious and truly poetic reflection. If this view of the true tendency of science were practically acted on, then would every new observation in natural science add a page to that great didactic poem, and every addition to the philosophy of physical science swell the majestic march of that grand epic; the visible creation brought into bolder relief by closer observation would become the well-spring of a poetry rich in the elements of the beautiful, and the more recondite truths of science in the material of that higher poetry which has the sublime for its basis. A new source of poetic feeling will, in the mean time, be opened out on the ever-growing appreciation of the Power which has endowed the human mind with faculties capable of penetrating so many mysteries, and adapting the inexhaustible materials and most potent forces of creation to the growing wants and multifarious purposes of mankind.

WHY ARE YOU WEEPING, DEAR MOTHER.

A BALLAD—COMPOSED BY HENRY HERZ.



me? Think of the lessons you taught me, E'en in my ear-liest

years; Prac - tise their precepts, dear mother, And they will calm your

pp *p* *pp*

fears.

p

2.

Have I not seen you watching,
Oft from the storm-lashed shore?
When the lightning dart was flashing,
Feared you the thunder's roar?
When for my father's danger
I, like a child, have wept,
Did you not say that in heaven
Watch o'er his life was kept?

3.

Be of good cheer, dear mother!
Hope is my guiding star;
Be it yours, too, dear mother,
When I am roaming far.
Oft will my home-thoughts wander,
Over the stormy main,
And in your dreams I'll whisper,
"Mother, we meet again."

THE PARKS OF LONDON AND NEW YORK.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

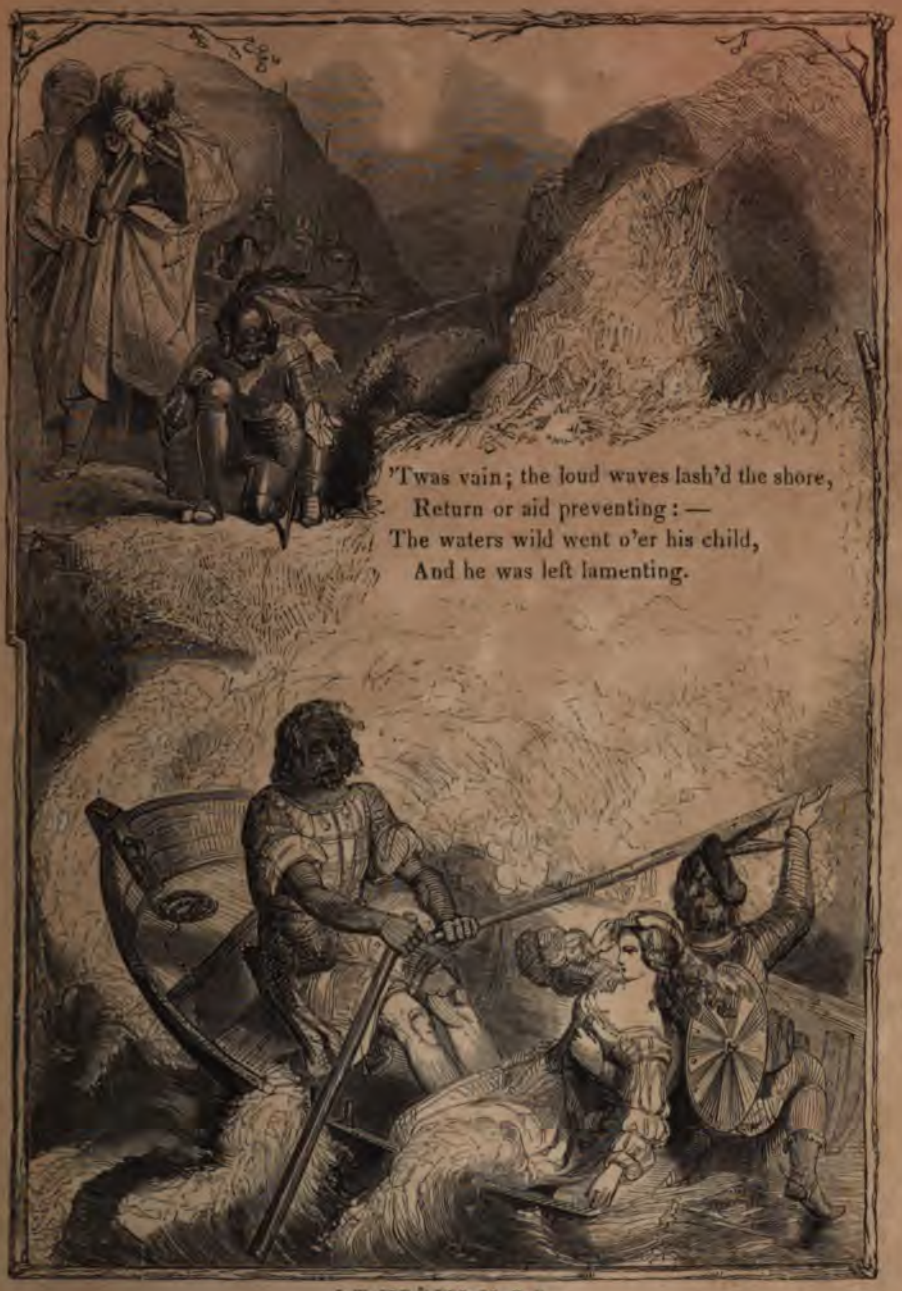
The parks of London are its greatest ornament and luxury. They are called the lungs of the metropolis. They are of immense extent. Regent's Park contains three hundred and sixty acres, and Hyde Park is still larger; and all laid out with exquisite English taste. You enter a broad, shady avenue, which stretches before you for a mile. On either side are little lakes, fringed with trees and shrubbery. Swans are swimming about and sporting in the water. Clumps of oaks dot the green in every direction, and invite you to sit down and enjoy the mild evening. Here, on a summer afternoon, troops of children come and gambol over the smooth-shaven lawn. It makes one's heart light to see so many happy creatures in this sorrowful world.

I often wondered, while in London, at the remissness and indifference of our American cities to secure these priceless luxuries. There is not a single park in this country that is worthy to be compared with those in London. Boston Common approaches nearest to an English park. But that has so few trees that it looks naked and cold.

In New York we have nothing that is worthy to be called a park. We have several little grass-plots, such as Union Square and Bowling Green, through which children can trundle their hoops. But we have not a single open space large enough to permit the introduction of much variety of landscape. Washington Square answers very well for a parade-ground, but there is nothing rural about it. No one walking through it would ever imagine himself in the country. It is a mere oblong piece of ground, flat as a prairie, and divided by a dozen paths which cross it in straight lines. There is no variety in the laying out of the grounds; no deep wood, penetrated by winding walks; no cool grove; no alternations of mound and dell, and murmur of waterfalls, such as enter into the composition of an European park. If in New York a belt of land were set apart, a quarter of a mile wide, and running from the North to the East River, it would not be larger than the Champs Elysees in Paris. Imagine such a park in New York, long avenues lined with trees, stretching from one river to the other, where the rich could drive in their carriages, and the poor could saunter and converse through the summer twilight, and what a source of health and happiness would it be to our population. The merchant, feverish from the excitement of business, would find his spirit soothed under the cool shade; and the poor man, in the enjoyment of nature, would forget his labor and his care. It would be the resort of the student, of the professional man, of the artist, the mechanic; of the invalid, of the young and the old. All classes and ages would resort to it to enjoy the simple pleasures of exercise, of walking and talking in the open air. The influence of such a promenade for the whole city might be traced farther, in the increased cheerfulness, softened manners and improved character of our population.

RASH OPINIONS.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
  Giving to-day's opinions on the morrow
  Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
  Of butterflies—show many colors. Sorrow
  Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
  A smile, which we account Love's sweetest
    essence;
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
  White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
  Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but as clouds may prove bright
    stars!



J. W. ORR & BRO. SC. N. Y.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Painted by Alt. Bethel. Engd. by J. Sartain.

NEMESIS.

J. W. ORR & BRO. SC. N. Y.

ENFORCING THE SANITARY LAWS.

JOHN KNOX AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY PROF. SAMUEL M. HOPKINS.

THERE are few scenes in history more striking than the interviews between these two celebrated personages. Mary, Queen of Scots! The name calls up, like a spell, thoughts of poetry, and pathos, and tenderness towards beauty in misfortune, which almost irresistibly warp the judgment from the right. It will be long before the stern truth of history tempers, in the popular mind, that mistaken fondness which, in sympathy for the woes of the woman, loses sight of the guilt of the sovereign; which forgets that the interests of freedom and Protestant Christianity are on one side reaching through ages and extending to nations, and on the other, one frail heart stained with crime, and one fair face bathed in tears.

> "Her comely form and graceful mien
> Bespoke the Lady and the Queen:
> The woes of one so fair and young
> Moved every heart and every tongue.
> Driven from her home, a helpless child,
> To brave the winds and billows wild,
> An exile bred in realms afar,
> Amid commotions, broils and war;
> In one short year her hopes all crossed,
> A parent, husband, kingdom lost!
> And all ere eighteen years had shed
> Their honors o'er her royal head."*

I do not include her mournful end, nor refer to the just indignation against her great, but hateful assassin. I refer to the period when she was still Queen of Scots, and when all her efforts were bent, with a most unhappy persistency, to force on her subjects the odious ceremonies of the Papal church. It is well that men were living in Scotland at that time, of another sort than the poets and romancers who have been wailing at the "Queen's Wake," these two hundred years or more.

Among those men John Knox stands proudly eminent; a simple minister of the Gospel, who, without rank, or wealth, or worldly power, stood against royalty, in the imminent deadly breach, and, under God, secured the triumph of Protestantism in Scotland.

* Ettrick Shepherd—The Queen's Wake.

John Knox was doubtless a very indifferent courtier—not exactly what we should call a polite or "chivalrous" person in these days; in fact a very different sort of material than that out of which carpet-knights and courtiers are made. He was a resolute, inflexible, cool, sardonic man, whom none of the appliances of a court could stir, when the interests of truth were at stake; a man perfectly insensible both to love and fear, when they came in conflict with what he conceived to be duty. If the charge is that Knox was hard, unsentimental, unpractised in the ways of

> "Starr'd and spangled courts,
> Where low-bowed flattery wafts perfume to pride,"

I shall set up no defense for him on that point. These were not arts which he had cultivated. But his manners were as good as the manners of his age and nation. They certainly will not suffer in comparison with those of the nobles who stabbed Rizzio under Mary's chair, and laid the heavy gauntletted hand on her arm, when she shrunk from signing her abdication.

"Mary" was an ill-favored name in the British kingdoms, about the middle of the sixteenth century. Both England and Scotland were governed by women of that name. The queen regent of the northern kingdom, after the death James the Fifth, was Mary of Guise, a sister of that fanatical and persecuting family that was straining every nerve to exterminate the Protestants of France. Contemporaneously with her, England was ruled by that wretched woman, the only princess in English history whose name is indissolubly wedded to a title of infamy, "bloody Mary." Mary of Guise gave place to her daughter Mary, "Queen of Scots."* These three wo-

* It is noticeable also that four Scottish ladies of the same name, famous for partaking both of the beauty and the frailty of their mistress, were in the train of the queen. They were Mary Seaton, Mary Beaton, Mary Hamilton and Mary Carmichael. A verse of an old Scottish ballad runs thus, if I remember right:

> "There were four Marys served Queen Mary,
> Three in the kirk-yard lie;
> They were Mary Seaton and Mary Beaton,
> And Mary Carmichael and I."

men were all devoted to the church of Rome; and it is no wonder that in the eyes of their Protestant subjects, they should have seemed re-incarnations of that idolatrous and bloody queen, who made it her great object to establish the worship of Baal in the land of Israel.

Three such instances of feminine rule were a portent that called upon the watchman to sound an alarm. John Knox published his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous regimen of women;" and most assuredly it was a blast calculated to make the ears of all the sex tingle, from Victoria that wieldeth the sceptre to the schoolmistress that wieldeth the birchen rod. He issued this treatise anonymously, for which he gives the following reason: "My purpose is thrice to blow the trumpet in the same matter, if God so permit. Twice I intend to do it without name; but at the last blast, to take the blame upon myself, that all others may be cleared"—one such blast, however, was quite enough; and it is no great matter that he never found time for the other two.

By the year 1560, the people of Scotland were generally and resolutely Protestant; and from that time forwards, they have regarded Popery, as Mr. Macaulay observes, with a hatred little less than ferocious. The "idolatry of the mass" was especially the object of their abhorrence. It seemed to them the most perilous affront to the majesty of a jealous God, to permit the acting of a mummery by which a worthless priest professed to transubstantiate the Divine Redeemer into a piece of dough, and then held it up for the adoration of an infatuated people. In the year just mentioned, the saying of mass was solemnly prohibited throughout the kingdom by act of Parliament.

A wise princess would have respected or feared this strength of religious feeling. Mary rashly set it at defiance. She had scarcely taken possession of Holyrood House, on her return from France, when she outraged her subjects by the open celebration of mass. John Knox was no "dumb dog," to keep silence when the safety of the flock was thus endangered. The very next Sabbath, he ascended his pulpit in Edinburg, and in the spirit and power of Elijah, thundered against the idolatries that defiled the land. He detailed the calamities with which God had in other times visited nations devoted to idols, and declared that he dreaded one mass more than the swords of ten thousand Popish soldiers. Against the latter, the Almighty would fight for them; but if they shook hands with idols, they would learn by bitter experience the woe of a people forsaken by God.

This sermon led to the first interview between the preacher and the queen. Knox was summoned to the palace. Whether Mary's motive were curiosity or resentment, or perhaps the hope of softening that rugged temper by the charms of her beauty and manners, does not appear. This Cleopatra of the North would, at all events, have the man "see some majesty." She began by adverting to the disloyal sentiments of his Blast against the regimen of women, and of his recent sermon. She taxed him with hostility to her mother's government as well as to her own, and with stirring up her subjects against her. Knox replied substantially, that although certainly disapproving of female rule, he had no disposition to disturb her throne. He was willing to live peacably under her government, as Christians formerly had done under wicked and tyrannical rulers. "But yet," said the queen, "ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?" Knox replied by asking what would have become of true religion, in the times of Daniel and of the apostles, if subjects were bound to conform to the religion of their sovereigns? "But," the queen objected, "none of those men raised the sword against their rulers." "Madam," replied the Reformer, with a stern significance, "God had not given *them* the power and the means." He then instanced the case of a father seized with a sudden frenzy, and seeking the lives of his family. In this case it would be the duty even of his own children to secure him, and wrest the weapon of death from his hands. "It is even so, madam, with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a very mad frenzy; and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because it agreeth with the will of God."

At these ominous words, opening perhaps before this ill-fated woman's mind a prophetic glimpse of what awaited her, she changed color, and became so agitated as to be unable, for some moments, to speak. Knox resumed the conversation in a more conciliatory tone. He reminded the queen that God called upon her to be a nursing-mother to his people; and that this office, so far from being unworthy of her, would be her best title to the favor of God, and the love of her subjects. Pride and resentment came to her assistance, and she answered with spirit, "Yea! but ye are not the kirk that I would nurse. I

will defend the kirk of Rome, for it is, I think, the true kirk of God." "Your will, madam," was the reply, "is no reason; neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true and immaculate spouse of Christ." Knox was roused, and went on with other hard words of the same kind. "My conscience," said Mary, "is not so." "Conscience, madam, requires knowledge; and I fear that right knowledge you have none." The queen said she could not hold an argument with him, but that she could bring those who would. "Would to God," replied the stout Reformer, "that the most learned Papist in Europe were present with your Grace, to sustain the argument; for then, I doubt not, but ye should hear the vanity of the Papistical religion, and how little ground it hath within the word of God." "Well," said she, "ye may, perchance, get that sooner than ye expect." "Assuredly," replied Knox, "if I ever get that in my life, I get it sooner than I expect; for the ignorant Papist cannot reason, and the crafty and learned Papist never will. They know they cannot sustain an argument, unless sword and fagot be judges."

It would be too long to mention, in detail, the interviews that followed. John Knox would not be muzzled in the pulpit. He preached against the follies and dissipation of the Court. He preached against the queen's proposed marriage with the King of Spain. He invited the Scottish ministers to meet in Edinburgh, to take counsel in regard to the dangers that beset the church. For each of these offenses he was summoned before the queen. There is something really astounding in the power of nerve and power of face that enabled this plain man to stand up again and again before a brilliant court, and utter the most severe and cutting truths without any reserve or softening. There has been nothing like it elsewhere, since the time of that *other* man, sent from God, whose name was John. As he withdrew, after one of these interviews, "with a reasonably merry countenance," some of the courtiers expressed their indignation that he was not afraid to address such language to the queen. "Afraid!" said John Knox, "why should the plesing face of a gentilwoman affray me? I have luiked in the faces of mony angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure."

Mary was violently enraged that Knox should presume to express an opinion on the subject of her marriage. She declared that no prince had ever been treated as she was; and burst into a passionate fit of what John Knox disrespectfully calls "howling." She could not forget afterwards, that he had made her shed tears of vexation and shame; and had stood by, himself unmoved. She referred to it on another occasion, and said, "Well, you speak fair enough here before my lords, but the last time I spoke with you secretly, you caused me to weep many salt tears, and said to me stubbornly, you set not by my greeting." Knox repeated simply what he had said at that time; and added, "At these words I grant your Grace stormed, and bursted forth into an unreasonable weeping." A rough, uncourtly counsellor certainly: but how happy for Mary's peace and fame, had she heeded his warnings! It would have saved her from deeper mortifications and bitterer tears; from Carberry Hill, and Lochleven, and the ghastly horror of Fotheringay Castle.

THE LAST OF SEVEN.

Nay, be not angry, chide her not,
  Although the child has err'd;
Nor bring the tears into her eyes
  By one ungentle word.

When that sweet linnet sang, before
  Our summer roses died,
A sister's arm was round her neck,
  A brother at her side.

But now in grief she walks alone
  By every garden-bed;
That sister's clasping arm is cold;
  That brother's voice is fled.

And when she sits beside my chair,
  With face so pale and meek,
And eyes bent o'er her book, I see
  The tears upon her cheek.

Then chide her not; but whisper now,
  "Thy trespass is forgiven;"
How canst thou frown in that pale face?—
  She is [illegible]

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. S. H. B.

Oh! dreary, dreary Winter's gone;
  Now blooms another May;
With me, life's winter's coming on,
  These once brown locks are gray.
The flowers seem now not half so sweet,
  The sun no warmth pours down,
Like that which gladdened the bright earth
  When these gray locks were brown.

The fresh warm showers, which gently fall,
  On many a sweet spring day,
No longer cheer the old man's heart,
  Now that his locks are gray.
But oh! how well I mind the time,
  When showers were falling down;
How sweet the smell of grass and flowers,
  When these gray locks were brown.

The fruit will soon hang red and ripe,
  Making each tree look gay,
And I am ripening for the grave—
  My once brown locks are gray.
The fruits are not so rich and sweet,
  Nor soft the peach's down,
Oh! nothing seems as it did then,
  When these gray locks were brown.

I saw my Mary pine and die,
  Her gentle form decay;
And sorrow thinned my locks of brown,
  And sprinkled them with gray.
My heart has aye been true to her,
  Since then I laid her down;
And she began the angel's song,
  When these gray locks were brown.

The eye is dim, the ear is dull,
  Earth's objects fade away;
The head will soon lie 'neath the sod,
  Whose once brown locks are gray.
But Faith's keen eye grows brighter now,
  And views a heavenly crown;
Oh! I have hopes I had not then,
  When these gray locks were brown.

ABRAM'S SURVEY OF THE PROMISED LAND.

BY REV. CHARLES BEECHER.

ABRAM knew whatever was handed down by incorrupt tradition to Moses. It must have passed through his hand. A moment's reflection will satisfy us that knowledge must have been considerable. If a thousand years later, Hesiod could sing of a golden generation of primeval purity and bliss, much more may Abram be supposed to understand the Eden picture-garden.

He knew that a SEED should spring to being, who should crush the serpent's head, and restore all things into the state whereof Eden was the symbol-microcosm. Abram had heard what Enoch said: "The Lord cometh with his holy myriads." Hence there were in Abram's mind facts and ideas enough to build upon. It was easy for him to identify the seed of the Eden-legend with the seed now promised to him, in whom all nations should be blest. It was easy for him to understand that that future Redeemer should, in some sort, be intimately connected with the land he was now called to survey.

With such ideas, he might inspire and persuade his family to accompany him. Without such ideas, it is difficult to conceive how he could induce them to forsake idolatry, and incur the ridicule of the polished Chaldeans. The world then, as now, would regard with derision the conduct of any who should act as if they believed what they could not see, on the bare testimony of God. To believe God's testimony is quite excusable, provided one do not act accordingly. But to reduce belief to practice—this is mere fanaticism. Hence as Abram, Terah, and Lot, with a slender caravan, wended southward in Mesopotamia to the great Euphrates, doubtless the city of the Fire-worshippers was convulsed with laughter. We however can appreciate a sublime, and not altogether obscure faith, as lying at the bottom of this seeming inexplicable exile.

Without accompanying their journey, or pausing in Haran, where aged Terah is consigned to dust, let us pass at once to the heart of the land of promise, and anticipate their arrival. Coming from Gilead, they cross the Jordan, and pitch tent in a fat vale between two steep mountains. Thus the first encampment is in a vicinity afterwards the scene of many a wondrous incident. Those steep mountains shall by-and-by be known as Ebal and Gerizim; that fat valley shall have Jacob's well—shall be the portion of Joseph, and Joseph's tomb be there. And on that well-side that promised Seed shall sit. Little does Abram dream, however, of all this, as he looks forth from his lowly encampment upon the swarthy sons of Canaan, of whom he has heard it said, "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren!" Lo! now these sons of bondage he beholds masters of the promised heritage of God! For Moses seems to imply that Abram knew that before this, even as far back as when "the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, and separated the sons of Adam," that he "set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." Now, however, the children of the curse carry it over the children of the covenant. The seed of the serpent are in the ascendant, while the Church wanders despised in tents, disinherited in her own inheritance. The sons of the stranger look down on her in pride. Here are their cities, their kings, their groves, their altars, and their images. Here already, more gross than the apostate family of Shem, they are worshipping the dead, and multiplying demon mediators between God and man. Yes! That mystery of iniquity is already rife, which shall reappear in the temples of Babylon, Athens, Rome, and of apostate Christendom.

How little do they imagine these pilgrims, heirs by eternal covenant to every foot of the soil they are profaning! With what wonder would they listen to such an intimation from this Chaldean adventurer! And indeed, how strange must seem that claim to the adventurer himself, as confronted by tangible realities! How strong the faith to say, with aught like sense of reality, "This land is mine! I shall hereafter possess it!" How much more consonant with natural instinct to say, "I am too late. There is no probability I or mine will ever wrest this territory from the grasp of these usurpers." If any such [illegible]ivings a[illegible] presently dispelled.

He who should after sit on Jacob's well, now comes to Jacob's forefather's side. Christ, who bade him seek these plains, now meets him here-same form of divine beauty whose words so thrilled his heart before.

With a smile of heavenly friendship, that Redeemer speaks: "Unto thy seed will I give this The darkness of the night again throws light about him, and the joyful pilgrim recognizes the land." And He vanishes. And in these simple words faith finds a mighty consolation.

Seven years pass by. The Patriarch completes one tour of survey. He abides some time in Egypt. He sojourns in Gerar. He returns to the highlands of Bethel.

These seven years, however, have materially changed the outward aspect of the pilgrim band. From his princely friends, Abram has received presents of retainers, flocks, herds, camels, asses, silver and gold. His servants are married in families around him, and the servants of Lot likewise. Thus a little tribe is formed, very like the tribes of pastoral people that now exist in oriental countries. Abram sustains the rank of Chief or Emir. He is both king and priest. So greatly increased are they, that we find them compelled to divide. Lot, with one party, goes east, into the fertile vales of Sodom, which were like the garden of the Lord. Abram, at the head of the other division, proceeds north.

As, then, the Patriarch wears in years, we may well imagine the constant trial of his faith. His nephew Lot, his vassals, even the bondsmen that obey his will, are blessed with offspring, and children of different ages are rising round him to call him Leader and Lord. Yet there is none that breathes to call him father. Here again, he beholds the towns and villages of the Perizzite filling the land. True, he is enriched and strengthened, and himself enabled to match with these petty princes of the soil. But can this satisfy him? Does he begin to think he is possessing what was promised? Here he is undisturbed in his easy progress up and down, at liberty to choose the choicest spots, the fairest pastures, the richest fruits of that garden soil; is not this inheritance enough? What had Solomon in all his glory really better? True, Abram lives not in palaces of cedar, but in tents. But that was one charm of their free and easy style of pastoral life; even so do nomad tribes at this day possess their inheritances; why not Abram in like manner, regard himself in possession? Or was there something in possession, as he understood it, incompatible with mortality? What can a man be said to *possess* who knows that at any moment he may die? Can he truly be said to possess that soil, whose clods may to-morrow cover his decaying form? And even while living, what sort of possession of the soil is that whereof Gravity is the fee-simple, binding down the possessor by a weight of hundreds of pounds of gross matter? Does the captive possess his chain and his cell, or they him? And may no such reasoning have ever found its way through the Patriarch's mind? Hears he not the Eden-word of woe: "Dust unto dust! Cursed is the ground for thy sake!" Conceives he of no species of Possession involving the absolute liberation of the possessor from thraldom to thing possessed? Methinks he were an unhappy heir of a territory whose limits he might never once cross! And he a sorry "heir of the world,"* above whose dust he might never for an instant soar.

Methinks I see the Patriarch, after he has just been calling on the Lord in the midst of his assembled retainers about the altar, as he now retires to a neighboring elevation, to survey the entire encampment. His eye rests on the white tents; on the herds, and flocks, and camels, spread far and wide over the sunset plains; on the retainers hieing to and fro in their evening toil; and on his ear comes the mingled hum of rural life. And he thinks, "Soon I must leave all this! I shall not attain to the days of the years of the pilgrimage of the venerable Shem who yet survives to tell us of the mighty past. No, my short course is almost run. A few more years, and these palms will wave for me no more: these skies no longer form for me a temple; this promised soil no longer feel my failing footstep. And these limbs, this frame, so active once and vigorous, must moulder back to dust! Ah then, what are worth all these flocks and herds, these tents, these vassals, this treasure, all I have or can have, seeing I must leave it, decay, and be forgotten? Ah, where then is the Promise! Where the Seed, the Redeemer, through whom I and mine must expect to be rescued from Death's dominion, in such sort as that we may possess without being ourselves possessed and held in bonds of corruption?"

As these thoughts pass through his mind, lo! again he finds himself no longer alone, but in the presence of that Friend, whose form of unfading lustre speaks of a life over which Death exerts no control—a form which sheds its own inherent illumination forth on every object, transfiguring it in splendor.

"Lift up now thine eyes," exclaims the form, "and look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and west-

* Romans, iv. 13.

ward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth, so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered! Arise! walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for I will give it THEE!"

What comfort to the mortal hearer, thus admitted to behold immortality! To perceive, by actual sensation, that there is a style of existence, of life, far different from that of flesh and blood. On that glorious brow time writes no wrinkle. There is a life of liberty superior to the elements. And so the great idea of Immortality finds entrance to his soul. It becomes to him a nearer, more tangible reality perchance than it is to us, whose subtler minds have refined and defined until we have sometimes cold abstractions in the place of warm and glowing realities.

And hence, when he hears this Immortal promise to him the Mortal, that solid soil on which he treads; how does the mighty argument get hold upon his soul, that there shall be for him a time when this mortal shall put on immortality, this corruptible, incorruption, so that he shall inherit, without being chained upon, the soil where now he is a stranger and a pilgrim!

How does he perceive afar off this celestial inheritance; become persuaded of it, and embrace it, and confess that he is a pilgrim seeking a heavenly country!

LOVE FOR ALL THINGS.

BY W. D. LATTO.

I LOVE to view all beauteous things,
In air, in earth, or sea;
But virtue chief, where'er it blooms,
Hath peerless charms for me;
In rich, in poor, in young or old,
'Tis worth its owner's weight in gold!

I love to see the bud put forth
Its blossoms to the sun,
And slow, yet surely, consummate
What feebly was begun.
In grace thence would I learn to grow,
Whilst on my pilgrimage below.

I love to see the summer flower
Lift up its eyes to heaven,
Begirt with lowly innocence
That needs not be forgiven:
Though tenanted beneath the skies,
It speaks to me of Paradise.

I love, when Nature's cheek grows pale,
To wander forth alone,
And list while, through the pathless wood
The dying leaflets moan
I love them, though they
That I must die as well as

I love to view the crispy locks
Of winter waving cold,
When each fair flower that erewhile lived
Augments its mother mould.
They tell to every thoughtful mind
The final doom of all mankind.

I love to roam at evening tide,
Where waters murm'ring flow;
Or from the ivied cliffs above
Dash in the gulf below.
How sweetly, by the woodland streams,
May one rehearse his waking dreams!

I love, when in the living throng,
Each passer-by to see;
For I deem the whole of human kind
Are brothers unto me.
Oh! could we count each man our brother,
We would not fight with one another!

I love (as Heaven would have me do)
All things, both small and great:
I love my friends, I love my foes.
ave sin, I nothing hate;
uld truth the secret tell,
ove too well!

SUNSHINE.

We are very fond of sunshine. When we think, it gleams through our theories and lights up our castles in the air; when we write, we can scarcely forbear illuminating every page with its golden beams; when we read, the glittering, flashing paragraph fills us with a species of ecstacy; and are not the sun and the sun's rays the emblem of all that is genial, purifying, and healthy for soul and body? Christ is the Sun of Righteousness; he carries healing on the wings of his pure religion into the darkest abodes of sorrow and of sin. Good men are the suns of the moral world; their words and works, burning with the ardor of a disinterested benevolence, affect all souls with sympathy, and vivify the germ of good that lies hid in the most barren soil. The sage in advance of his generation is a sun rising in mist and fog, and at first illuminating but a small circle. Years elapse, the clouds of prejudice roll away, and men rejoice in the light of the prophetic beams that gladden all the horizon.

Health is sunshine. Under its influence how does everything within and without assume its brightest aspect, while the pulses beat with renewed energy! The air of heaven, the faces of fellow-creatures, the greetings of the commonest acquaintance, all appear delightful to him who has just arisen from a bed of sickness, and, as it were, taken a new lease of life. Amiability is sunshine; under its influence the clouds of pique and anger disperse and vanish, leaving a serene and smiling atmosphere around us. Love is sunshine—

> "Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
> An instant *sunshine* through the heart!"

And when the noontide heat of passion is past, how gently declines the sun of wedded affection, becoming, in those who have well and honestly chosen, more and more beautiful towards its final setting amid the glorious hopes of a glad futurity!

All things need the rays of the great luminary. House-plants must have sunlight on their tender leaves, or they spindle and dwarf, and change their nature altogether, or gradually wither away. Human beings grow deformed and sickly without the influence of the sun. Who has not heard of dark cellars and ruins, haunts of poverty and crime, that have had to be levelled to the ground to prevent the continual efflux of a filthy and diseased population, reared in their deadly shades? The pale student, who pores over his book the livelong day in a small and secluded apartment, or watches when others are sleeping, evinces, by the emaciation of his cheek and the furrows on his brow, the necessity of light and air. How great the contrast between the pallid inhabitant of a city and the rosy dweller amid fields and lanes!

How beautiful are corn-fields in the sunshine—

> "Laden with yellow grain the tall stems wave,
> Giving glad promise of the coming harvest!"

If the golden beams become too ardent, we have but to seek the leafy glade, and then sunshine shows more exquisitely lovely, as it impenetrates the light green foliage, throwing the shadows of each waving bough upon the grass beneath. How soothing to bask the sultry hours away by the side of a clear pool, watching the gambols of the thousand insects that skim its surface or rise ever and anon in bubbles of their own creating!

Moonshine is all very well in its way. It is romantic, heavenly, soothing to some minds, but we consider it a morbid light. It clothes objects with an unreal loveliness, and makes one discontented with the honest, rough aspect of the work-a-day world. It causes longings for an immediate fruition of the good that is attained but by a struggle, the heaven that is only reached by the cultivation of virtue. So much do we feel this that we abstain from looking long on the moon, lest the vague melancholy which she inspires should unfit us for our common duties. Crime shrinks not from the light of the moon as it does from the gaze of the sun. Comparatively speaking, how few murders, burglaries, seductions, are committed in the face of day! But so soon as night approaches, wickedness stalks forth and overspreads the land, undeterred by the pure beams that speak of another and a holier existence. Some flowers develope themselves in the moonlight. They open as night approaches, and give their odors to the winds of even; but these are few, and we prefer the healthy blossoms that sleep in nature's hour of repose and awaken with the birds, evolving their brightest hues and richest fragrance to the eye and breeze of morning. The nightingale bestows her sweetest melody upon the night; but how few hearts she

cheers compared with the lark, daughter of the sun, and the thousand songsters of day!

But to return to the symbolical view of our subject. In the heart of him who fills each succeeding day with efforts for the honor of God and the good of his fellow-creatures—in the heart of him who has resigned all earthly joys at the bidding of a kind chastiser, and who seeks his happiness in the depths of his own soul—in the heart of him who, disappointed in every effort to obtain an earthly competence for his beloved ones, has learned to live by faith alone, and to trust in that Providence who clothes the lilies and feeds the fowls of the air, for to-morrow's food and raiment—in the heart of him who, careless of selfish pleasures, devotes his life and energies to the well-being of some cherished individual, or sacrifices all worldly delights to a wide cause of truth, of patriotism, or philanthropy—in the hearts of these, and such as these, reigns an eternal sunshine shed from God's own countenance. They may struggle with difficulties and temptations, be harassed by interruptions and disappointments, or wounded by misappreciation or ingratitude, yet still the clear beams sleep upon the transparent surface of their souls, and breathe a perpetual calm.

We will not pursue the subject further. Dear reader, come into the sunshine, and give thine utmost efforts to extend its moral influences over the world. Aid the movements of those who are endeavoring to fill the dwellings of the poor with this essential light of virtue and happiness; and wherever thou canst bestow the gentle beam of a kind word or a cheerful smile, withhold it not, and the blessing of the God of light be with thee!

LIGHT FROM THE STARS.

"Like a star unhasting, unresting."—GOETHE.

STARS! bright stars! Oh whither tend ye,
  In your glad unresting course?
Whence your energy unhoary,
  And your fadeless light its source?

Thus to me your voices answer,
  With a harmony sublime—
"In thy Spirit read the reflex,
  Of Eternity in Time.

There thou hast the flame undying,
  And the energy divine;
There the power, the love, the beauty,
  With a holier light to shine.

We are tending, upward wending,
  In a grand, unceasing flight;
Through the deep abyss of Being,
  Rolling in a sea of light.

By the Law pervading nature;
  Lowly flower, or star-world high,
Life's perpetual progression;
  Truly if we rest—we die!

Human Soul! let outward action,
  Shadow forth the innate will;
Ever pressing calmly onward,

ILL-USED PEOPLE.

Ours is a practical age—an age of feverish excitement and incessant action—an age of wonderful developments and hair-drawn analyses—an age of arrangement, production, and of statistical practicability. Wonder has gone to sleep of late years, and abstract fancy has got a crowbar into her hand, and has now become a sturdy artisan or laborer. How does it happen that, in an age so essentially practical and acute, the world has never been warned of the vast amount of individual dissatisfaction she nurses in her bosom—that the question has never been started as to how many ill-used people there are in this world—not positively huffed and cuffed individuals, but persons who have not got their deserts. The question is a serious and important one; and if every government in the world would send a commission through the length and breadth, and into the depths and up to the heights of its territories to inquire how many Cromwells and Richelieus pine for want of congenial employment, how many Apollos, Orpheuses, &c. render the vales, groundfloors, hills, and attics vocal with awakening but unappreciated song, the results might be wonderful. How many magnificent schemes and hopes would be brought to light! how many intellectual and mechanical colossi would be raised to glory!

The ill-used are an ancient and very numerous family; and, like Hungarian barons, they are to be found in all professions and pursuits. A sparrow might be as easily supposed to illustrate how a vampire bird finds admission into its nest and affections, as ordinary people to tell how the ill-used find a place in every nook of humanity, or get inducted into every social circle. Yet there they are, croaking and grumbling at every fireside, and complaining of every advance their contemporaries make up the ladder of worldly elevation.

There *are* individuals crushed by neglect—the sensitive plants of the world's garden—the true aristocrats of humanity, whose glorious natures are withered by the frosts of poverty—the sap of whose lives is dried up by the fevers of exertion and care; but we seldom hear of these, and when we do, it is through self-complainings. Their hearts break silently, and they pass away, like the rose, to be remembered by the perfume they exhale after death. We could scatter flowers upon their graves, and water them with our tears; and the generous feel that, if their wants had been known, the world would not have denied them household bread. But we do not speak of these in our reflections on the ill-used. *They* do not come within our cognizance. We talk of the neglected who will not suffer in silence, who would hold society by the collar and shout their wrongs in its ear.

A very familiar class of the ill-used is your family-looked-down-upon individuals. Their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, kith and kin, despise them, and look upon them as merely light considerations compared with the other members of the family. They are always advising, directing, interfering with, and watching over their concerns as if they were babies; and, although they do partially feed, clothe, and wholly educate the ill-used's family, still he has deep and stern cause to grumble. He cannot accuse his parents of neglecting his education, or of supineness in procuring him a settlement in life. They have done so for him perhaps a dozen times, and he knows so; but still he is not satisfied with them, for all his brothers are better off than he is, and everybody knows that he is as good as they. True he has been a "little foolish;" but that is no cause why he should be subjected to moral lectures from his father, or why his mother and sisters should advise him before he goes to dine, or his brothers should keep their eyes turning on him while the wine is circulating. These are insulting annoyances which his wife *dare not* presume to afflict him with, and which his relations attempt merely because they think his obligations to them warrant such a course of procedure. The *world* has gone against him a little, but things will take a turn, and then! There the ill-used closes his teeth and shakes his head, and the portentous aspect he assumes augurs ill for the comfort of his kindred, should fortune ever bless him as it blessed Ali Baba. They are all pure, unimpeachable people, your family-looked-down-upon persons. They never did anything that they need be ashamed of. Nobody but themselves and *families* have suffered, if they have been guilty of any light folly; and though their relations have expended a small fortune upon them, it was well their part to assist their own. The brothers of the looked-down-upon grumbler are men of high

probity, perhaps—of patient, industrious habits, whose hearts bleed at the sufferings of a foolish brother's wife and children. They try to awaken his sense of duty, of honor, and of shame, and their parents, with tender solicitude, assist and encourage them to reclaim their brother; but he, wrapt in the mantle of self-esteem, sees not his own derelictions and shortcomings, but looks upon all their anxious advices and attentions as so many insults, and himself as an ill-used, despised man.

Then there is a large family of ill-used people, with brilliant capabilities, but who have been neglected and scorned by those who ought to have advanced them. They do not complain for themselves, but what has not the world lost through its own folly and stupidity? Miss Stichet the mantua-maker is lost in her present sphere. She should have been leading an opera or receiving bouquets from applauding audiences, like another Malibran. Her voice, she is confident, is the loveliest contralto in nature, and yet the envious, ignorant world will never suffer her to get higher than mantua-making.

How many latent, inglorious Phidiases and Raphaels have bachelor uncles refused to develope! How many mothers have observed the infant manifestations of genius in their children, as they fashioned putty or bread dough into miniature anacondas, or traced some untraceable lines with chalk or burned wood! And yet these uncles or grandfathers, and others interested, have refused to foster and nurse those feeble scintillations of glory into fires that might have scorched and irradiated a zone. These ill-used, non-developed geniuses are never developed to be sure; but that, of course, is not their fault. The awful responsibility lies on some of the world's children for not nursing into a world's wonder the unappreciable glories that lie bid in a mop-covered skull. We hear of intellectual gaints, who heave the millstone of depression from their heads, and expand and shoot upward, despite of conventional impediments and the lack of accessories, to smoothen their paths. We hear of self-taught, dauntless, noble, unfaltering genius, which breasts the steep of fame, and with a steady, heaven-illumined eye still shouts "Excelsior!" but our ill-used genius is only so to himself. There is no evidence of brilliancy of fancy or radiancy of wit about him; in truth, his whole life is a progressive refutation of any such absurd chimera, but *he* thinks otherwise, and he commits to himself a warrant to be ranked amongst the world's most ill-used and neglected children.

There is that countless throng of *ill-understood* and highly indignant members of the ill-used community—the *Corianders* and *Arabellinas* of the muses—those patriotic and disinterested children of Apollo, who burn with a quenchless desire to shed a poetic lustre on the literature of our age and country. The editors of annuals, quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, and all the other hosts of periodical or transitory literary vehicles, can well attest the devotion and importunate ardor of these gifted sons and daughters of song. They are generally careful to let it be understood that they lack those useless attributes usually comprised in the word education, and that their compositions are truly all "out of their own heads;" and yet the editors, who are merely the media of communication between these Corydons and Terpsychores and the public, constitute themselves ruthless censors, and dismiss the coruscations of their fancy with such absurd reflections and intimations as "Arabellina should cultivate knitting and white seam instead of rhyme," or "the Monody on the Death of a Green Beetle won't do."

We cannot close our remarks, however, without dipping our pen in serious, sober earnest, and addressing a few words to any of our young readers of either sex, who may have begun to get it into their heads to be out of sorts with the world, not for wrongs it has inflicted, but for the refusal of rights which it has neither conceded nor recognized. We know that a man may be an excellent judge of his own powers and deservings, and that he should have perfect liberty to exercise the former in every legitimate manner that he may deem fit, and to enforce the latter by all the moral appliances which he can call into action. But he must allow that the world, callous and niggardly as he may deem it, is the tribunal to which he appeals, and that, though adverse, it has many chances against his one of being right in all its estimates. Instead of railing, complaining, and diffusely speculating on improbable probabilities, let the ill-used work. If there are hidden springs of greatness in their souls, they are not too deep for the instruments of self-culture to reach them, and to deepen, vivify, and purify their channels. If the rough diamond is in their natures, abrasion will smooth its excrescences and develope its beauties. Let them seek to create and embody the elements of progress—to transform traditional abstractions into present guides and agents of improvement; and although they may neither gain mural crowns nor laurel bays, they will gain respect—they will win sweet reflections drawn from the font of usefulness, and thus will have something better to do than "fret their little hour," and call themselves ill-used.

A WALK OVER THE SIMPLON.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

"Ye rocks and hills! I'm with you again."—WM. TELL.

I HAD a wish to cross the Alps on foot. If one has a genial companion, there is no other mode of travelling so pleasant. Light is the heart of the pilgrim as he jogs along the road. In a diligence one is locked up as close as if he were in a box. His body is bolstered on either side by lusty fellow-travellers, who jabber in strange dialects, and his legs are fixed fast as if in the stocks. But once a-foot, legs and arms are free. The spirits are exhilarated by the exercise and the country air to such a pitch as to break out into singing. The smell of new-mown hay, and the song of the reapers in the fields, beguile the pedestrian of his weariness, and if his steps grow heavy towards the close of the day, what repose so grateful as to throw himself down for an hour under a tree by the roadside?

This mode of travelling had especial charms to me in a mountainous country. I love the wildest forms of nature. I was born among mountains, and they are my delight. I love to roam the wild-wood as free as when a careless child. I love the rocks and pines; the cloud that blackens on the mountain's head, and the mist that foams in the gorge below. I love the torrent's roar, and the eagle's scream.

So my friend and I decided that we would walk over the Pass of the Simplon. The diligence, which came along at midnight, took on our baggage, and this morning we were fairly committed for the journey.

Up, then, pilgrims, and away! The morning sun shines fair. We rose as early and bright as the lark. It was the first morning of glorious summer when we set forth to ascend the mountains. It was one of those days in which nature seems conscious of life and happiness. Bird, leaf, flower, and sky, seemed pervaded with the serenity and joy of the Author of nature. It was a luxury to exist. To inhale the air, or to exercise the body with any motion, filled our whole being with delight.

And now we are among the Alps! The mountains are all around me—those cold, icy peaks, "the thunder-splintered pinnacles," of which I have so often read. Here and there, slanting snow-fields lie on their summits, pierced by a few shaggy pines. The rugged scenery of these mountain passes is relieved by valleys of the softest green.

Thus we were travelling through a narrow and cultivated vale, while on either hand the mountains rose to the sky. Many human habitations are perched far up on the mountain sides, in sites the most picturesque, and among them church steeples are sprinkled as thick as in a New England village. This sight of human habitations so near to savage and barren peaks; of hoary rocks softened with verdure, gave a poetic charm to the landscape, while the bell of a convent which I heard ringing across the valley, had a pleasing and almost pathetic effect.

A torrent, which descended from the Alps, poured along the bottom of the vale. As it had been swollen by rains and the melting of snows, it had carried away a bridge across which our course lay. This brought us to a halt in our march. There was a ferry-boat on the other side. But it was slow in coming over. So I shouted to my companion to "go ahead." We pushed on together along the bank of the river, hoping to find a place where we could ford it. But it took us several miles out of our way. We had to ford several tributary streams. But we came out fresh and sound from our foot-baths, and jogged on. During this out-of-the-way excursion our path led us through the vineyards, which are cultivated to a great extent by the peasantry of this district. The vines were trained on a kind of lattice, and spread over our heads like net-work. This extended for acres together, and we walked under them as under the shade of an immense banyan tree.

The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and we soon saw a pretty rural scene; boys and girls playing on the greensward by the roadside, and cows and goats returning home. A long avenue of trees conducted us into the village of Domo d'Ossola, our resting-place for the night.

"The sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

We laid ourselves down without a care, and set forward on our journey at an early hour in the morning. After a few miles' walk we lost our way, getting off upon the road which leads to the pass of St. Gothard. We had travelled two or three miles before we discovered our mistake. Fortunately I had stopped to bathe in a stream by the roadside, or the distance would have been greater. A kind peasant showed us back to the Simplon. I was struck with his politeness. He insisted on carrying my great-coat. We stopped at a country inn to refresh ourselves. I bought a pitcher of the simple wine of the country, and offered him a glass. He hesitated at first to take it, as if it were an extreme of condescension on my part. But the next moment he drank it, and then bought a pitcher himself, and returned the courtesy by offering a glass to me.

At length he showed us into the right road, and we pushed on fast. Deeper and deeper we advanced into the gorges of the mountains. Now look back! From the brow of the Alps, the warm fields and vineyards of Italy look more than ever like a terrestrial paradise. The vast plain of Lombardy stretches away beneath us like a sea, reaching from the Alps to the Apennines, and from Piedmont to Venice.

I cannot sufficiently admire this magnificent highway of nations, which is here constructed across the Alps. The Simplon was the result of Napoleon's passage of the Great St. Bernard. Finding the immense difficulty of crossing these mountains with an army, he projected, immediately after the battle of Marengo, the construction of a great road, by which he could at all times pour his armies from France into Italy. His motive was French conquest rather than general utility. When the engineer came from time to time to report progress, his question always was, "When will the Simplon be ready to pass over the cannon?" But whatever the motive, the work is certainly one of the most stupendous ever undertaken by man.

Those who have crossed the Alleghanies on the National Road, can form a slight idea of the way in which this work is executed, though none at all of the gorges and precipices along which it is carried. What heights it scales; what chasms it spans; through what galleries of rock it pierces—these must be seen to be appreciated. For miles, the road is supported by heavy masonry, built against the side of the mountain. The road is smooth as a floor. Along these awful passes, which once could only be traversed on foot or on mules, the lady's carriage now rolls as lightly as on a wooden pavement.

Yet this mighty work did not cost so much as the Croton Aqueduct. The expense was but about sixty millions of francs; and half of this was borne by the Italians, and Italian engineers executed the most difficult part of the work. But the genius that projected such an undertaking, and the will that carried it through in five years, (it was begun in 1801 and completed in 1805,) are no less worthy of immortal honor. When Napoleon reviewed his life at St. Helena, he said there were two things for which posterity would be grateful to him: his road over the Simplon, and his code of laws. These are perhaps the most durable and beneficial results of his power.

In the afternoon it came on to rain, and rained steadily for two days. Happily we found a snug inn, the Hotel of the Post, at Iselle, in the narrowest part of the pass, and here made ourselves contented from Friday night till Monday morning. Our good landlady, whose dress and manner looked like those of a Sister of Charity, did everything to make us comfortable. She kindled us a fire in her best room, and brought us books, and then prepared us a cup of tea, the more delicious as we had been confined to coffee everywhere in Italy. Plenty of sweet milk too, and honey! Switzerland flows with these latter luxuries as much as ancient Palestine. With all these comforts I sit before the fire, book in hand, and listen with a feeling of pleasure to the moaning of the wind without, and the pattering of the rain.

A Sabbath among the Alps! The wildness of my situation has thrown me into a deep reverie. The spirit of the mountains seizes me. The window of my room looks out on a foaming, rapid river; and up to a cliff, which towers half a mile above my head. On the very edge of the cliff, where scarcely anything but pine-trees can live, stands a little church; probably the resort of shepherds who tend their flocks on those upland pastures. Beautiful is the sight of such an object there; often whelmed in mist, its white spire peering out from the clouds when the storm drifts away, and shining down like a star of hope on the traveller in the valley beneath.

I stood a long time on the steps of the inn, at evening, looking up at the mountains. I feel almost as though I could worship them. They are to me images of God, so calm and strong. Their silent, unchanged peaks represent to me the eternity of God; while the generations of men are like the streams which waste away around their base. Mountains are indeed the altars of the world, on which the setting sun now and then kindles the evening sacrifice of nature. No wonder they are the refuges of liberty and religion; for they attract to themselves free, indomitable and lofty spirits, and—loved and lived

among—they minister almost as much to the moral elevation of man as to his intellectual excitement and activity.

Monday, we were again on the march. Up, up we go through the mighty gallery of Gondo, a long passage hewn in the rock through the most terrific gorge of these mountains. Houses of refuge have been erected, at frequent points along the road, for the safety of travellers who may be caught in one of the fearful snow-storms of this region. We hurried on to the summit, past glaciers and mountain torrents. At last the welcome Hospice rose in sight—a large plain building of stone—standing in a desert of rock and snow, with not a tree to protect it from the bleak winds that sweep over the mountains.

The good monks received us with cordial hospitality. Father Barras, the prior of the convent, brought us slippers and dry stockings, and we sat down before the fire, and read the papers of Paris, which were lying on the table. At evening two Frenchmen came in, whom my companion had met at Venice. They ran up to him and kissed him, according to the warm manner of these southern nations. This accidental meeting on the summit of the Alps, increased the vivacity that reigned around the table. These Frenchmen had left Paris to help the Italians in their war for independence, and we conversed with great eagerness of

> —"the battles, sieges,
> And moving accidents by flood and field,"

that were now transpiring so near us.

But, hark! how the wind blows! Look out of the window. What a winter night! All around the convent is dreariness and desolation. The mountain is half covered with snow, though it is the month of June; and the wind howls around the buiding as in mid-winter. What must it be here in February! Sometimes storms come on among these mountains which last for days. What would then become of the lost traveller but for the hermit and his dog!

How I love to recall the kindness of these good men! I talked with them freely about their religious order; and they cheerfully gave me information. This Hospice was founded by Napoleon, who had experienced the utility of that on the Great St. Bernard. The building was not, however, completed by Napoleon, nor, indeed, until within a few years. Several of the fathers of St. Bernard came here immediately on the opening of the Simplon road, and the two convents are still connected. The monks who are now at the Hospice of the Simplon, resided for some years at the Great St. Bernard. They all belong to the order of Augustinians. In addition to the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, their religious obligations require them to pass their lives on these bleak, cold summits, in an atmosphere so rarefied as to destroy any but the most robust constitution. What motive attracts them to this life? Those who would believe it a selfish one are welcome to their charitable judgment of their fellow-men. But I find it more pleasant to believe that such devotion, such deliberate self-sacrifice, comes from a motive higher than this world.

The monks said not a word to us about our difference of religious faith. But I introduced the subject, for I wished to draw them out. They then gave me their belief frankly; and we had a little earnest, but pleasant discussion in regard to the doctrines of our different churches. We parted, I believe, with mutual regret. Father Barras and another brother accompanied us as far as the great cross, which marks the highest point of elevation; the noble dogs of the convent bounding and playing by our side, and then we parted, with many cordial good wishes and hopes to meet again.

That afternoon the sky was clear. For the first time in four days the sun shone out bright and warm. We came down with joy from the region of eternal snows into the smiling valley of the Rhone. In several places heavy arches of stone are built above the road to turn the avalanches, which slide down from the mountain, over into the abysses below. In one instance a considerable cataract poured over our heads. But farewell to these savage scenes; for I see white spires and villages in the green valley beneath, and we are soon at Brigg, in the Canton of Valois. Here ended my walk over the Alps. We took the diligence the same evening, and rode all night along the banks of the Rhone. The morning brought us into the village of Martigny, from which Napoleon, with his army, commenced the ascent of the Great St. Bernard. Soon after we entered Savoy, and coasting along the beautiful shore of Lake Leman, reached Geneva at six o'clock in the afternoon.

Now I am at rest. What scenes of repose and beauty alternate with the rugged grandeurs of the mountains of Switzerland! One week before I was on the shore of Lake Maggiore, and now I am on the margin of Lake Leman. The Hotel de l'Ecu is close to the water's edge; and I can drop a pebble from my window into the lake. Opposite my room, a hundred yards distant, is the little island of Poplars, on which is a monument and statue to Rousseau, who was a native of Geneva.

How beautiful is the view from this window; Lake Leman below, calm and unruffled as the sky above; the chain of Jura lying along the west, over which the sunset is falling; and in the east the eternal whiteness of Mont Blanc! Peace, peace, peace, seems to be breathed on me from the earth, the waters, and the sky!

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To bear me from destruction."

But hush! the shadows of evening fall over the scene. "All heaven and earth is still." No "live thunder leaps" from the Alps or the Jura. Slowly the moon is rising, and Lake Leman is sheeted with silver.

SONNETS.

TO MY SISTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

On thee, who hearkening to the voice of love,
To friendship's whisper, and th' advice of Paul,
May the most choice connubial blessings fall,
That e'er were shed on mortal from above!
May no misgiving of thy heart reprove
The choice thou'st made—nor memory recall
Glimpses of happier hours nor scenes, than all
The future ones in which thou'lt live and move.
If as a sister, thou wast ever kind—
As daughter, dutiful—as friend, most true;
When with these sacred names a wife's combined,
Wilt thou not bless us in that title too?
We feel thou wilt: and to this hope are joined
The prayers of all who love thee—no mean few.

Not in symmetric form nor beauteous face;
In learning, birth, nor wealth's equalities;
In custom's bond, nor law's formalities,
Can those who marry firm reliance place:
To clothe the passions with a gentler grace
Inwove from mutual sensibilities,
Regardless if the world or hears or sees:
Hence wedded hearts their failless joys must trace.
May this be thine adornment! He who takes
And calls thee his entirely, robs not me
Of one of thine affections, but awakes
Another chord of kindly sympathy:
So may each morn of life that on thee breaks
Find thee more blest with him, and him with thee.

MARRYING A PERFECT BEAUTY.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE

"I FEEL that I am going away to the beautiful gardens of Gul," said old Ben Hadji to his only son Jousef. "I must leave my olive-trees, that wave with their graceful stems, and light green leaves, and bright yellow flowers, on the hills of Beyrout. I shall no longer smoke my chaboque in my kiosk on the summer evenings; and the leaves and blossoms of the tamarind shall no more tremble over my head when the west wind shakes them. I only wait for Azriel, Jousef, to take me hence."

"Good is the will of Allah," said the young man, at the same time bending low, and kissing the pale forehead of his father, with a filial grateful ardor, that seemed to soften the earnestness of his pious ejaculation. "Good is the will of Allah, and in conformity with that will has been the life of Ben Hadji. Thou shalt smoke thy chaboque in the gardens of paradise; and the roses of Gul, and the song of the bulbul, and waters purer than those of Amberabad, and a bower of vines, and olives, and tamarinds, and dates, and doum-trees, lovelier far than ever grew in Beyrout shall be thine," continued Jousef, as he bent over his aged parent, and pressed him to his bosom.

"Yes, good is the will of Allah," said the old man, clasping the hand of his son, and looking in his face with the fond yearning gaze of paternal love. "It is good, Jousef; and I am ready to obey it. But I am troubled, nevertheless, my son; I am troubled on thy account, my Jousef."

"As the paradise grass bends to the breeze of morning, or the bright flower iris follows the beams of the sun, so shall I bend to thy will, my father," said Jousef, meekly, "so that thou needest not be troubled on my account."

"Thou hast ever been good, my son," said the aged Hadji; "thou hast ever been to me as grateful as dew to a thirsty fig-tree; and as obedient as the echoes of evening to the voice of the Imaum Aben, who calls to the faithful from the tallest minaret of the mosque of Muley Eldin. Still, my son, thou must listen to me now, and keep my counsel after I am gone."

"I will, my father," said Jousef, touching his forehead with the hem of his father's robe, and grasping his beard in his right hand, as he turned his eyes towards Mecca.

"You know," said Hadji, in a low voice, for his strength was waning away—"you know that you shall have my bazaar, well-stored with necklaces of coral, silver-mounted housings for horses, amber-tipped chaboques, and cloths of Stamboul; you shall have my kiosk with all its beauties, my garden with all its glories, and my house with all its appurtenances."

"The will of Allah is good," again replied Jousef; "and my father has been prudent."

"And it is to teach thee prudence that I leave thee more than all my worldly substance, and that is my dying injunction," said Hadji, faintly, for Azriel was now flapping his dark wings in his eyes, and whispering his name in his ear.

"I shall obey thy command as if it were a voice from Al Koran," continued the dutiful and amiable Jousef.

"Then, thou shalt not marry a wife who is not possessed of perfect beauty," said Hadji, rising up with the effort to give force to his conjuration, and falling back immediately after, in the arms of Jousef, while Azriel sped away through the bright blue chambers of the morning with his spirit.

It is an adage in the East, that the most unacceptable thing that one man can give another is his advice; and dervishes have been heard to declare that the maxim holds in the West also. Perhaps the sort of advice at most discount is that called parental advice, because many wise young men among the Franks and the Faithful seem to have an idea that their parents are not their best friends. They would circumscribe the erratic orbit of their pleasures, and reduce too much to the dominion of abstinence the ardor of youthful tastes; so that they listen to their sires and mothers reluctantly, and make it a point never to obey them.

Jousef Ben Hadji was a dutiful son, however. He had always listened to old Hadji as if he had been listening to a mollah; and had obeyed him as strictly as the mountain had obeyed Mahomet, or as Mahomet had obeyed the mountain; nevertheless, it must be confessed, that of all possessions which his father had left him, that which he would have most willingly parted with to anybody was his advice.

"A wife of perfect beauty!" said Jousef, after

his father had been buried according to the laws of the Sunnah, and the loneliness of his dwelling-place reminded him of Hadji's last words. "Alas, my father, you do not know what you have imposed upon me!"

Jousef sat and pondered for some time, and then he sighed, and then he rose mechanically, and sauntered into the streets of Beyrout. Jousef was a handsome youth, and looked beautiful and gallant, with his bright yellow slippers, his tunic of red velvet, his blue turban, his white cloak, and his orange-colored shawl. His small black moustaches were curled tastefully on his upper lip; and his beard was as short and crisp as ever was Ali's or Omer's. His form was not tall, nor commanding, like those of the viziers or captains of the Janissaries; but it was active, and strong, and firmly knit; and his eye shone like a jewel on the cheek of an Abyssinian slave. He seemed burdened and borne down now, however, and could scarcely drag himself along under the weight of his father's advice. At last he stood beside the beautiful trellis-work that surrounded the little garden of Mustapha the shoemaker, and, leaning on it in an abstracted mood, he gazed vacantly at the lovely flowers.

It must not be supposed that Mustapha was a horticulturist, or had any great taste for floral phenomena. He was more addicted to the taming of birds, the educating of kittens, and the developing of canine genius, than to the practice of botany. He might not, like the western knights of the awl, confine bird, or beast, or creeping thing in a prison cage, for the Koran forbade him to do so; but he could attach them to himself by the strong links of kindness, and he had neglected few opportunities of doing so, according to the custom of his craftsmen generally. Mustapha did not cultivate his little garden, but he chanted as lightly and sweetly almost as did the birds that sat in his althea-bushes, or perched themselves on his olive-trees; and he beat out his merry rap-tap in chorus to the song of the bulbul. Although Mustapha did not cultivate flowers, he possessed a little garden that was the glory of all the little gardens in Beyrout. An aroma floated over it more rich than that which streamed from the shop of Mahhi Eldin the scent-dealer; and the honey that the bees found in it must have been the sweetest in Syria, for all the bees of Syria seemed to come and banquet on its flowers. They hummed round the graceful stems of the fragile bending plants, and dipped their heads into their bright chalices, and loaded their little feet with their finest pollen. And the bright-winged birds with their glancing plumage and their delicate limbs, came and perched upon its boughs to shade themselves in the green olives and althea-bushes, and to listen to the whistle and song of Mustapha.

In all Beyrout there was none that so loved the beautiful garden of the shoemaker as Jousef Ben Hadji. He loved it with a boyish reverence, for he had come, again and again, since boyhood, to gaze through and lean over that trellis; and to worship, with all his sense of the beautiful, those bright, blooming, blushing blossoms. It was the oasis of his dreams, the sun-spot of his life, the earthly beau-ideal which he had formed of his own everlasting bower in paradise.

Perhaps it was not the flowers, nor the hum of the bees, nor the plumes of the birds, nor the waving of the trees, nor the songs of Mustapha, that had brought young Jousef so often to look into that garden, and smile, and nod, and say pretty things. Perhaps his love was more human, more particular, more bewitching, more charming, more exalted, after all; and perhaps it was to gaze upon Lella Selma that he so often came. Lella Selma, however, was not a perfect beauty. The line of her face was broken by a disproportion of the brow, which was broad and lofty, and her form was neither tall nor imposing. Her hands were not smooth, and fair, and round, for Lella used garden hoes and rakes, and she dusted the divan, and carried water and firewood, as well as cooked victuals, so that Lella's hands were not allowed to hang up or lie useless, until they took the do-nothing's polish upon them. They were busy, active hands—a little hard from wearing, and a little out of joint from planting artichokes. Her feet were not as small and light as the gazelle's, but as large as women's are in general; nevertheless, she tripped along with an elastic, joyous step, and she became her red slippers right well. Lella Selma was working in her father's garden as Jousef leaned over the trellis, for she was the presiding peri who made its flowers to bloom fresher, and its dew shine brighter. It was she who trained the vines upon the walls of Mustapha's dwelling, and scattered the flower-seeds upon his garden-borders. The little fancy kiosk that stood in the centre of the little spot of ground was covered by a green screen of rapient plants, which she had trained to cling round it; and when she sat in the evenings and plied her needle, or hummed a vesper song, the scarlet-runners, and cresses, and vines, and sweet peas, would peep in at her from the little open windows, and they would fling upon her cheeks the shadow of their hues, and they would shed around her bosom the richness of their perfume. Lella Selma, however, was not perfectly beautiful. Jousef Ben Hadji, at one time, had

thought that she was not beautiful at all. When he came first to gaze upon this garden, his heart was smitten with a sweet and overpowering sympathy, that dissolved it in a suffusion of love and gladness. "How beautiful must she be who presides here," sighed Jousef; "how lovely must be the maiden who will comport with this lovely little home of flowers!" How much disappointed Jousef was when Lella Selma passed before him with her basket in her hand to gather bouquets for Mustapha's divan! "She is not beautiful at all," said he, in a disappointed tone; and he would have passed on without gazing any more—but the voice of Lella Selma, sweeter than that of the bulbul, and clearer than the tones of a silver bell, fell upon his ear, and chained him to the spot. "How beautiful," he cried with enthusiasm, "is the voice of the maiden; how soft and thrilling are its tones!" Then, when he came to hear Lella Selma talk, and when he looked into her eyes—her deep, black, speaking, dove-like eyes—he wondered how he had ever thought her anything but beautiful, and he loved her as fondly as ever Hafiz had loved Zuleika. Still Jousef could not divest himself of the sense that Lella was not perfectly beautiful, and yet he sometimes thought she was, as he fondly gazed on her face.

"May my cinnamon and aloe-trees scatter incense on the sad heart of Jousef Ben Hadji!" said Lella, approaching the young man with a smile upon her face, full of the glories of the rising sun. "He is alone now, and his heart will be cold."

"Cold as the waters of the Levant," said Jousef, sighing, "when the winter moon dips her silver hair at midnight in its font. My father has left me an injunction that shall preserve it in its coldness: I must not marry her who does not possess perfect beauty."

Lella bent her sweet eyes to the ground, and beat with her foot for a few seconds in silence. "Men always judge from what they see," she thought in herself, "and they never consider for a moment that the imperfection of their own senses may lead them astray in their judgment. Jousef Ben Hadji cannot see *me;* he only sees the outward form of me, and yet he is satisfied that I am not beautiful." Raising her eyes, Lella Selma said, in a sweet tone, "Then go, Jousef, and look for one according to the commands of thy father. Dear unto the heart of Allah are those who obey the voice of their parents in what is right. Go," she said, with a soft balmy sigh, "and may you prosper."

Jousef turned away, but still he could not forbear stopping, and casting many long lingering looks behind him towards Lella Selma. The winds seemed to whisper in his ear, "Most beautiful is Lella Selma!" and the flowers seemed to smile a response to the fragrant zephyr. The birds seemed to chant, "Most beautiful is Lella Selma!" and his heart beat back the echo of their song, although his step was towards the house of Hamil the coffee-vender, where all the wise men of the world of Beyrout came and smoked and communed.

Jousef entered the divan of Hamil with a beating heart, and well he might; for there sat twelve sages, with chaboques of most magnificent form, and beards like the snowy summits of Mount Atlas. Each sat upon his carpet crosslegged, and sucked the amber tip of his pipe, as if he had been inspiring wisdom from the fountains of translucent knowledge. Each was as grave as the goat of the prophet, and as wise as Haroun Al Raschid.

"Peace be to you, sage fathers!" said Jousef, as he bowed respectfully to the conclave of smokers.

"It is here, my son," said Ran Tora, from the fair city of Teheran, waving his hand amongst the smoke that floated around them, "it is here."

"I wish it were here also," replied Jousef, laying his hand on his heart.

"What troubleth thee, my son?" asked Hassan Keira.

"I must find, according to the dying injunction of my father, a wife perfectly beautiful; it is this which troubleth me," replied Jousef; "and I am come to ask you, wise fathers, where I shall find one such!"

"Go to Stamboul," said Selim, the aged Turk, who dealt in carpets, and was esteemed the wisest of his nation in Beyrout; "it is only there that perfect beauty can be found."

"Pardon me!" cried Ran Tora; "but the maidens of Teheran and Samarcand are the fairest of the fair. Go to the East if you would find what you seek."

"The brown maidens of Abyssinia alone possess perfect beauty!" cried Ben Taoni, the trader in ostrich-feathers. "Their complexions have neither the ice of the north, the sickly hue of the east, nor the gloom of the dark southwest, and their soft rounded arms are of Allah's most charming and exquisite workmanship."

"Hush! hush!" said Indar Oku, with a smile of authority and satisfaction. "Who will compare the sunburned daughters of Ethiop, or the plumpy maidens of Stamboul, or the tiny damsels of Persia, to the loveliest girls of the Adighe and Georgia? The pachas of the east, west, north, and south, can only be satisfied that beauty is perfect, when they have seen the tall supple

forms and the fair and warmly tinted cheeks of the daughters of Circassia. Go, my son, to the green mountains, and the incomparable valleys of the Caucasus, if you would be at peace."

"Ah! there is snow on the cheeks of the Mengrelians, and ice on the lips of the Circassians, which would chill the youth's heart with a sense of imperfection," cried Mahmet Lel. "The young women of Arabistan are the loveliest in the world, as the prophet, whom one of his matrons nursed, was the greatest. Away, then, Jousef, on thy pilgrimage of duty, and love, and beauty, to the city of the prophet; for there alone will you find perfect beauty.

Jousef stood bewildered in the midst of the age fathers, who beginning to dispute amongst themselves concerning the merits of their several nations, raised a storm as loud and dissonant as that which had arisen at Babel. The gravity of their deportment vanished in the excitement of debate; and, in a short time, the merits of Ben Hadji's dying injunction had nearly produced a most unseemly brawl amongst the wise men of the East.

"Hush!" said Hassan Keira at last, rising, and stretching out his hand. "Hush! my brethren, and do not let us debase the name of wisdom and dishonor the mantle of age by unseemly declamation. You cannot agree on what constitutes the attributes of beauty, and why? simply because you have each and all reckoned it an exterior attribute. You have looked for it on the surface, and your imperfect senses and national prejudices have directed you to the choice and maintenance of separate ideas. But the beauty of beauties lives in the soul. It cannot be seen; but it fashions everything around it in the plastic mould of its latest but vital loveliness. The home in which it dwells takes its form from it. The world in which it resides becomes full of its sweet infection. It spreads the path of life with the loveliest, brightest flowers. It illumines the loneliest soul with the softest, warmest beams. The beauty of beauties is identical in all nations. In the north amongst the Caucasians; in the south at Abyssinia or Arabistan; in the East amongst the valleys of Samarcand; and in the west, even among the Franks, it is the same perfect and powerful form of beauty. Jousef Ben Hadji," said Hassan Keira, turning to the young man, and speaking to him in a solemn voice. "virtue alone is perfect beauty."

"Yes, yes, virtue alone is perfect beauty," cried the other wise men, simultaneously, and they bent their heads in the dust before the wise Hassan Keira.

"Jousef Ben Hadji," continued Hassan, calmly, "seek ye the home of Mustapha, and in his daughter, Lella Selma, you will find all that your father desired."

Jousef's face relaxed into a smile bright as the sun's at noontide, as he clasped the hand of Hassan and kissed it; and before two moons were over, Lella Selma had transformed his house, and garden, and kiosk, into the most beautiful in Beyrout. If Jousef was weary, Lella had always a smile to make him well again, and a merry song or tale to beguile him of his languor; if he was sad, she soothed him; if he was unfortunate, she bore him upon her heart. For every cross or care that the world without inflicted on him, there was a balm and joy in his world of home. Day by day, the beauty of Lella's soul burst upon him in new and fresh streams of radiance, until, in the fullness of his heart, he blessed Allah that he had indeed been married to perfect beauty.

TO A WOOD ANEMONE.

Bloom the primrose in the mossy dell,
  Or nodding on the breezy mountain side,
  Or blooming 'mid the forest, lone and wide,
The tender scented wind-flower shows its bell,
  Swayed by the gale that o'er its beauties glide.

Oh, lonely fairy of the hoar old woods!
  Thou comest at a time when flowers are dead;
  Or, fearful peering from their wintry bed,
The humming wild bee on thy blossom broods,
  And, filled with joyance, buzzes round thy head.

Beautiful flower! can thy translucent ray
  Withstand the biting frosts of winter drear,
  That lingering wait to blight the infant year;
Alas! how fleeting are thy sunny days—
  For soon thy petal[illegible] leaves turn sere.

[illegible]

POLITENESS.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

"She moves with easy though with measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace."

A CELEBRATED divine, who, after a life most fully and profitably occupied in his Master's service, still lingers "in the lap of Time," was wont to say to the young men who sought his instructions—"If you want to be eloquent, you must let Nature caper." He had a way of pronouncing the word as if it were written *nater*, which gave a sort of jingle to his expression, and fixed it in the memory. The highest perfection of art is its total concealment; to seem so like nature that even the practised eye cannot detect the art.

It is thus in good breeding. The moment that you perceive the slightest *attempt* to be polite, you lose respect for him that puts forth such pretensions. Everything that savors of study, of art, of the school, takes away from the perfection of good manners. You must at least *seem* to be natural if you would be thought well-bred, and courtly in your deportment.

The study of Nature, and chiefly of human nature, then, is indispensable to the highest style of manners. With a heart kindly tempered by divine grace, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, serving as a medium of kind expression, every one, especially in younger life, may become a proficient in good breeding.

A familiar acquaintance with man, as seen in society, will suggest at once what particular mode of deportment will be likely to please, and what to offend, in our looks, our dress, our bodily carriage, our speech, and all our conduct. True gentility consists not, as has already been intimated, in a certain fashion of the dress, nor in particular gestures or postures of the person, but in *habits* of thought and expression. The former may be learned from the dress-maker, and the dancing-master, at a small sacrifice of time and gold; the latter can be acquired only by long-continued and careful observation of those who have themselves acquired such habits.

The foundation, therefore, of this knowledge of human nature, so essential, and yet so rare even among devout Christians, is to be laid *at home*, in the family circle. It is there, and during that period of life which is ordinarily spent there, the first twenty years, that habits are most easily formed, and with the best prospect of permanence. Our modes of thought, of speech, of social conference, and of personal demeanor, will be more or less affected by what we then learn. If, during that tender age, our manners have been wholly neglected; if we have not learned, ere we leave the parental roof, enough of ourselves and of human kind to perceive what is rude, vulgar, boorish, and ill-mannerly, the deficiency can scarcely ever be supplied in after years. "It is very rare," says one, "that persons reach a higher degree of politeness than what they have been formed-to in the families of their parents and other near relations."

Of this fact, who is there that has not known, and is not able to call up, numerous illustrations? Everywhere you find, in your intercourse with society, instances of individuals who, having by rigid economy and great industry, or by some sudden turn of the wheel of Fortune, become possessed of considerable wealth, are admitted into the upper circle of fashionable life, and received with marked attention and flattery by the sycophants of worldly pleasure. Yet how easy is it to see that such favorites of fortune are almost entirely destitute of every qualification for the polite circle! Their wealth can never make them at home among those, who, from their earliest days, have constantly mingled in the circles of refinement. Daily are they reminded of their early deficiencies. If they strive to please, as they will, they find themselves almost perpetually offending against some rule of politeness, or the courtesy of fashionable intercourse. Their ineffectual endeavors to ape the style, the bearing, the equipage, the looks, the speech, the conduct of those who have all their life been accustomed to good society, are fruitful sources of mortification to themselves, and often of mirth and ridicule to others. So deficient is their knowledge of human nature, and so inveterate have become their early habits, formed in a far different sphere, that not all their piety, if they possess it, nor all their real kindness of heart,

will always avail in the production of that gentility and agreeableness of manners which give such a charm to social intercourse.

It is the *parent*, then, who is to lay the foundation in this matter, as well as in all others. If the manners of the family at home are rude, vulgar, sensual, coarse, or clownish, such, in all probability, will be those of the little ones who there receive their first lessons of life. If the youthful scholars in this school seldom, if ever, perceive any attention paid to the ordinary rules of social courtesy in the domestic circle; if they observe nothing, or almost nothing, of the kind in the intercourse between the father and the mother; if the latter is slovenly in her person, and sensual in her conversation; if the former is rough in his carriage, or ill-natured in his address to either wife or child; if they are accustomed to indulge in language both vulgar and indecent, or in passionate expressions of their feelings in the presence of their children; if the husband and father, on his return from his daily toil, or a visit to some distant place, is received with far less attention, fewer smiles, and a less hearty welcome, than even the transient visitor; if, in short, there is no politeness at home, all the books in the world will not impart it to those who are trained under such influences.

But, let all this be reversed. Let the parents be as attentive to each other's wants and wishes as when the one was seeking the other's hand, and each intent on securing the affections of the other; as careful not to offend, in thought, word, look, or deed, and as studious of every act of endearment that can bind one heart to another; and let the whole of their daily history, not only in their intercourse with one another, but in the treatment of their children, be characterized by the same spirit of gentleness, forbearance and unaffected kindness, and that will be a home where every graceful plant will grow. The little ones whose tastes and tempers are there formed, will not disappoint the hopes of their first teachers. They will grow up to adorn as well as bless society. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and, when he is old, he will not depart from it."

In their treatment of visitors, also, parents cannot, for their children's sake, be too careful. Very often a marked contrast is observable in what is said *to* and *of* the neighbors and friends of the family. In vain do we show all proper attention and regard to them when present, if, when they have departed, we manifest a temper and disposition towards them the very opposite. It has been well said, that "of all others the most improper season to speak to any man's prejudice, is after you have just received and treated him in a hospitable manner, as a friend." Such conduct is indescribably mean, and yet shamefully common. The child that is educated under such an influence is thus taught from his infancy to be a hypocrite and a backbiter; to give place to and cherish some of the vilest passions of the human heart; and systematically to exclude from his soul all that real kindness which is essential to true gentility.

How can it be otherwise? How can a child accustomed to hear his parent, just as soon as the door is closed upon the visitor to whom nothing but kindness, in the form of smiles and pleasant words, and agreeable attention has been exhibited, break forth in a tirade of reproach and scandal against the now absent intruder—how can he but look upon all politeness as hollow-hearted, as a trick by which to allure and deceive, and as utterly contemptible?

Yet such is the politeness, to a very great extent, of the fashionable world, and thus it is learned. The child early acquires, in such a school, the art of dissociating his heart from his manners; the art of putting on an appearance of good-will when nothing of the kind is felt; the art of imposing, with vain words and treacherous courtesy, upon his best friends. And this lesson is most effectually practised. As years roll on, the child becomes a polished hypocrite and a most practised courtier.

It is such a training that makes the fashion of the world such a selfish, mean, and despicable matter. It is such a training that gives occasion for the following description from the hand of a master in the science of human nature:

"The courtesy of the world is an imposing form, a delusive shadow, an artificial mode or fashion which persons acquire under the discipline of their dancing-master. It is the art of adjusting the features of the face, and of managing the gestures of the body, independently of any corresponding affection of the heart; a grimace learned with some degree of difficulty, and for the most part awkwardly performed. It is a hollow, treacherous, unsound appearance; a 'bruised reed,' 'on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it.' Indeed, so palpable is the imposture, that none but children and other credulous and unsuspecting persons, who, to use a familiar phrase, have seen nothing of the world, are at all deceived by it. Mankind in general perfectly well understand that nothing is really meant by the punctilious interchange of their civilities; and yet, strange as it may seem, almost every one will, at times, at least flatter himself that he plays

his part so well as effectually to blind the eyes of his neighbor, though he has too much penetration to be imposed upon himself. In this respect, however, notwithstanding all the self-complacency and vanity of the human heart, a man could scarcely fail to be, sooner or later, convinced of his mistake, if it were not that the affectation of being duped, by his masked performances, constitutes one of the principal ingredients in the politeness of his acquaintances."

Humiliating as this picture is, it needs no great familiarity with the so-called polite world to convince any one of its truth. The circles of the great and fashionable abound, in every city of the civilized world, with living specimens of this systematic hollow-heartedness. We have seen it and observed it, until we have been almost disgusted at the very name of politeness. And one object that we have in these remarks, is, if possible, to introduce a higher style of manners into the refined world, by ingrafting upon the rules of good-breeding a principle of noble, disinterested, and self-denying kindness. It is to show that all politeness that does not flow from the heart is mere grimace; and that the purer the heart, the more perfect, in like circumstances, will be the expression of good-will, the exhibition of true politeness.

THE MEADOW.

BY PROF. TAPPAN.

In the sunshine lies the meadow,
  Sleeping by the stream—
A soft and lonely meadow
  Remembered from a dream—

A dream now strangely stirring
  A thought that springs in tears,
The lovely past recurring—
  A dream of early years.

On the border of the meadow
  Where flows that happy stream,
There's many a flitting shadow
  And many a dancing gleam;—

For the bright green leaves are trembling
  In the gentle summer breeze,
The light and shade commingling
  Beneath the willow trees.

The stream is softly flowing
  With a ripple low and sweet,
Where the willow branches bowing
  The loving waters meet.

And in that ripple hiding
  The trout securely lies,
Or 'neath the green bank gliding,
  Escapes the angler's eyes.

There the meadow lark is singing,
  The cat-bird and the jay,
Harshly or softly flinging
  Their joyous notes away.

And hopping there or flying,
  With happy sounds of life,
The insect tribes are plying
  Their puny toil and strife.

It is a lonely meadow,
  No human dwelling near—
A green and lovely meadow,
  And the stream is cool and clear.

This meadow is no strange one,
  These sounds I've heard before,
The days of boyhood by-gone
  These sights and sounds restore:

Oh, then beneath a willow
  Beside a gentle stream,
The soft grass was my pillow
  Where I laid me down to dream.

What dreamt I in the meadow
  Beside the gentle stream—
What was the flitting shadow,
  And what the dancing gleam?

I may not tell—I may not tell—
  'Tis not for common ears;
But who, like me, hath dreamt, full well
  Remembers it with tears.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

"*And I was contriving what kind of a Lie I should tell him.*"

This expression it was my fortune, or misfortune to overhear, while passing along one of the public promenades of a neighboring city. It was uttered by one of two fashionably dressed young women who were passing me at the moment, and whose appearance would, in the estimation of the world, be esteemed beautiful, interesting and intelligent. The thoughtless *abandon* with which the expression seemed to be uttered, gave a painful impression of the character and heart of the speaker.

These words were, of course, all that I knew, or wished to know, of the connection of the discourse. But they were, at once, the history of a heart perverted by education or corrupted by evil associations, or, inherently, unprincipled and base. Surely, thought I, that young woman could not have been the subject of a pious mother's prayers and affections; and, if she have brothers, are they not vicious and degraded? Her father may be rich, and she may be an heiress, and occupy a high rank in society, and be esteemed for her position and influence: but she *is*, in the strictest sense, a woman without integrity! Not only does her example justify the unfavorable inferences suggested, respecting her friends and teachers; but the ministers of vice point triumphantly to such an one to justify their slanders against the sex. "False and fair and deceiving," as applied to woman, is their cant and their song; and here is one who seems to answer their description. It is the exception, doubtless, but would that it were the only one!

But I cannot follow the painful developments of this species of education; for the very history of vice may be contagious in propagating the evil. I would rather content myself with inculcating a purer example, while the incident mentioned is made a sufficient illustration of the baseness of falsehood.

And who was to be made the victim of this deception, so deliberately planned? Was it a father whose commands had been violated? a brother whose confidence had been betrayed? a friend who had wasted attentions on a heartless prude? or was it to respond to the purest and best affections of a devoted lover?

I could not suppose that one standing in the position of the conjugal relation was to be the victim, without presuming its author to be depraved beyond the reach of hope! And were it a teacher, I should exclaim, How little does the thoughtless girl reflect on the price she is paying for a momentary success—in the formation of habits that, soon or late, will leave her without respect and without character! For, however the world may practice and laugh at deception, it seeks only for integrity, as the jewel of its confidence.

We like to contemplate the graces of female beauty, where life, and hope, and smiles, and all the witcheries of loveliness, are the drapery of a mind at peace, and a heart endowed with goodness. But let falsehood be *suspected*, and the angel-form seems vile. We loathe the wreath and tresses that deck the brow of shame.

If falsehood seems thus vile to those who practice it, and in the eye of man, how doth it appear when God beholds it? This is the question. Truth is the light around His throne; and naught but truth can enter heaven. Falsehood may have its triumph for a day, but all its gains are wasted in an hour, and with them fade its authors. Those who love and make a lie are classed with all the vile who sit and weep and howl without the gates of paradise.

ENFORCING THE SANITARY LAWS.—This expressive engraving is from a subject by Robert McInnes, a distinguished British artist, and is one of those happy ideas which, however well or ill painted, are pretty sure of general favor. The struggling of the boy in the hands of his determined nurse, vainly attempting to resist the application of clean water and rough towel, is an incident familiar enough to all to secure an instant appreciation, independently of the pictorial pun in which its humor consists.

CONSCIENCE THE TRUE NEMESIS.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

SEE PLATE.

A WHEEL, composed of a great many spokes, may go round with such rapidity, that, to the eye, it shall appear to be a solid mass, like a millstone; nay, it may go round with such incredible swiftness, that the possibility of detecting the motion by the eye shall be lost; it shall seem to be perfectly still. And yet, every one of its revolutions is distinctly made, in a distinct interval of time, and may be numbered. So it may be with the Conscience. It may *seem* asleep, but this may be only because its acts are so rapid, so brief, so innumerable, that they are not noticed. It may *seem* asleep, and yet there may be traced a judgment of the Conscience, even upon every idle word.

The more a man's Conscience is unheeded now, the more a man puts in reserve to be heeded hereafter. The greater the number of the revolutions of this wheel unnoticed now, the greater the number to be counted hereafter. A man of insensibility is so far from being secured against the operations of Conscience, that he is accumulating work for himself to do by and by. He is like a man falling in debt, who strives to keep off the sense of his liabilities, by keeping no account current, but going on in his business just as if he were every day starting fresh and fair, with an unincumbered capital. Every unrecorded debt is a step to his ruin. It is a weight upon his fortunes, that, so far from being lighter because it is not now felt, is growing heavier every day that it is unnoticed. By and by the crash will be inevitable, irremediable.

Thus, Conscience is not merely introspective, but retrospective, in its operations. It is not only a *knowing with*, but a *knowing back;* not merely a witness at the moment, but long after. A man may dream, because Conscience does not trouble him now, that there shall be no retrospective action hereafter; or may dream that every step he travels from the date and the scene of his sins, Conscience will be weaker, and he more secure from its power. But it is never so, and sometimes the very contrary seems to be the case. Sometimes, the longer a man's insensibility as to his course of sin continues, and the more effectual its concealment, the more terrible is the power of Conscience at the last.

Sometimes the faculty of Conscience does this work of retrospection and conviction *now*, with an appalling power. The whole being is arrested, petrified, as it were, in a single attitude of crime; projected beyond itself, and brought to gaze upon itself, to judge and condemn itself, with a power of self-anguish, self-retribution, self-misery, that, if it were exercised upon others, would be deemed a stern and awful vengeance. But no man accuses it of cruelty, no man accuses himself, or God, of injustice, when writhing under the agony of a wrathful Conscience.

The reason why this retrospective work of Conscience in some great things, some great crimes, is wrought with a power so immeasurably greater than in the ordinary instances of its exercise, so that it seems as a new creation of the mind, a new faculty before unheard of, is not merely because of the so much greater heinousness and glare of guilt in some crimes than in others, though that is a great thing, but also because of the deliberation with which such crimes are almost always committed. A man comes to the act fighting against Conscience all the way. A man revolves it in his thoughts, plans its execution, prepares for it, forecasts the result, provides for after action, advances to it circumspectly, with full time to deliberate, and Conscience keeps pace with him all the way. So, when it is done, the whole power of Conscience falls back upon him in the weight and avengement of all previous outrage and resistance, all stifling and searing, all disregard of inward and external voices, all perseverance and obstinacy against light, love, mercy, providence, and grace. Conscience falls back to her work of retrospection, armed at all these points, with her power increased tenfold by all previous neglect and opposition.

A man tracks a traveller over a wild moor. He knew that he had a purse of gold about him. He planned the outrage, the theft, the murder, deliberately. He saw him at the last inn. He forecasted the attack, and the avoidance of pursuit. He waited on his movements, and followed him till he came to the place most suited to his dreadful purpose. He struggled with him, stabbed him, and, with the coveted gold in his hand, fled

swiftly from his victim. It was not a sudden surprisal, temptation, or betrayal into crime. It was murder, deliberate, cold-blooded, avaricious murder.

And now the reign of Conscience commences. Now, as fast and as far as he flies, the work of retrospection hurries him back. Now the clouds of retributive vengeance lower around his soul. Now he would give the world, were it in his power to give, if he could take the place of his victim. The moment the dread deed was accomplished, the iron entered into his own soul. It was not the traveller whom he struck, but himself. It was not a *man* whom he thrust *out* of existence, but a Conscience *into* it. The sense of guilt, and of inexorable retribution, waits upon him. NEMESIS, the prediction, and, in part, the experience of justice is behind him, within him, around him. The whole world is a moor, a wilderness, across which, with a burning hand upon his heart, he flies. He flies from justice, from himself, from Conscience, but he meets them all. His crime is everywhere, his punishment is everywhere. Miserable, miserable man!

But justice, calm, noiseless, unimpassioned, nay, with a face almost of compassion, of deep melancholy, flies over him. His brow is dark as a thunder-cloud, in the darkness of his soul. NEMESIS, with her hour-glass and her sword as steady as inexorable fate, pursues him close through every lane of life, to the appointed moment of her blow. Can the murderer escape? Can he fly into a world where there is no Nemesis? Nay, can he fly into a world where the past realities of his being can be annihilated, and the constitution of his being changed?

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY A. E. I.

A LITTLE child,
A little, meek-faced, quiet village child
Sat praying by her cottage door at eve,
A low, sweet Sabbath prayer. No human ear
Caught the faint melody—no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips, the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the prayer—
"Praise God, praise God."

A Seraph, by the throne,
In full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony, on the celestial air
Swelled forth unceasingly. Then with a great voice
He sang the "Holy! holy! evermore
Lord God Almighty." And the eternal courts
Thrilled with angelic rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause;
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength, and still the infini[illegible]
Rang with the "Holy! holy! evern[illegible]
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne
With a mute hallelujah. But even then
While the ecstatic song was at its height
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberating thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance. Smiles of joy, that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of that prayer,
"Praise God, praise God." And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rung but with the echoes of his chant sublime,
Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
Came floating upward from the world afar—
Still m[illegible]ed sweet, on the celestial air—
"Pr[illegible] God."

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WHILE France was thus deluged with the blood of a civil war, young Henry was busily pursuing his studies in college. He could have had no affection for his father, for he had hardly known him. From his mother, who was most sincerely devoted to the cause of the Reformers, he had long been separated. But he cherished her memory with the most affectionate regard, and his predilections strongly inclined him towards the faith which he knew that she had so warmly espoused. It was, however, in its political aspects, that Henry mainly contemplated the question. He regarded the two sects merely as two political parties struggling for power. For some time he did not venture to commit himself openly, but availing himself of the privilege of his youth, carefully studied the principles and prospects of the contending factions, patiently waiting for the time to come, in which he should introduce his strong arm into the conflict. Each party, aware that his parents had espoused opposite sides, and regarding him as an invaluable accession to either cause, adopted all possible allurements to win his favor.

Catharine, as unprincipled as she was ambitious, allured him to her court, lavished upon him, with queenly profusion, caresses and flattery, and enticed him with all those blandishments, which might most effectually enthrall the impassioned spirit of youth. Voluptuousness, gilded with its most dazzling and deceitful enchantments, was studiously presented to his eye. The queen was all love and complaisance. She received him to her cabinet council. She affected to regard him as her chief confidant. She had already formed the design of perfidiously throwing the Protestants off their guard by protestations of friendship, and then, by indiscriminate massacre, of obliterating from the kingdom every vestige of the reformed faith. For various reasons she did not wish to include Henry in this massacre, if she could by any means win him to her side. She held many interviews with the highest ecclesiastics, upon the subject of the contemplated massacre. At one time, when she was suggesting the expediency of sparing some few Protestant nobles who had been her personal friends, Henry overheard the significant reply, from the Duke of Alva, "the head of a salmon is worth a hundred frogs." The young prince meditated deeply upon the import of those words, and guessing their significance, and alarmed for the safety of his mother, he dispatched a trusty messenger to communicate to her his suspicions.

His mind was now aroused to vigilance, to careful and hourly scrutiny of the plots and counterplots which were ever forming around him. While others of his age were ever absorbed in the pleasures of licentiousness and gaming, to which that corrupt court was abandoned, Henry, though he had not escaped unspotted from the contamination which surrounded him, displayed, by the dignity of his demeanor and the elevation of his character, those extraordinary qualities which so remarkably distinguished him in future life, and which indicated, even then, that he was born to command. One of the grandees of the Spanish court, the Duke of Medina, after meeting him incidentally, but for a few moments, remarked, "It appears to me that this young prince is either an emperor, or is destined soon to become one." Henry was very punctilious in regard to etiquette, and would allow no one to treat him without due respect, or to deprive him of the position to which he was entitled by his rank.

Catharine, the better to disguise her infamous designs, now went with Henry in great splendor to make a friendly visit to his mother, the Queen of Navarre. She lavished upon Jeanne d'Albret the warmest congratulations and the most winning smiles, and omitted no courtly blandishments, which could disarm the suspicions and win the confidence of the Protestant queen. The situation of Jeanne, in her feeble dominions, was extremely embarrassing. The Pope, in consequence of her heresy, had declared her to be incapable of reigning. As her own subjects were almost all Protestants, she was in no danger of any insurrection upon their parts, but this decree in that age of superstition and of profligacy, invited each neighboring power to seize upon her territory. The only safety of the queen consisted in the mutual jealousies of the rival kingdoms of France and Spain; neither of them being willing that the other should receive such an accession to its political importance. Jeanne d'Albret, sincerely attached to the reformed religion, and

apparently from conviction and principle, was not at all influenced by the visit of the French court to her capital, though she looked with much solicitude upon the ascendency which, it appeared to her, Catharine was obtaining over the mind of her son. Maternal solicitude induced her soon to return the visit, that she might gradually draw him from the influence of the Queen of France, and educate him in accordance with her own views. But Jeanne could not withdraw Henry from the court of Catharine, for she detained him by a kind of polite captivity, which was yet of such a nature, that it was quite impossible for the young prince openly to depart. Jeanne consequently had recourse to stratagem.

One day, under the pretext of taking a tour of pleasure, the Queen of Navarre, with her son, and a few gentlemen of her own court, when at a little distance from Paris, turned from her course, and with the utmost speed hastened to her own dominions, leaving a very polite letter of leave-taking for the queen-mother and her son, Charles IX. Catharine was extremely annoyed at their escape, but it was impossible to overtake the fugitives.

Henry, again among his native mountains and placed under the tuition of a gentleman who had a high appreciation of all that was poetic and beautiful, devoted himself, with great delight, to the study of polite literature; and gave free wing to an ennobled imagination as he clambered up the cliffs and wandered over the ravines familiar to the days of his childhood. His personal appearance in 1567, when he was thirteen years of age, is thus described by a writer who was in the habit of daily meeting him:

"We have here the young Prince of Bearn. One cannot help acknowledging that he is a beautiful creature. At the age of thirteen he displays all the qualities of a person of eighteen or nineteen. He is agreeable, he is civil, he is obliging. Others might say, that as yet he does not know what he is But for my part, I, who study him very often, can assure you that he does know perfectly well. He demeans himself towards all the world with so easy a carriage, that people crowd round, wherever he is, and he acts so nobly in everything that one sees clearly that he is a great prince. He enters into conversation as a highly polished man. He speaks always to the purpose, and it is remarked that he is very well informed. I shall hate the reformed religion all my life, for having carried off from us so worthy a person. Without this original sin, he would be the first after the king, and we should see him, in a short time, at the head of the armies. He gains new friends every day. He insinuates himself into all hearts with inconceivable skill. He is highly honored by the men, and no less beloved by the ladies. His face is very well formed; the nose neither too large nor too small. His eyes are very soft, his skin brown, but very smooth, and his whole features animated with such uncommon vivacity, that if he does not make progress with the fair, it will be very extraordinary."

Henry had not escaped the natural influence of the dissolute society in the midst of which he had been educated; and manifested, on his first return to his mother, a strong passion for balls and masquerades, and all the enervating pleasures of fashionable life. His courtly and persuasive manners were so insinuating, that, without difficulty, he borrowed any sums of money he pleased, and with these borrowed treasures he fed his passion for excitement at the gaming table.

The firm principle and high intellectual elevation of his mother induced her to the immediate and vigorous endeavor to correct these radical defects in his character and education. She kept him, as much as possible, under her own eye; she appointed teachers to instruct him, of the highest mental and moral attainments; and by her conversation and example impressed upon his mind the sentiment that it was the highest honor, of one born to command others, to be their superior in intelligence, judgment, and self-control. The Prince of Bearn now found himself surrounded by Protestant friends and influences, and he could not but see and feel the superior purity of his mother's court.

Catharine worshipped no deity but ambition. She was ready to adopt any measures, and to plunge into any crimes, which would give stability and lustre to her power. She had no religious opinions or even preferences. She espoused the cause of the Catholics, because, on the whole, she deemed that party the more powerful; and then she sought the destruction of the Protestants that none might be left to dispute her sway. Had the Protestants been in the majority, she would, with equal zeal, have given them the aid of her strong arm, and unrelentingly would have striven to crush the opposing papal power. Jeanne d'Albret, on the contrary, was in *principle* a Protestant. She was a woman of reflection, of feeling, of highly cultivated intellect, and probably of sincere piety. She had read, with deep interest, the religious controversies of the day. She had prayed for light and guidance. She had finally and cordially adopted the Protestant faith as the truth of God. Thus guided by her sense of duty, she was exceedingly anxious that her

son should be a Protestant—a Protestant Christian. In most solemn prayer she dedicated her son to God's service, to defend the faith of the Reformers. In the darkness of that day, the sword was appealed to by the papal power, and often recognized by their opponents as the great champion of truth. Both parties appeared to think that the thunders of artillery and musketry must accompany the persuasive influence of eloquence. If it were deemed important that one hand should guide the pen of controversy, it was considered no less important that the other should wield the sword. Military heroism was thought as essential as scholarship for the defense of the faith.

The young Prince of Bearn had lived in these two rival courts. Love of pleasure, of self-indulgence, of power, urged him to cast in his lot with the Catholics. Reverence for his mother inclined him to adopt the side of the weaker party, who were struggling against fearful odds for purity of morals and of faith. But the conscience and the heart of the young man were untouched. Both parties were aware of the magnitude of the weight he could place in either scale, and each deemed it quite uncertain which cause he would finally espouse. His father had died, contending for the Catholic faith, and the throne of Catholic France was one of the prizes at which the son was aiming. His mother was the most illustrious leader of the Protestant forces, and the crown of the little kingdom of Navarre could not repose quietly upon any brow but that of a Protestant.

Such was the state of affairs when Europe again resounded with the clangor of arms. France was the arena upon which the Catholics and Protestants of England and the continent hurled themselves against each other. Catharine, breathing vengeance, headed the Catholic armies, while Jeanne d'Albret, calm yet inflexible, rode at the head of the Protestant leaders, alike the idol of the common soldiers and their generals. The two armies were assembled in hostile attitude at Rochelle, when the Queen of Navarre, accompanied by her son, and leading a force of four thousand troops, rode into the Protestant camp. Plaudits loud and long penetrated even the encampment of the Catholics, as Jeanne was received with these triumphant acclamations. The queen then solemnly and in presence of the whole army dedicated her son to the defense of the Protestant faith, and published a declaration to the world that she was contending simply for her own personal security and for liberty of conscience. The young prince was placed under the charge of the most experienced generals, to guard his person from danger and to instruct him in the arts of war. The Prince de Condé was his teacher in that terrible accomplishment, in which both teacher and pupil have obtained such world-wide renown.

Elizabeth of England sent gold and artillery and troops to the Protestant camp. The banners of the Pope were seen gleaming from the hill-tops and through the valleys of Catholic Europe, as files of soldiers were seen concentrating towards the scene of conflict. The summer passed away in marches and counter-marches, skirmishes and assassination, neither party being able to obtain sufficient advantage to be willing to risk their cause in a decisive battle. The storms of winter came and beat heavily upon the worn and weary hosts. At length the Catholic armies having become far more numerous than the Protestant bands, provoked a conflict. The battle was conducted by the Protestants with a degree of fearlessness bordering upon desperation. The Prince of Condé plunged into the thickest ranks of the enemy, with his unfurled banner, bearing the motto, "Danger sweet for Christ and my country." Just as he commenced his desperate charge a kick from a wounded horse fractured his leg so severely that the fragments of the bone protruded through his boot. Pointing to the helpless and mangled limb, he said to those around him, "Remember the state in which Louis of Bourbon enters the fight for Christ and his country." Immediately sounding the charge, like a whirlwind his little band plunged into the ranks of the enemy. For a moment the shock was irresistible, and the assailed fell, like grass before the scythe of the mower. Soon, however, the little band was entirely surrounded. About two hundred and fifty Protestants with indomitable resolution sustained themselves against the serried ranks of five thousand men closing up around them upon every side. It was the last earthly conflict of the Prince of Condé. With his leg broken and his arm nearly severed from his body, his horse fell dead beneath him, and the Prince was precipitated beneath the hoofs of wounded and frantic chargers. Condé, unable either to fight or to escape, was made prisoner, when an officer inflamed by that sanguinary spirit which characterized the times, drew a pistol and exclaiming, "Kill him! kill him!" placed the muzzle upon his brow and shot him dead upon the spot. This defeat was extremely disastrous to the cause of the Protestants, but they retained their firmness unshaken. The Catholics, confident of victory, neglected those precautions which were essential to retain the advantages they had obtained; while the Protestants redoubled their energy and vigilance to repair the losses they had encountered.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN FRIENDSHIP.

BY MISS E. FLORIDE PATTEN.

"I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me."

This language, were it not inspired, might seem to argue idolatry. Yet who, that has had any experience of life and its vicissitudes, can fail to appreciate the beauty and wisdom of the Divine sanction which is thus put on *human friendship!* The brother of Esau had just come from the conquest of the God of Israel, whom he had seen "face to face," and from whom he had received the appellation of "prince," because of his prevalence with Omnipotence. But the blessing for which he had wrestled was not consummated until he had prevailed with man also, even with an alienated and disaffected brother. How touching his exclamation, "I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me." He now pursued his journey without reluctance or fear. His heart was fixed, trusting in God; and his brother was reconciled. How great the value of human friendship! Its smile of complacency and love is next only to seeing the "face of God." The beloved disciple, leaning on the bosom of Jesus, knew this. And so did the sisters of Lazarus, when they sent to him, saying, "Lord—he whom thou lovest is sick." What mighty upheavings of the God swelled that gracious heart as he lingered "two days still in the same place where he was," are declared in those simple words of the narrator—"Jesus wept." Not as when he shed tears over Jerusalem, saying, "how oft would I have gathered you, and ye would not;" but, about to restore the dead to life; about to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the weeping beholders, yet sparing not to shed his own. In all their affliction, He was afflicted. Blessed Master! let us learn of thee.

In vain may proud philosophy rear her altars and her groves. In vain may she fortify her fastnesses, making the human heart a "munition of rocks." Religion teaches us that the "secret place of tears" is, and shall be, the home of Him who, when on earth, had not where to lay his head.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

She gazed upon her slumbering babe,
And, as she gazed, she wept,
And her tears fell fast on its rosy cheek,
Yet still the infant slept.

Her looks bespoke the anguish and grief
That preyed upon her mind;
For her bosom friend was dead, and she
And her infant were left behind.

And methinks, as she looked on that infant's face,
This prayer to Heaven she'd send—
"Oh God, be the father of my poor child,
Be the widow and orphan's friend!

For thy hand it is that each gift bestows,
The same that takes
Then help me in this great trial, Lord,
Thy will be done to say."

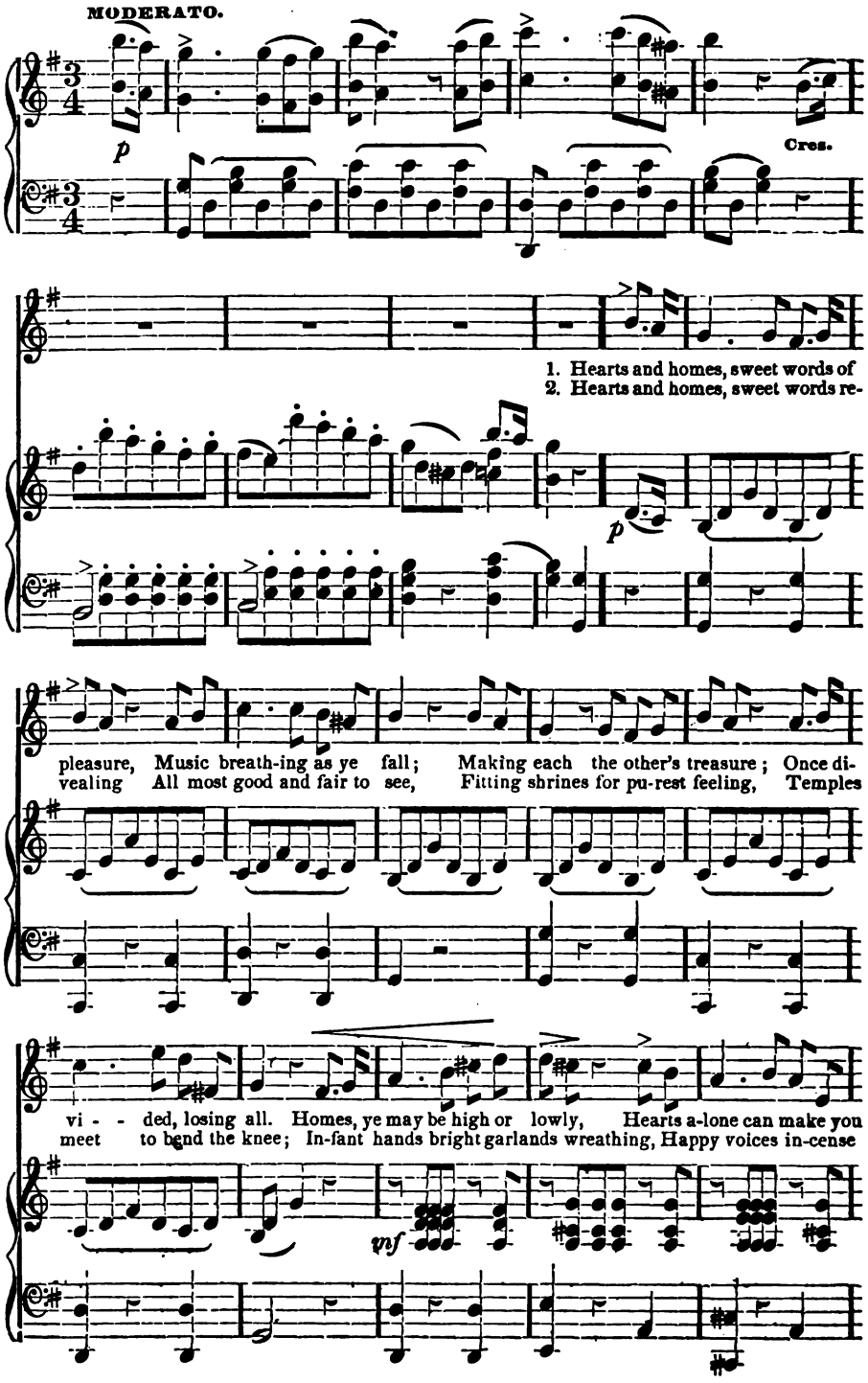
And now doth she strive her grief to calm,
But the task is no light one;
For his father's image she can trace,
In the features of her son.

And oft she roams with her darling child,
And wanders the church-yard round,
And bids him a tear of affection shed,
On that well-remembered mound.

And thus he is taught to revere that spot,
And, when childish years are no more,
He often remember the tears which there
Shed in the days of yore.

HEARTS AND HOMES.

WORDS BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG. MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE NOT."



ho-ly; Be the dwelling e'er so small, Having love, it boasteth all. Hearts and breathing, Emblems fair of realms above, "For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love." Hearts, &c.

p

homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breath-ing as ye fall; Making each the other's

mf

Rall. Dim. Ad lib.

treasure; Once di - vi - ded, los-ing all. Hearts and homes, Hearts and

mf *mf*

homes.

mf *mf* *sf*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POETS. NO. I.

SEE PLATE.

The present is the first of a series of illustrations of favorite scenes and passages of the principal classic poets of our language, which it is our design to add to the usual embellishments of our Magazine, from time to time. Aside from their intrinsic beauty as works of art, we trust they will tend to awaken a new interest in the great and most admirable works which they illustrate, and promote, in some degree, a greater familiarity with, and better appreciation of, the beauties of thought and expression with which they abound. Our present illustration refers to the incomparable poem of Campbell, Lord Ullin's Daughter. The aptness and beauty of the artist's design will be seen by a perusal of the poem itself.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
  To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
  And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
  Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
  Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
  When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright;
  But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer—

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
  "Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
  But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
  A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
  The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
  His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
  His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
  "Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
  My daughter!—oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
  Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
  And he was left lamenting.

BOOK NOTICES.

TO THE READER.

THREE numbers have now been issued, since the commencement of our new volume under new auspices. The reader has thus a specimen of the design which the publisher entertains of supplying a Magazine adapted to the wants of Christian and cultivated families. Though there has not been time enough to carry out his purposes, he trusts the marked improvement which has been made, both in the matter and the manner of the work, will attest the sincerity of his pledges, and awaken an interest on the part of the moral and religious community in his undertaking. The importance of that undertaking, he is happy to say, is very widely appreciated. Many of the subscribers have voluntarily lent their personal aid in extending its circulation. He would express his obligations to such, and respectfully suggest to others, who perceive the value and the want of such a periodical, that they may greatly subserve a good cause by interesting their friends in this matter. By referring to the terms on the cover, it will be seen that an important advantage is offered to subscribers who take the Magazine in clubs. The "Washington" plate is given to subscribers in clubs as well as to separate subscribers.

Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk. Lady Mary; or, Not of This World. By Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A. Stanford & Swords.

Mr. Tayler's tales are decidedly of the class of religious novels—a class which will always have its admirers, whatever may be objected to it, on purely speculative grounds. The moral impression of each of the two whose titles are here given, is very distinct and very good. The power of temptation and the peril of evil associations are vividly depicted in the first, and the beauty of holiness in the second. We cannot see how the author's deeply interesting lessons could be more impressively inculcated, nor how the reader can escape a conviction of the truth he designs to convey. Their perusal by the young, we are confident, would do good.

Sermons by Henry Melvill, B.D. Edited by Rt. Rev. C. P. McILVAINE, D.D. Sixth Thousand. Stanford & Swords.

The sermons of Melvill contain some of the most eloquent and impressive passages to be found in the whole range of homiletical literature. They are peculiar in style, and evince a degree of elaborateness of argument and gorgeousness of diction which, in the hands of any but a master, would seem to be ill-adapted to the themes and the purposes of the pulpit; but as wielded by the magic power of Melvill's genius, they clothe the sublime thoughts and realities of scriptural truth in their most fitting garb. There is a grandeur in some of the descriptions which is well-nigh terrible; while the energy and exactness of his logic are like the demonstrations of mathematics. Though they are by no means what may be termed easy reading, we do not at all wonder at their popularity. It is as if the fire and majesty of Milton reappeared in prose. Those who desire to see a noble and commanding specimen of pulpit eloquence, may be confidently referred to these volumes.

The Works of William Cowper: His Life, Poems, and Letters. Edited by Rev. THOMAS S. GRIMSHAWE. R. Carter & Brothers.

The peculiarity of this edition consists in the most valuable addition of Cowper's unpublished letters. Besides the correspondence originally published, a large mass of letters of a more private nature, was reserved, for one reason and another; these have at length been brought to light, and the present copy is their first appearance in this country. The admirers of Cowper's genius will understand the value of this addition, when informed that they more specially relate to his religious life, and embody those finer and more delicate passages of his experience which his irreligious relatives, who had the care of his correspondence, considered unworthy of the poet's fame. In point of literary excellence, we think they reveal quite strikingly, the wonderful genius, wit, grace, and acuteness which have rendered his other correspondence immortal; while at the same time, there is a pathos and tenderness of feeling diffused through it all, which is most touching, and which there is no quality of his other letters that can fully compensate. The poems are all here also—not a jot of the precious material lost or obscured; and now the whole of his incomparable correspondence. We need not commend the writings of Cowper; so long as the world admires the finest genius, the sublimest principle, the keenest wit, and the gentlest feeling, Cowper's will be a hallowed and beloved name. Mr. Carter's enterprise in bringing out the work in its present enlarged form, in so handsome a manner, will meet with just appreciation, we do not doubt.

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FRESH FLOWERS IN A DRY PLACE.

BY LEONARD BACON, D.D.

It chanced to the writer once, to be carelessly looking over a voluminous genealogical record of an old New England family, published in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," when suddenly his eyes were suffused with tears, as they rested on the following sentence, in the catalogue of the children of Capt. John Minot, who died in Dorchester, 1669:

"Martha, born Sept. 22, 1657; died, single, Nov. 23, 1678, age 21. She was engaged to be married, but died unmarried, leaving a will in which she directed that at her funeral her betrothed husband, 'John Morgan, Jr., be all over mourning, and follow next after me.'"

What a history is there in these few words about Martha Minot, who lived almost two centuries ago! The mind runs back in a moment to those times, when almost all New England was a wilderness—to those days of the old Indian wars, when no man could be a "captain" without being a man of some rank and consequence. Just after the close of King Philip's war, when the villages of New England were all in peace, Capt. John Minot's daughter Martha, twenty-one years of age, and having come into possession of her share of her father's estate, had plighted her troth to one she loved, and was expecting to be married to, when disease fastened upon her young frame, and would not be repelled. In the chill November air, when

"The melancholy days were come, the saddest of the year,"

she faded like a leaf. And at her burial there followed, nearer than brother or sister, nearest to the hearse, the one whom, of all the living, she loved most, from whom to part had been to her more painful than the death-pang, and who had been in her thoughts till "the love-light in her eye" was extinguished. That single item in her directions for her funeral, "that John Morgan, Jr., be all over mourning, and follow next after me," tells the whole story.

Nothing seems, at first sight, less interesting or less instructive, than a genealogical table, a mere register of names and dates. But such a passage as that which we have quoted—so picturesque, so suggestive, so touching, so dramatic—when it occurs in the midst of these dry records, throws out an electric light at every link in the chain of generations. Each of those names in the table is the memorial—perhaps the only memorial—of a human heart that once lived and loved; a heart that kept its steady pulsations through some certain period of time, and then ceased to beat and mouldered into dust. Each of those names is the memorial of an individual human life that had its joys and sorrows, its cares and burthens, its affections and hopes, its conflicts and achievements, its opportunities, wasted or improved, and its hour of death. Each of those dates of "birth," "marriage," "death"—O how significant! What a day was each of those dates to some human family, or to some circle of loving human hearts!

To read a genealogy then may be, to a thinking mind, like walking in a cemetery, and reading the inscriptions on the grave-stones. As we read, we may say with the poet—

"To a mysteriously-consorted pair,
This place is consecrate—to Death and Life."

The presence of death drives the mind to thoughts of immortality. Memorials of the dead are memorials not of death only, but of life. They lived, and therefore they died; and as the mind thinks of the dead gathered to their fathers, it cannot but think of the unseen worlds which they inhabit. All these names are memorials of human spirits that have passed from time into eternity. Ready or unprepared, in youth or in maturity, in childhood or in old age, they went into eternity as we are going.

"The nursling, and the tottering little one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless school-boy; the bold youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid,
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her; those of middle age,
Cast down while confident in strength they stand,
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,
And more secure, by very weight of all
That for support rests on them; the decayed
And burthensome; and lastly that poor few
Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest spared,
Are here deposited."

The genealogical chapters in Genesis and Chronicles are commonly and very naturally regarded as being almost if not quite an exception to the testimony, "All Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." But the story is told of a man who had long been irreligious and thoughtless, that in some vacant hour he happened to open his Bible, and began to read the catalogue of Antediluvians in the fifth chapter of Genesis. As he read that one lived so many years and he *died*, and another lived so many years and he died, the uniformity of the record arrested his attention, his mind was awakened to new thoughts of the significancy of death and life, and thus he was led to realize the ends of his existence, and to dedicate himself, in penitence and trust, to a forgiving God.

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

A few short years—and then
What changes Time hath wrought!
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem
The world, our life, ourselves are aught
But one long fitful dream.
The clouds that fly
Across the sky,
Waves tossed upon the sea,
Shadows that pass
Before a glass,
Our fitting emblems be.

A few short years—and then
Where are the hopes that shone
When youth with flowers enwreathed the hours,
And earth had but one music tone
Of joy for us and ours?
The rainbow's hues,
The morning's dews,
The blossoms of a day,
The trembling sheen
On water seen,
More stable are than they.

A few short years—and then
Where is the ad'mant chain
That passion wrought, and madly thought
Nor time nor change could ever strain
Till life's last strife was fought?
A rope of sand,
A goss'mer band;
The filmy threads at e'en
The spider weaves
Among the leaves,
A firmer bond had been.

A few short years—and then
Where is Ambition's pile,
That rose so high against the sky,
O'ershadowing all around the while,
With its proud boast might vie?
A shadow's shade,
A card-house made
By children for their play:
The air-blown bells
That folly swells
May vaunt a surer stay.

A few short years—and then
Where is the mighty grief
That wrung the heart with torture's art,
And made it feel that its relief
Time's hand could ne'er impart?
A storm that's burst,
And done its worst,
Then left the heaven more clear;
A nightmare dread,
With morning fled,
These sorrows now appear.

A few short years—and then
What of our life remains,
The smiles and tears of other years,
Of passion's joys, of sorrow's pains,
Ambition's hopes and fears?
A faded dream
To day they seem,
Which memory scarce can trace—
But seals they've set
Shall Time nor yet
Eternity efface!

FATHER MATHEW.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

There is a small Capuchin friary in the city of Cork, in an obscure place called Blackamoor-lane. It possesses some historic interest from the fact that it was built by Arthur O'Leary, after whom it was for many years called "Father O'Leary's Chapel." It is a small building, exceedingly plain outside, though it is neat within, and fitted up with some taste. It is situated in a very poor and neglected neighborhood, where poverty and wretchedness abound. Nearly thirty years since a young Capuchin joined the mission attached to this chapel. In appearance, as well as reality, he was very youthful, and he was strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well formed in his body, with a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for predominance, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion—eyes, large, bright, and sweet in expression—a slightly curved nose, and rounded cheeks, with black hair. In the words of Massinger

> —"the fair outside
> Was but the cover of a fairer mind."

To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic in his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness and unvarying affability distinguished him. To the higher classes he was exceedingly respectful; to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions—so earnest in pleading their cause, and, what was better than kind words or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more Christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves.

This handsome, courteous, and popular young friar was a stranger in Cork. Born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th of October, 1790, Theobald Mathew was left an orphan at an early age. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile-Borris, near Thurles, having lost his parents when a child, was taken under the care and patronage of the well-known *Major-general Montagu Mathew, brother of the* Earl of Llandaff. James Mathew, the younger, married a daughter of George Whyte, Esq., of Cappawhyte, who was married to a niece of the celebrated Mr. Mathew, mentioned in Sheridan's Life of Swift. Mr. Mathew had a large family, all of whom were remarkable for beauty of appearance, grace of manner, and energy of character. Charles Mathew, brother of the Apostle of Temperance, acquired a large fortune, and is a gentleman highly respected in the city of Cork, near which he resides at a very handsome seat. Two other brothers became eminent distillers at Cashel.

When Mr. Mathew lost his parents, he was adopted by the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew. At thirteen years of age he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, where he became a great favorite. After having remained there for seven years, he was sent to Maynooth, where he pursued ecclesiastical studies for some time. Two aged Capuchin friars induced him to become a member of their order, and he repaired with them to Kilkenny, where he remained until appointed to Cork. On Easter Sunday, in 1814, he was ordained in Dublin. The habitual polish of his manner indicated a man of refinement, accustomed to move in those circles where Elegance is worshipped as a minor deity. To the ease of his address, his early intimacy with persons distinguished for manner may have contributed; but after all, politeness with Mr. Mathew was a dictate of his heart, and attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the higher classes, neither did he ever cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach, in glozing style, doctrines palatable to their ears. On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation, or by bitter speeches add fuel to their animosities. Yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he was most popular. It is a curious fact, that both claimed him as a clergyman after their desires, in itself a satisfactory proof that as he was not a courtier of the great, so neither was he an incendiary amongst the people. Ir [illegible] his fr [illegible]

the fashionable resort. Thither the devout *belle* went to enjoy mass later by an hour than could be heard in any other chapel in Cork. The *crème* of the Catholic society might have been seen there. Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive the visitors to his place of worship. But while his notice was eagerly sought by the rich and gay, no confessional was besieged by the poor with the same ardor as that where "our own Father Mathew" sat to rebuke vice, assuage grief, and console misery.

Such is the man to whom Ireland owes the debt of her social regeneration. No one could have been more admirably adapted to the mission he undertook. He had made himself well known and esteemed as a zealous friend to the poor. He had established a religious society for visiting the sick and indigent, which exerted an influence so marked and so beneficial, as to attract the notice and elicit the commendation of the government. He was precisely the man to wield a powerful influence in a cause which enlisted his zeal and gave scope to the energy of his character and the strength of his benevolence. The history of his conversion to teetotalism is singular.

In the spring of 1838, there was a meeting of the teetotallers at the Infant School-room, in St. Nicholas' parish, in Cove-street, Cork. The meeting was attended by several of the local advocates of temperance; and it was resolved to send two of the members as a deputation to Mr. Mathew, asking for his adoption of the views of the society. In the mean while William Martin, the father of teetotalism in Cork, spoke earnestly to Mr. Mathew. One of the deputation was an enthusiastic teetotaller, James M'Kenna. He was a pensioner who had seen much service in the army, and being a constant reader of the Scriptures, and possessing a Celtic imagination, with a limited education, he formed a style of extravagant and flowery quaintness; and when he poured forth his views on his darling subject of teetotalism, he sometimes produced very amusing effects. His name, however, deserves to be recollected by all friends to teetotalism.

Father Mathew said he would consider the subject, and told the deputation to see him in a few days, which was attended to. On the second visit, he cheerfully acceded to the ardent wishes of the society, and requested a meeting of the friends and advocates of temperance, on the following Monday evening, in the small room adjacent to the little chapel in Blackamoor-lane. It was on the 10th of April, 1838, this committee meeting was held. The Very Rev. Mr. Mathew, *addressing the members*, said, "Gentlemen, I hope you will aid and give me such information as may be necessary for the formation of the new Total Abstinence Society," and in the most emphatic manner said, if only one poor soul was rescued from intemperance and destruction, it will be doing a noble act, and adding to the glory of God. On taking the pen into his hand, he said these remarkable words, "Here goes in the name of the Lord," and then wrote down his name—the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, C. C., Cove-street, No. 1. It was proposed that the reverend gentleman should accept the presidency of the society, and he was accordingly appointed.

The first public meeting was held at seven o'clock in the evening, at the old school-room in Blackamoor-lane, when thirty-five new members took the pledge at the hands of Father Mathew. On the following day large placards were provided by James M'Kenna, and were posted through the city. On these bills, the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew's name, as president of the society, was publicly announced, signed James M'Kenna, secretary. For one person who gave credit to Father Mathew heading the society, hundreds, nay, thousands laughed, sneered, and disbelieved, and said it was all a falsehood and a humbug. The second and third meeting caused the greatest panic to the poison venders in Cork, as well as excitement and astonishment to others, many of whom rejoiced. Three hundred and thirty members were enrolled at the second meeting. The old, dilapidated school-room was soon found inadequate and too small, as well as dangerous to the lives of the people, who were flocking in thousands from all parts of the city; some to satisfy and convince themselves, others to laugh and smile at what they called the Utopian scheme of sobriety. Father Mathew applied to Mr. Conway and Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietors of the bazaar on Sullivan's-quay, which spacious building was capable of containing about four thousand persons at the time, with several doors for ingress and egress. This extensive square was of the utmost importance to the glorious cause, in which the people seemed to be animated by universal excitement to become members of Father Mathew's Total Abstinence Society, which before long became generally known through all the towns and villages of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietor of the bazaar, took the pledge, and all men and women in the employment followed the noble example of this estimable lady; hundreds every day, particularly after divine service on the Sabbath-day, when several thousands were pledged, which occupied upwards of a dozen writers registering the names.

From the 10th of April to the 14th of June, 1838, 25,000 persons of all denominations took the pledge from the Rev. Mr. Mathew. In the following month of December, being a period of five months, 131,000 were registered on the temperance books, making a total of 156,000 who took the pledge in Cork from April to December, 1838.

At this time multitudes were coming to Cork from all parts of Munster to take the pledge—some sixty, fifty, forty, and twenty miles distant, were seen on the public cars from Limerick, the counties of Galway, Clare, Kerry, Waterford.

From the city of Cork the movement spread to the neighboring districts, and soon the rustic population of the south, with their eager minds, noised it from one to another, "that there was virtue in Father Mathew." Thousands upon thousands wished to take the pledge. And, in their ignorance, numbers of the lower orders believed that the pledge administered by Father Mathew had a secret charm. The worthy friar himself never entertained such opinions, nor did he in anywise administer incentives to the popular credulity.

When the movement had gone a certain way, it was thought advisable for him to go about the country, and administer the pledge in various districts. On the 3d of December, 1839, he was publicly invited to Limerick, and the excitement caused by his visit was prodigious. Crowds from the farthest part of Connaught came to meet the "Apostle of Temperance," as he was now called. The excitement was almost unequalled. The throng into the city was so great, that the gravest apprehensions were felt for the public peace, and the question came, how were the multitudes to be fed? Bread rose to three times its ordinary price; a quart of milk sold for sixpence, and two shillings were paid for the humblest nightly lodging. But for the generosity of some leading citizens, many of the people might have perished for want of sustenance. So numerous were the crowds, that several were trampled down and grievously injured. Many with fractured limbs were taken to the hospitals and the dragoons were called out by the authorities to keep the masses in order. Mr. Mathew's sister, a most amiable lady, distinguished by beauty and intellect, resided at Limerick, and her famous brother was her guest during his sojourn. The house was surrounded by the dense multitude, and for hours Mr. Mathew stood upon the door-steps, administering the pledge. His voice was completely gone—he was inaudible from his exertions after four days administering the pledge.

From this period the movement proceeded with astonishing velocity, and excited wonder everywhere. England heard with surprise of the Irish abandoning their drunken habits; and the press upon the Continent, and in this country, recorded the revolution as one of the wonders of the age.

The effect of his labors in Ireland hardly any statement could exaggerate. All classes have felt their influence, the extent and power of which have been attested by every species of evidence. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has been obliged to alter his budget in consequence of the decrease of drinking ardent spirits in Ireland; the revenue of the country has been affected to the extent of thirty-two per cent., knocked off the Irish spirit duty by teetotalism. Parliamentary returns show a decrease of six millions and a half of gallons in two years, and the venerable justices on the highest bench of justice in Great Britain, have openly attributed the decrease of crime to the temperance revolution. The parallel of this revolution the world's history can hardly furnish.

Father Mathew is now the honored guest of America. That his mission may be as auspicious and as striking as that which has secured for him the blessings of a nation recovered from drunkenness, will be the prayer of all who know his history, and who appreciate the value of the influence he has so extensively and so powerfully exerted.

SUMMER BIRDS.

The birds! the birds of summer hours,
They bring a gush of glee
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.

We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amid the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from heaven;

And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them
With a blessing and a prayer.

POETRY AND RELIGION.

It is by no means our wish that all poetry were confined within the bounds of what is commonly designated Religious or Sacred Poetry. We know that this is impossible; but we do not think it even desirable. We would wish the poet to lead us forth through all the fields in which his own mind delights, and in which it would find the more varied, and pure, and exalted delight from being itself subject to the elevating, sanctifying influence of true religion. This only would we stipulate, that we should be led through no fields in which a mind thoroughly subjected to such influence could not delight. But is it too much to desire that, when we are called to look upon the beauty and magnificence of God's creation, we should be called to remember that it is God's—that, when we contemplate men in all their various conditions and positions, we should be led to bear along with us some thought not evidently dissonant from the poet's strain, of their relation to their Maker with all its responsibility and all its benefits; or, at least, that there should be nothing tending to prevent such thoughts—that, when we hear of immortality, it should be obviously that immortality of which we learn the certainty from the Word of God; or, at least, not obviously such as the believer in that Word must refer only to the dreams of deluded poets, or the erring speculations of a dreamy philosophy—that human passions should always be exhibited in such lights as may show their true moral character—that religious allusions, when made, should not be so made as to exclude the Lord Jesus Christ from all regard, and that morality, when taught in poetry, should be evangelical morality, acknowledging its dependence on the doctrines of the gospel, and not appearing studiously to withdraw itself from their fellowship?

Why should not sweet Poesy

> "Aid slighted Truth with her persuasive strain?"

There is the most perfect congeniality betwixt true religion and everything else which properly enters into poetry. The Psalms of David present the most admirable examples of the way in which poetry, strictly devotional, may derive much sweetness, beauty, and sublimity from allusions to external nature most harmonious with its own distinctive pervading character. The 65th and the 104th Psalms occur to us as ready illustrations of our meaning. Beautiful examples may be found likewise in the hymns of Cowper. But this harmony of the devotional and the descriptive is delightful also, which is distinctly descriptive, rather than devotional.

Poetry may be perfectly congenial with pious feelings, even when the piety is not expressed; and if it were not so, Christian minds would find lamentably little to delight them in English literature, and fields which we gladly own to be rich would be desolate. Thus it is, that even in works whose general tenor is contrary to true religion, Christians still find passages from the perusal of which they can derive pleasure; and such passages, whether occurring in the works of ancient heathen or of irreligious moderns, are perceived to be quite congenial with the feelings of true Christianity; for, in fact, they are true to nature—oases of indisputable verdure—and in their own truthfulness is the secret of their accordance with everything else that is true. We may illustrate this by reference to a few well-known lines of Byron:

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
> I love not man the less, but nature more,
> For these our interviews"—

Now a Christian may enter into these feelings, so far as the poet's feeling is to be learned from these lines themselves; and this pleasure in the pathless woods, this rapture by the lonely shore, and this music in the roar of Ocean, may be enjoyed by the devoted Christian most of all men, when he listens in silence to the "loud hosanna" sent up to God from all his works,

> "And adds his rapture to the general praise."

And so far as aught in poetry accords with Nature, that poetry may be made subservient to religion, even as the contemplation of Nature itself may; and this, however foreign to the poet's design.

We are not such blind admirers of Shakspeare as not to be perfectly and painfully aware that there is much in his pages which will not bear to be tried by a Christian rule, and of which it is therefore important that disapprobation should be clearly expressed on Christian grounds; all allowances of course made for the possibility of

interpolations, and with regard to the great poet himself, for his peculiar circumstances and the character of his times. But there is also very much of his poetry which a Christian mind may enjoy with a more unqualified delight. And to say nothing of isolated passages, the general design of some of Shakspeare's works seems beautifully accordant with truth and morality. He is, in at least some instances, eminently successful in what may be called the moral treatment of the most difficult subject with which a poet can intermeddle, the darker passions of the human heart. Thus, in the tragedy of Macbeth, the exhibition of these passions in their various workings, and in their fearful consequences—in the guilt-laden conscience, the utter misery attendant even on the most successful wickedness, the natural progress from utmost triumph to irretrievable ruin, the darkness within at the commencement, and the darkness all around at the close—is not not only impressive to the very utmost degree in which impressiveness can belong to poetry, but the impression which it is calculated to produce is, in our own opinion, a beneficial impression. We place out of account everything connected with the theatre—the morality or immorality of which must be determined on very different grounds from those on which the moral or immoral character of a poem is to be determined. We view Macbeth merely as a poem to be read, and therefore to be judged in the same way as the Paradise Lost. And we set aside all question as to particular scenes, particular passages, and everything except the general design of the poem—whose moral character will perhaps be better understood, if it be compared with some of the writings of Byron, in which also guilt and misery are seen in their real association, but yet the truthfulness of the picture is very partial—a false glare is flung over all—both guilt and its consequences are unambiguously referred to Destiny or Providence—and the poet still seems to aim at mitigating the enormity of vice and enlisting the sympathies of the reader on its side. Much of the moral superiority of Shakspeare depends upon the unequalled truthfulness of his pictures, and thus may in some measure be said to result from his poetic excellence. The question, however, is sometimes forced upon our consideration, whether it is right that such pictures should be drawn?

We might here make quotation after quotation, to illustrate the delight which a Christian mind may feel in various kinds of poetry, making no pretensions to the religious character. But we refrain from pursuing this subject any farther.

We have only to refer to the poetry of the Bible for proof that the fullest recognition of all truth is at least perfectly consistent with the most incomparable tenderness, and beauty, and sublimity. But we go farther, and assert that the fullest recognition of truth is conducive to every kind of genuine poetic excellence. There are truths which surpass all fiction. We are persuaded that no visions of fancy were ever so enchanting or so lovely, so calculated to awaken in the contemplative mind the noblest and most delightful emotions, as truth. We shall utter no high commendation of the little poem which concludes with the following lines, but of the lines themselves we shall say that they never fail to impress us with a sense of sublimity.

> "That very law which moulds a tear,
> And bids it trickle from its source—
> That law preserves the earth a sphere,
> And guides the planets in their course."

We anticipate no chilling of innate fervor, but upon the contrary a brighter incandescence of poetic fire, from the infusion of a greater measure of truth into the minds of poets, and therefore into poetry itself. Were it only by "arousing the dormant energies of intellect," the truths of religion would contribute to the production of poetry. It is not likely that Cowper would ever have risen to any very marked eminence as a poet, if he had not known the gospel, and been animated by sacred themes. The sublimest and most affecting passages of Milton are generally those in which the ordinary reader of the Bible must recognize the closest correspondence with its revelations, under the fullest influence of which the poet's mind seems to have given them birth. A similar observation may be made regarding the "Faery Queen," in which Christianity, Paganism, and popular superstitions are so incongruously commingled. Nor will much in the English language bear comparison with Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, and his Hymn of Heavenly Love.

We may yet hope for nobler and sweeter poems than have ever been produced. Seldom, if ever, has the world seen the highest poetic genius associated with Christian enlightenment, a taste controlled by Christian judgment, and Christian fervor of a high degree—yet this conjunction is not impossible, and the increasing prevalence of Christianity must render it more probable. And even where poetic genius is not of the very highest kind, the exalting power of Christianity may elevate it far above what it might otherwise have attained. An opposite power has already, in many instances, produced a wonderful degradation.

It is the Christian's eye that takes in the

widest field of truth at a glance. The sphere is extended for him, and not limited. He stands on a high and glorious eminence, from which he can look better up to heaven, beholding what is all unknown to other men—what infinitely transcends the excellency of all they know, or are capable of imagining; and even down upon earth he can look with greatest advantage for contemplating, so as to comprehend all its various scenes, distinctly perceiving what to every other eye is involved in dim obscurity, if not in utterly impenetrable darkness. Placed in such a position, subject to such influences as surround him there, the Christian poet must surely excel the poet otherwise equally gifted with himself, and the effect of his poetry must be more pleasing, more elevating, and more hallowing. It is true that he lies under some restraint as to the utterance of passion in his verse, even as he lies under restraint as to the indulgence of passion in his life—and it is true that he lies under some restraint as to the employment of poetic art for the provocation of passion in others. But with regard to this, it may surely be said that poetry, as a noble instrument in the hands of men highly endowed by God, ought to be deemed unmeet for debasing employment—used rather to produce happy effects, which will continue to be gratefully enjoyed after earth, with all its visions and its passions, its hopes, its promises, and its rewards, shall, "like an insubstantial pageant," have passed away.

THE SPIRIT'S FLIGHT.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL AND PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

We may not grieve the spirit's flight
From darkness to unclouded light!
We cannot wish that it had stayed—
Of earth-blights—earth-damps—sore afraid;
And yet, we're human—life-love, how human!
Earthy, how earthy!—strong man, frail woman—
Clinging ever to this dull, narrow sphere,
Mocking all higher hopes, we grovel here.

We have a hope—a blessed hope!—
With sun and death 'twere fit to cope,
If linked to faith—oh, fearless faith!
That in the unfathomed sea of death,
Leaps boldly from the giant rock of time,
Which it long and weary years to climb—
Floating away—away to eternity—
Breathing the blissful air of infinity!

Hers was *that* hope, and hers that faith
Which lulls the stormy waves of death.
Oh! how she wished to be away—
Away from night to lasting day;
From its love and hate—its joy and sorrow—
Now she knows no night—fears no to-morrow.
Eternal! eternal! changeless—forever
Is the joy of believers—"fading never!"

Cease to repine—she is happier far
Than ye e'er could have made her—than ye are.
Wherefore be downcast?—strive to be with her;—
When ye leave this pilgrim-world forever!
Grace is abounding!—Heaven without limit!—
Struggle on!—still on!—till ye are in it!
And that hope never flees from the faith-girt soul,
But illumines the path to the spirit-goal.

CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Wise men, in their illustrations of life and manners, generally go to find their extremes in the city and in the wilderness. Politeness and the mental and social embellishments and comforts attendant upon the arts and sciences, are attributed without exception to the city, while mere physical vegetativeness and the manifestations of a rude and savage condition of humanity, are the prescribed residents of the uncultured wilds. We do not require, however, to go beyond the moral boundaries with which the social economics of capital and labor have environed the homes of men to find the antipodes of human existence; the positive and negative conditions of life, like the points of a straight line, are to be found in every city; wealth lolling on its Sybarite cushions, feasting on its ambrosial dainties, and breathing its odor of roses, luxuriates hard by the dark and noisome caverns of ignorant, hungry, and almost naked poverty. Outcasts from the world of soul, and sense, and virtue, and home-life and love, drag on a weary load of proscribed debasement and suffering within the demesne of religion, and beneath the eyes of charity; while the former stretches her gentle helping hand to raise the darkling savage, and the latter looks with her tearful, dove-like eyes across the sea to men in pathless wilds, without seeming to know that there is a moral wilderness at home, peopled with types of poor humanity, more distant from heaven's light and radiance than he who, from his wigwam door, can look at morn and evening upon the sun, and feel its warming beams. It is to the wilderness, however, that men have gone and go to find their demigod, heroism; it is there that they bend their pilgrim steps to look upon incarnate endurance and temerity, and to bend to them in worship; but, even in the close-pent home of that neglected parish poverty, there resides a heroism which is unseen of men, but known and loved by angels; there love has its heart-warmed temple, resignation its martys, and charity its dwelling-spots.

"Knives to grind," cried a poor man, as he limped through the streets, driving his old, crazy machine before him. "Knives and scissors to grind." Williams did not limit his trade to the grinding of knives and scissors exclusively; he was even thankful to obtain a hatchet to reduce to chopping acuteness, but he only cried "Knives and scissors to grind," as has been the custom of itinerant cutlers since the days of Cataline. Williams drove his machine before him very slowly, and he perhaps required to do so, as it was rather fragile in its constitution; but he called "Knives to grind" with a lusty, cheerful, happy voice, that seemed to belie his own constitution; for he, too, like his precursor combination of beams, and stones, and wheels, was none of the most robust of creation's works. He was a little, ragged, lame, and feeble man, with an old and well-worn grinding-wheel as his only property; and anybody particular in affinities would have said they were made for each other.

Williams's face would have been notified merely as "a face," by a passer-by. Any one would have been satisfied at a glance that it was deficient in none of the constituent parts of the human visage; but the thought of whether it was beautiful or ugly, would never have intruded itself amongst his impressions. His large, old, broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his back and shoulders, and threw a deep shade upon his brow; and then, again, his thick black hair clung in large curls down his pale cheeks, and also partly obscured his features, so that his countenance was not put forward to advantage, and therefore it might be full of hidden beauties for aught the world knew. His well-patched coat hung loosely round his spare form, investing it with even more than its own due proportion of apparent robustness; but poverty's universal and palpable mantle hung over him all, with a truthful, tell-tale earnestness, of whose reality there could be no mistake. In this guise Williams limped along then, crying out for customers, and looking sharply about him for the same. He would turn his glancing eyes to the windows of the wooden-fronted house, from which pretty damsels were looking into the street, and then he would look earnestly at the portly merchants who passed into their lofty doors; but, though neither dame nor citizen would pay any attention to him, Williams would still jog on and shout as gaily as if he were a wild bird uttering his accustomed cry.

Up one street went he, and down another. He often rested in front of the church, and looked admiringly at its architecture, for he had a strong

love for the beautiful, although he was only a knife-grinder; and sometimes he would seat himself upon the handle of his machine, in order to contemplate the outward grandeur of some imposing edifice; but if any one had supposed that there was one envious thought in all his contemplations, he did the knife-grinder injustice, for no envy had he, poor though he was.

To those who knew all about Williams, there was nothing more incomprehensible in the world than his lightness of heart. That he should sing, was one of the most startling of anomalies—he, whose father, the fireman, perished in trying to rescue his own wife and Williams's mother from the flames of his burning house. It was often said by those who saw the knife-grinder's ever-cheerful aspect, that he might think of his father and mother, and if nothing else could remind him of them, surely his own lameness might; for it was upon the night when they perished that he was afflicted, and yet he didn't seem to think so.

The life of the poor knife-grinder was a lonely one enough, without adding to it the pains and penalties of a morbid melancholy; but some folks didn't think so, and would have had him forever sad as well as lonely. It was acknowledged that he was a wonderful lad, however; and as this phrase is capable of a multiplicity of explications, it may be as well to state that he had refused all offers of a pecuniary nature from anybody whatever, had established himself in a little dwelling, and supported himself by his grinding-machine, and this is why he was termed wonderful. If it had been possible to look into the bosom of the knife-grinder, there would have been seen throbbing there, and sending through every channel of his frame a current of boundless love, a heart as rich and pure as ever bosom bore. It was a wonderful heart, too; for it was stout and strong, and bore up as if it had been a giant's, sent to animate a weakling. There was no flinching in its courage, no drooping in its joyous mood, no change in its loving pulsations from morn to night, as he plodded up one narrow street, down another, through crossings and squares, and courts and byways. The knife-grinder's heart was a hero's; and let who will say otherwise, we will maintain with tongue and pen that it was, and one of the proudest order too. It is easy, it is natural for hearts to maintain their beauty and their goodness in those sunny spots of the world to which love and beauty are indigenous. By cheerful hearths, where, in the ruddy glow of the log, and in the bright flame, you picture golden gardens, and caverns, and groves, or behold the brightly lighted faces of childhood, how can the heart wither or grow sad? In the duality of love resides its natural life. Heart answering heart, bright eye enlightening eye, kind words echoing back love's gentle aspirations—these maintain the eternal spring of the affections, as sunlight and heat give to the earth her summer. But to maintain a vital relation to bright and glorious heaven, amidst the darkness and gloom of a lonely little room in the dingiest spot of the city, was heroism—let the world say as it will.

"Oh, have pity, and give the poor little homeless one a mite!" said a soft and gentle voice—so soft and gentle, that the words might have been with propriety addressed direct to Heaven, as well as in the ear of one of Heaven's humblest agents upon earth—the knife-grinder.

It was in a dark and wretched quarter of the town where he was thus accosted, a spot whose gloom the shade of evening scarcely deepened; black walls, grim with the smoke of ages and crumbling to ruin, rose on either hand, and, converging at the top, seemed agreed to meet and exclude the blue heavens and sunbeams. Little windows, dirty, dingy, broken, and rag-patched, told that these high walls were the walls of homes, and the faces of human beings peeping now and again from them were the indices of immured life and thought. Yet, even in that lofty series of chambers, where humility scarcely could brook to live, the little outcast who had breathed her piteous accents to Williams, had no spot to lay her head.

"One little farthing to buy a roll to poor Bessie," pursued the child in tremulous tones; "oh, I am hungry!" and she laid her hand on that of Williams, and looked up in his face.

The knife-grinder's machine dropped from his hands as if he had been suddenly struck, and he turned towards the little suppliant with so benign a look, that the child smiled in his face and crouched nearer to his person. "Poor Bessie," said Williams, decimating his fortune, and presenting the tithe to the infant, "art thou hungry?"

"Yes; and cold, and sad," said the child, artlessly; "I have no father nor mother, nor anybody to care for me; I am a beggar and an outcast."

The knife-grinder held in his breath, as he bent to listen to the words of the child, and when she had done, he caught her hand, stretched himself proudly up, and breathed long and freely, while his eyes became radiant and his face illumined with a sudden and noble purpose. "Alone, like me," exclaimed the knife-grinder; "poor child! Oh! is there another even more

destitute of all the reciprocities of love than lame Williams?" and he turned his kindly face towards the little girl; "I could sit at my lone fire at night, when the world around me slept, and I could hold communion with my parents' spirits in silent peace and joy; but Bessie, what will night be to her but houseless horror? I am a man," pursued he, again stretching himself up, and striving to look strong; "I am independent," and he shook the coppers in his pocket; "can I not snatch this child from sorrow and hunger? John Ross, the water-carrier, keeps a great dog, which I am sure will eat more food than this little thing; why not keep a child as well as a dog?" The spirit within the knife-grinder seemed to say, why not? and the spirit of the outcast child seemed to know it; for she crouched still closer to the knife-grinder, and looked up in his face, as if she knew him. "And does no one care for you, Bessie?" said the poor, lame youth, softly; "is there no one to love you?"

"None but the Father who dwells beyond the stars with good angels," said the child, timidly.

"Then thou shalt go with me," said Williams, snatching her up in his arms and kissing her pale, thin cheek as lovingly and rapturously as if it had bloomed in health and beauty. "You shall go with me, and I will love you and take care of you, and you shall grow up to be a woman, and I will be as a father to you. Sit there, Bessie, and hold on firmly; my machine is not very strong, but it will bear you. I am not so brave and stout as the sentinels at the castle-gate, but I will be weaker if I cannot carry you home; so here we go," and with a heart overflowing with feelings which he had never known before, and his eyes dancing with a pleasure which surpassed all former emotions, he limped on with his crazy wheel and smiling child.

"Here we are," cried the knife-grinder, as he hurled Bessie into the dark passage of his home, opened his door, and lifting her gently down, placed her upon his cold hearthstone. "It wont be cold long," cried he, laughing cheerily, as he struck a light and applied it to the wood which filled his grate. "It isn't a palace this, Bessie; but if you are not as happy as a little queen, it shall be no fault of mine. Come, let me wash your face and hands, and eat thou or this brown bread."

After ministering in every possible way to the comfort of his protégé, Williams sat down, and looked upon her with eyes that sparkled in the light of his crackling logs. A strange, elevating sensation stole over his spirit—a sense of dignity and power that he had never known in his loneliness. Was it not a direct radiation from heaven which exalted the soul of this poor man with an inward cognizance of paternity? "My child," muttered he, with a sweet smile; "mine!—I now have something to care for; something that I will learn to care for me. John Ross's dog loves him I know, and would fight for him, but his dog is but a brute. This young Bessie was sent from heaven, fresh, rosy, and glowing with a celestial nature, and then misfortune blighted her, to render her a fit companion for me."

Everybody wondered to see how clean and neat the knife-grinder became all at once. He felt that it was necessary to give Bessie a good example in all things, and so he kept his frock as clean as if every day were Sunday. A change came o'er the aspect of his home, too; he became particular with regard to scrubbing his floor, and burnishing his two little cooking-pans, and arranging his crockery; and when he took Bessie to school, and paid a weekly instalment of what he intended to pay for her education, she and he were so trig and neat, that the teacher said he was glad to see a brother have such care over his sister.

Williams became filled by degrees with a sense of home and an assurance of love. When he was abroad, his thoughts were dancing in the flames of his own beaming hearth, and smiling in the face of pretty, blooming Bessie. In every penny he earned he recognized her share; in every step he took at nightfall towards his dwelling, amongst his anticipations of peace, rest, and comfort, her face was seen smiling him on, and her hands were seen spreading his board. His fortunes began to mend as the little girl began to grow up. He could not account for it, unless as a gracious dispensation of that great Ruler of good, who sent a double share of work to him for Bessie's sake. But work came to him now, when he didn't call out for it; and as he was respectable, and could go with his new machine to the Park, it was astonishing how much money he would carry home in the evenings. Nobody would have believed that the knife-grinder, who had his name painted jauntily on a board in front of his machine, and wore a smart frock and beaver, was the same lame man who bore home the little foundling five years previously. His cheeks were clean and ruddy, and his bright black eyes were scarcely brighter than his well-combed locks; and the cookmaids who brought him knives to grind, often declared that his face was very handsome; and, blessings on their woman's hearts, they pitied him that he was lame, and you would have thought that they

blunted the knives on purpose, so regularly did they bring them to him to sharpen.

Little Bessie grew up as tall and straight as a poplar, and as beautiful as an orange-tree; and how pleasant to the knife-grinder to watch her growth and opening loveliness; but he could hardly define the happiness that thrilled him, when the truth dawned upon his observant spirit that she was like unto him in her ways. Every little delicate kindness that ever he had shown to this poor outcast, she strove by some spiritual impulse to reciprocate; she loved him with a strong and passionate earnestness that he knew not of; and every smile he gave her, every happy word he spoke, fell on her heart like heavenly music; and it was because of the refined and delicate manners which she observed in him, and which she so assiduously strove to imitate, that she loved him. He had never hinted at the link which bound him and Bessie together; she was old enough when he found her to know that he was no relation of hers; and she had so distinct a remembrance of the vice amongst which she had dwelt, that the gentle words which he constantly spoke, and the little prayers and hymns which he taught her to repeat, gave her at first a dim idea of maternal care, and then of human goodness, which she was constrained to love and venerate, and to which she had some indefinite affinity; but she had no sense of charity, no feeling of dependence, for he had consulted her about every little household act, and had so identified her with himself in all he said or did, that she, too, had no thought of doing anything beyond his knowledge.

Bessie would go out of the afternoons to meet her modest protector at some appointed place, and the knife-grinder looked so happy and so brave, and Bessie looked so beautiful and smiling, that the folks began to take notice of the cheerful pair, and to declare that *that* knife-grinder and his pretty sister deserved to be encouraged. And so he was encouraged; for, when he opened his cutler shop, customers came pouring on him; and, assuredly, Bessie had a busy time of it serving them. Dinner sets of knives and forks for the quiet, calculating dames, who were queens in their way, for each ruled a home; long, black scalpels for physicians; large carvers for keepers of cookshops; pruners and hedgebills for agriculturists; and hooks and scythes for reapers; together with penknives for students of law and divinity; these constituted part of the stock of Williams, and these were the class of his ready-money, constant customers.

In twelve years from his finding Bessie, Williams was a man of standing and importance. He was esteemed wise, and good, and rich which last was perhaps the most important consideration of the whole in the eyes of some. But he esteemed himself especially blessed of heaven in Bessie, and she was the chief of all his earthly treasures. And what a treasure of grace, and beauty, and affection, had that young child become! It was a picture far finer than any of the paintings in the city gallery; it was a finer sight than them all to behold Bessie seated behind the counter of the well-filled shop on the fine summer afternoons, when the sunbeams streamed through the little panes, and fell upon her fine ruddy cheeks, smooth brown hair, and blue eyes, as she bent thoughtfully over a book, or wrought away with her needle. Williams, grown a thoughtful man, with a dignified air that became him wonderfully well, would stand and gaze upon the maiden from his back workshop, and bless her from his heart; and then he would wonder if any one could envy him of this jewel of his home. Was it envy, or that most selfish of all the passions, sometimes misnamed love, that prompted Robert, the skinner, to come so often to the shop. He was a gallant man, who was ambitious of illumining the world; for, like many other people whose money had accumulated in their coffers, he, with great modesty, and no doubt truth, felt assured that his intellect had brightened and expanded too. He came to the shop day after day, finely done up in broad cloth and linen, with his beaver stuck up a little at the side, to give it a rakish air. He was a very large specimen of the human frame, and spoke very loudly and authoritatively upon everything and even nothing, and few thought themselves so high and killing as Robert.

Robert would ask Bessie to accompany him to the various amusements and sights of the city, and Bessie, who had been at them all already, would refuse, and declare that she had sufficiently seen them; and then Robert would appeal to Williams, who, remembering how happy she had been with him, would urge her to go for her own sake, but always in such tones, that she would still refuse three times out of five. And what was it that stirred the knife-grinder when Bessie would reluctantly go with Robert. Was it the old sensation of his poor and lonely years—his sense of friendlessness that came back upon him! It was a strange, vague feeling—a dread of nothingness, that stole over his heart, as if to extinguish it. Ah, if Bessie were to leave him now! and then the tears would rush into his manly eyes, and the knife-grinder knew that he loved her. It is a truth, and an almost universal one, that the strongest and most beautiful minds feel most sensitively

the oppression of corporeal infirmities. Williams was lame, and he knew that Bessie was surpassing beautiful. He was only twelve years her senior, and he had known, loved, and tended her longer than any other mortal had; but though he had deemed himself fit to be a father and instructor to Bessie, he was convinced that she would hardly reckon him a fit companion to brighten and sustain her life—a worthy object, to whom she might apply the name of husband.

"Ah, well, I shall tell Robert to walk by himself henceforth," said Bessie, gravely, as she threw off her cloak and hood after one of her walks. "I am done with him."

"And why, dear Bessie?" said Williams.

"For various weighty reasons," said she, smiling; "but chiefly on my own account."

"And how on your own account?" said he, earnestly.

"Lest I should fall in love with so stupid a creature," said Bessie, laughing; "and then you know, according to your theory, I should become like him."

Williams was silent a few moments, and then he said, "So you would prefer some other companion to Robert, Bessie?"

"Ay, that I would. Do you think that I am happy when I am in the gardens with Robert? Ah, if you do, how mistaken you are!"

Williams was troubled, and quietly said, "Robert is a man of substance and of honest fame"—

"Oh, fame!" cried Bessie, interrupting him; "that he blows forth most lustily himself; they should put a trumpet in his hand when they erect his statue on the top of the city hall."

"I have asked you to go with Robert merely because I thought it would be pleasant for you to see the green trees, and to inhale the fragrance of the flowers."

"Then you should come with us, if you wish them to be beautiful in themselves, or agreeable to me," said she, with charming naïvete.

Williams looked at his protégé in amazement, and then a sweet smile overspread his face, as he replied, "And so you prefer to talk to me, and to walk with me, although I am not the finest talker or walker in town."

"This hearth is the brightest spot I know, or have ever known on earth," said Bessie, in low, tremulous, earnest tones. "This face is the handsomest to me in the world," she continued, as she leant upon the knife-grinder's breast and spread back the dark curls from his brow. "These lips have ever been the sweetest exponents of wisdom and goodness that I have known. Ah! what should poor Bessie do, if you were to bid her leave you!"

The knife-grinder caught the earnest, tearful girl in his arms, and he gazed into her face. Was he dreaming? Was this some passing illusion, too bright to last? Ah! no; for truth in its integrity and purity was reflected in her eyes. Through the vista of a few years he saw himself a poor and ragged youth, friendless and almost spiritless, plodding the streets of his native city for the precarious bread derived from a precarious calling. He saw a little girl thrown in his path, even more friendless and wretched than he. The political economist, who draws conclusions only after casual reflections and with arithmetical precision, would inevitably have seen in the adoption of this child by the knife-grinder, an addition to his misery; but, by a law which political economists and philosophers have never been able to write down, the blessing had come with the burden. A good deed more than rewards itself; the deed is but the action of a moment; the reward begins on earth, and goes on increasing through eternity. From a drooping, almost satisfied, son of poverty, Williams, by the stirring of the nobler impulses of his nature, had grown slowly and gradually into a refined and honored man; and Bessie, from a beggar and an outcast, had been trained into beauty, goodness, and virtue.

"Well, I considered it but right, as a matter of courtesy, and what not?" said Robert. Robert always finished his sentences with the words, "and what not." "I considered it right," said he, "to let you know that it is time Bessie was married."

"I was thinking so myself," said Williams, as he leant over his counter, and smiled in the face of Robert.

"And I consider it but right to let you know that I mean to have her, which, I dare say, will be as agreeable to you as to her, and what not?" said Robert, cocking up his beaver and swelling out his cheeks.

"As agreeable to the one as to the other, doubtless," replied the other, quietly.

"You are a man of substance," said the skinner, looking more important than ever he had done; "and it is to be hoped that you will be liberal to the girl."

"I have never laid by a stiver, but her share was in it," said the cutler, seriously; "she shall have my all when she marries."

"I always said that you was a good fellow, and a liberal fellow, and what not?" said Robert, grasping the other's hand, and slapping him on the shoulder with the other. "How glad we shall be to see thee in the evenings!"

"[illegible] keep at h[illegible] the evenings, as

hitherto," replied the knife-grinder, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "my wife will feel lonely without me else."

"Your wife!" said Robert, staring at him; "who is she? when is it to be? and what not?"

"Why, Bessie has her wedding garments to make, and what not?" said Williams, laughing outright; "but whenever she says the word, I am ready."

"Bessie! you!" cried Robert in amazement, as he looked at Williams, and then, strutting up and down the shop, looked first at his limbs, and then at the cloth of his doublet. "Well, who ever heard of the like?"

"Ay, ay, Robert; and so you envied me of my little girl, did you?" said he, smiling; "she wouldn't have you, though, although you were twice as large and rich as you are. I shall take care and give thee a bidding, however, to our wedding."

LONGING FOR REST.

Into the woods, into the woods! this fret
And bustle of the big o'er-anxious world
Likes me not: hither, gentle winds, and let
Your blue and rustling pinions be unfurled
To bear my vexéd spirit far away
Into the bosom of yon dusk old wood,
Winding as the valley winds for many a rood;
Westward the burning chariot-wheel of day
Is in the chrome-dyed ocean axle deep;
Haste! ere the twinkling dews o'er the green earth shall creep!

'Tis featly done! Oh, now at length repose
Shall find me, here, where nothing is that breathes
The spirit of unrest. How richly those
Rays that come streaming where the king-oak wreathes
His warped and gnarled bows, make the moss floor
Of this vast temple seem mosaic-wrought;
Each knoll's an altar whence ascends untaught
The willing incense of the flowers, that more
Than all mute things on earth their homage pay
To the dear love that keeps their fair forms day by day!

Here would I worship too, listening the note
That ripples out upon the stirless air,
In sweet, wild gushes from the ruffled throat
Of some winged minstrel! how that music rare
Brimfills my sense with stillest quietude!
Alack, 'tis past, and silence and repose
Reign in twin sisterhood; yon meek, wild rose
Her silken leaves, with softest tints imbued,
Hath folded in the shade, and now appears
When wet with dew more sweet, like Innocence in tears.

Dear dreamy wood! Ha! the small aspen *leaves*
Are quivering in a white and misty beam;
In the deep-shadowed foliage it weaves
A silver-tinselled tissue, that doth seem
Meet for the bridal robing of the fay
That queens it in this forest; upward see
The clustered stars that glitter witchingly,
That shed o'er many a lone ship's ocean way
Their soft dispassioned lustre; oft when care
Hath fevered and harassed, I've blest their radiance fair.

I would not wish a sweeter home than this,
Since man his brother still *will* vex for naught;
Even here, where rival flowers entwining kiss,
And all things yield their beauty, Heaven-taught,
To bless each other. Tremulously faint
Gleams by the river brink yon glow-worm's lamp,
Where now he banquets him on rank weeds damp
With beaded dew; while, simply sad and quaint,
Night-winds a low and dirge-like cadence bring
Where, cloistered in dim shade, the owl sits sorrowing.

Oh, sure there is a wordless eloquence
Breathed freely forth within these leafy glooms,
The odor which all verdurous things dispense,
The birds soft nestled in the drooping plumes
Of the all-muffling ivy, and the clear
Unhindered glory of the moon, that makes
A glittering heaven of dew-stars in the brakes,
Whisper my sorrow-burthened heart that here
For every woe there is a gracious balm,
For all its o'erwrought fears a hushed and holy calm.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION UPON THE INTELLECT.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

MAN is in ruins—the wreck is melancholy and universal. Yet he is mighty still, and great in his ruins. We are often amazed at the wrecks of former greatness, and instinctively ask, whether all that is grand might not be recovered, and the powers restored? As the pensive traveller who leans on the broken fragments of a column, amidst the ruins of Palmyra or Thebes, asks, whether all the ancient grandeur of such a city might not be recovered, and still greater magnificence might not rise from these ruins? That man may be restored to primeval dignity and elevation of character, has been the almost universal belief of the world. It has been, and must be believed, that his shattered intellect might be repaired and somehow the balance be restored to the moral feelings. And the attempt has been made. One class have sought it by philosophy and science; one by active enterprise; vast numbers by the stimuli of ambition and the love of eminence. Somehow it has been almost universally felt, that some scheme of religion was adapted to the case, and fitted to recover fallen man. Our belief is, that religion under the Christian scheme, is fitted to make the most of the human powers.

Let us first remark the influence of piety on the *intellect*. The intellectual powers may be called forth by other means, than by a reference to the honor of God. It may be done through the influence of ambition. It may be done by a contemplation of the great names of the past, and by holding them up to admiration. It may be done by the hope of office; or, it may be, by certain ever-active principles in the mind itself, proclaiming its high origin. But can a man ever make as much of his intellectual powers in any other way, as by bringing them under the influence of Christian piety? Can any substitute be adapted to the lapsed condition of human affairs, which shall fill up the place made vacant by the want of love to God? Here let it be remembered, that the first influence of piety on the understanding, is, to produce the love of truth. Truth is the nourisher of the intellectual powers. Error paralyzes, perverts, destroys. *It is a poison as deadly to the intellect*, as any poison can be to the body. The mind of man is made, originally, susceptible of being expanded by the contemplation of truth. The book of revelation is the expression of such truths as are adapted to man in his fallen condition, and in all the periods that may attend the process of recovery here. Other truths may be in reserve for a higher state of being; but Christianity has expressed those truths which are adapted to our present state, and fitted to make the most of fallen mind. In paradise, the mind would have been expanded and matured by truth; in the fallen condition of man, God contemplated his recovery by the instrumentality of truth; in paradise regained, mind is still to be expanded and matured by the presentation of truth.

The truth of God is adapted to the end in view. It is exactly fitted to make an impression on the mind, though that mind is in ruins. Piety restores the mind to the original love of truth, than which there is no surer mark or index of intellectual advancement. Is there a man, whose aim is truth, truth always—truth pure like its author? in him you see a man whose understanding is advancing with the utmost rapidity to its farthest growth. In a man like Newton, intent on truth in astronomy—like Locke, intent on truth in mental science, or like Bacon, intent on truth in all sciences, you see a man whose intellect is expanding to its utmost dimensions. Or is there a person, who is aiming at other subjects, seeking applause; who strives for distinction, reckless of the means? in such a one you have found a man, who though his mind may sparkle, and dazzle, and confound, may yet be doing that which shall destroy the balance, and produce disorder of his intellectual powers, as well as perverseness in his heart.

Piety will produce *true independence of thinking and investigation*. He who fears God is the man who is in a fair way to be an independent thinker. He who feels that he is responsible to a higher than any earthly tribunal, is the man who will be in a suitable condition to make any proper use of his understanding. He who is time-serving, or who feels it to be for his interest to keep in w[illegible] who

makes it a point of conscience never to swerve from a system ready to his hands; or who has adopted it as a maxim, that the intellect has been taxed on all subjects to its utmost powers, and that no new and hitherto unseen view of truth is yet to greet the human mind; will lose the stimulus to exertion, and will pursue a course which tends to paralyze all his powers.

It is by fearing God more than man, and venerating the system of truth in the Bible more than the system of the schools, that the human powers are put forth to appropriate action, and called out into the severest discipline. What is it which cramps the intellect of man? From whence arises the remarkable fact, that so few men in any profession or party ever think for themselves? Prejudice; reverence for the authority of venerable names, living or dead; pride of party; the domination of a leader; the interest of station; indolence and vice. To counteract these, to expand the intellect, and produce true independence of judgment, there must be the fear of God; not a daring and reckless self-confidence, misnamed holiness; not that feeling which denounces past or living wisdom; which scorns instruction; but that which surmounts passion, humbles pride, isolates man from his party; which prompts to the invocations of heavenly wisdom, and which leads him in sincerity and prayer to the Bible.

Piety produces a *sober and just practical estimate of things.* Some men accomplish nothing, because their faculties are called into action in great disproportion. He who seeks to dazzle and confound the world, may give the reins to his imagination. He who would control his fellow-men, may study the arts of intrigue and the mazy policies of ambition. He only who fears God, will aim to make the most of all his faculties and powers of mind. That powerful principle will prompt the mind to humble and earnest investigation. It will summon a man to the legitimate use of all its powers; and this may open the mind on truths, even in religion, which the human mind, since the days of inspiration, has not clearly contemplated. It will not be doubted, that the profound mind of Edwards contemplated some truths, which uninspired intellect had not before so clearly seen; or that Robert Hall fixed his gaze on ever-living truth, with an intensity which, perhaps, had seldom if ever before, been vouchsafed to mere mortals. We are, it may be, often in danger of error, in the supposition that the human mind has reached the utmost limit in investigating moral subjects; and that that limit has been fixed with infallible accuracy in the *venerable symbols* which express and embody the belief of other ages. But it is possible, that the Bible may be better understood; that the principles of moral government there developed may be better explained; that the character of the human mind, the laws of its action, and the ever-varying forms of human guilt; that the way of access to the hearts of men by truth, and the subject of morals and duties, as adapted to the new development of things on earth, may be better investigated and comprehended. It is true, that the system in the Scriptures was perfect, when they were written. But so was the system of astronomy perfect, when the morning stars sang together; nor have the revolutions of ages, nor the wear of the vast machine, made any changes or suggested any improvements in the mechanism of the heavens. It is true that the system of botany was perfect, when God penciled the flowers in paradise; of chemistry, when the air, and waters, and earths of the early creation were formed; and of anatomy, when the first man trod the green earth of Eden. Successive ages have detected no fault, and made no improvement, in these systems. But this does not prove, that the toils of Newton, and La Place, and Linnæus, and Cuvier, and Davy, and Harvey, and Bell, have been without advantage to mankind. Nor is it demonstrated, that the limit of advancement is yet reached; or that the human mind must here pause, and hope to proceed no farther. These men have just opened illimitable fields of thought; it may be so too in theology. The system in the Scriptures was as perfect as astronomy was before Newton lived; yet it is possible, that there are truths, and relations of truths, which the mind has not yet contemplated. And it is certain, that there is no pursuit of truth so adapted to expand the mind, as the contemplation of the character of the Creator of all, of the relations which we sustain to him, of the wonders of the incarnation and atonement, and of the immortal destiny that opens before us in an advancing eternity.

One remark may be made here, respecting truth as revealed in the Bible. It is that the expressions which occur in the Scriptures are adapted to cover all the ground which the utmost investigations of the mind can make. Penned, indeed, in an obscure age, and amidst a people the reverse of those eminent for science, and by persons, too, evidently ignorant of many truths now perfectly familiar to us; yet the language which they employ meets the utmost discoveries of future times. A man whose mind is imbued with the sublimest views of the modern astronomy, will peruse the glowing language of David, in the nineteenth psalm, as if it had been written under the freshness of the discoveries of Newton. There

is not a declaration of the Bible respecting the glories of the heavens, the grandeur of the universe, the wonders of the human frame, the divine wisdom illustrated in his works, or the operations of the mind, which does not cover, as if originally designed to express it, all that is now or will hereafter be known. To a mind imbued with the science of modern times, these expressions convey far more than they could do in the obscure views of the times of Moses and David; and one of the principal achievements which remains for the intellect of the world to accomplish, is, to make use of modern science, and the laws of mind, as now understood, and the developments of providential purposes, as Cuvier has done in fossil remains, in illustration of the principles of the Bible. Butler, Paley, and Dick, and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises, have laid the foundation of what is yet to open to the human mind, views of truth on which the fathers never gazed, and of that train of argumentation which is yet to call into the service of Christianity the profoundest intellect of the world. Hitherto, talent and learning have extensively prided themselves on being dissociated from the Christian system. Here may yet be found the cementing link, which shall bind the talent of the earth to the services of Christianity, and compel the advancing and somewhat proud and independent sciences, to become willing handmaids and allies in the spread of the gospel to all nations.

Piety *calls forth the active powers.* The experiment has never yet been fairly made, to see how much pure and ever-burning piety might accomplish, in calling forth the active powers of man. What mighty energies, ambition and sin might summon into being, has been exemplified; and, unhappily, when we wish to gauge the powers of man, we are compelled to resort to some such melancholy exemplifications. History is little else than the record of such disastrous achievements; in contemplating which, we stand almost equally amazed at the exhibition of gigantic intellect and fiendish malignity. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, have amazed the world with their daring exploits, and by the mighty powers which they exhibited in the service of ambition; Nero, Cæsar Borgia, Richard III, have shown to what prodigious efforts unmingled sin may summon the human powers; and D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire, have evinced to what almost supernatural feats of intellectual strength the mind may be summoned, in a united effort to corrupt a nation, and dethrone religion from the hearts of men. Here, talent has been controlled by sin; ambition or crime directs all the powers on a single object, and the world trembles before the amazing intellect of fallen man.

But when we contemplate the influence of religion upon the human mind, we see it in broken, irregular, and disjointed efforts. Among men, merely, we cannot point to a single instance, where the powers have been as entirely controlled, and called forth by holy efforts, as they have been under the control of ambition or infidelity. A few, indeed, have approximated to it; and we refer to them, as rare exceptions to the common laws of holiness over men. The energies of Paul were brought into action under the influence of piety; and Baxter and Edwards seemed disposed to make trial of what that mind could do, under the operation of Christianity; and Howard is said to have pursued his object with an intensity which the nature of the human mind forbade to be greater. But why do we refer to these instances, as standing like far distant lights in the darkness of the past? It is because the power of holiness has not been applied to the *mass* of the Christian world.

There are two melancholy facts which stand forth in the past history of the world. One is, that talent, which might have made itself felt, in shaping the destiny of men, has slumbered, and been lost. At any single period of the world, there has been talent enough for all its great purposes of improvement. Who can believe that Luther was the only man who ever dwelt in a cloister, endowed with native powers to effect a revolution in nations? Who can believe that there is not power enough in the church, to carry the gospel to all the world? The other fact is, that genius is often wasted, or burns and blazes for naught. Now, splendid talent is called forth by some daring scheme of ambition. Smitten and foiled in its designs, it shrinks back on itself, and withers, and is lost to the world. Now, it is excited by some wild, utopian plan for the philosophic improvement of men. Life is exhausted in the scheme, and the misdirected talent falls useless to the dust. Now, splendid genius seems to be drawn out simply by the love of intellectual exercise—by the mere fondness of its play, and a useless poem or novel is all the memorial which is left to tell that the man once lived. And yet again, talent, just adapted to all the hardy enterprises of making the race better, expends itself in some wild and devious plan of wandering, like that of Ledyard; or in exploring the memorial of ancient folly, like that of Belzoni.

Now the same mighty energies of mind, which are summoned into action by ambition, the love of gold and of sin; or the very energy that seeks employ [illegible] to its [illegible] wavering

continents, ascending streams, and penetrating frozen seas, might be called forth by the same principle which moved the minds of Paul, and Buchanan, and Martyn. Nay, higher powers of mind might be developed by an unextinguishable desire to be holy, and to save the world, than the love of gold or fame has ever yet excited. If a man wished to make the most of his talents, to put them to the severest and most enduring test, to labor simply to extend and prolong his influence, he would tread the path of Paul and Howard. The influence of the Cæsars of the world must die. The memorials of their grandeur and power shall perish. The influence of the names of Paul and Howard can never die. The memorials of their toils will exist throughout the ages of millennial glory, and endure to the end of all things.

THE IDLE LYRE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"Heureux ceux qui meurent au berceau; ils n'ont connu que les baisers et les souris d'une mere!"—CHATEAUBRIAND.

There was an idle lyre
'Mid Heaven's choral band;
A messenger was summoned
To hear his Lord's command,
That from among earth's children
Some favored one he bring,
Who had a skillful finger
To sweep the golden string.

Oh! high and holy honor!
Whose shall the glory be,
To wake a music fitting
The ear of Deity?
What mighty minstrel, laurelled
With wreaths which Fame has given,
Shall now be counted worthy
To join the ranks of Heaven?

No master mind whose spirit
Might lift itself to hymn
The praise of the Eternal,
With burning seraphim;
Nor one who long had lingered
Till age had dimmed youth's fire,
Is from earth's myriads chosen
To touch that silent lyre.

A little child was playing
Beside his mother's knee,
Unconscious of the honor
That was his destiny.
The angel bent above him
And breathed the low command;
And ere another morning
The lyre was in his hand.

Ah! is the mother weeping
Because her darling boy
Is tasting purer pleasure,
And feeling holier joy,
Than she could ever yield him,
Even with her winning tone,
While his dear, thrilling bosom
Was pillowed on her own?

We know that she will miss him,
His books unopened lie;
And every way she turneth,
There's something meets her eye
That marks his painful absence;
And on his vacant chair,
His brother looks and wonders
Why *he* no more is there.

Mourn we that he is taken
Where every tear is o'er,
Where not a throe of sorrow
Shall swell his bosom more?
Oh! could we hear the sweetness
Of his angelic strain,
Not life's best gifts would tempt us,
To call him back again.

Though transient was his visit
To this bleak world of ours,
The brilliant buds of promise
Gave sign of early flowers.
We yet shall see them blooming
When it to us is given
To join as kindred spirits
The choristry of Heaven.

VIEWS IN PARIS.

BY A RECENT TRAVELLER.

PARIS has for ages been one of the largest and most splendid cities in Europe. It is one of the chief centres of civilization and refinement. With the exception of London it is the largest city in Europe. The capital of France is situated on the Seine, at the distance of about seventy miles from the sea, in a country more generally level and less diversified than the vicinity of London. For beauty, public buildings, gardens, art, and such things, Paris is superior to London, but inferior in the bustle of men and horses, and the more stern and practical proceedings of life. Independent of its being the centre of attraction and gaiety, and the potent influence it exerts on art and fashion, it is memorable for its historical associations, for the political struggles which have taken place within its boundaries, for the many great men who were born, who lived, and who died there, and for the great influence it has exerted on the destinies of Europe.

Though this city is so contiguous to London that travellers can go with ease from the one town to the other in a day; though they have gradually grown up side by side; though the arts and sciences have flourished and prospered in them simultaneously, jealousies have existed between their respective populations, and great obstacles have prevented their intercommunication. These jealousies and obstacles are, happily, fast dying away, and the inhabitants of these two great cities are getting closer in interest and sympathy by the increase of commercial transactions, the progress of intelligence, and multiplication of friendly visits.

Paris contains a population of 912,000 inhabitants, 42,000 houses, 1,922 public ways, 57 gates, 37 quays, 20 boulevards, 37 avenues, 133 places, or squares, 37 bridges, 105 courts, cloisters, &c.; 9 palaces, 23 notable edifices, 6 public gardens, 4 triumphal arches, 5 columns, 1 obelisk, 35 public libraries, 15 museums, 28 monumental fountains, 35 churches, 25 convents, 26 hospitals, 24 theatres, 39 barracks.

Like all other great cities, Paris has some parts beautiful and attractive, and others disagreeable and dirty. If the tourist enters it on the Neuilly road, and passes under the triumphal arch, and walks right on, he will discover many fine buildings, and when in Louis XV.'s square, will see before him the palace and garden of the Tuileries; and on both sides the brilliant edifices which surround the place. Those rich colonnades, huge and ingeniously formed lamp-posts; those allegorical and gigantic statues; those fine and lofty fountains, cannot fail to produce on the spectator's mind a deep impression. But should the tourist, on the other hand, enter the town through the Faubourg Saint Marceau, or almost any other entrance to the old city, instead of magnificent edifices and fluted columns, he will see narrow streets, dirty people, and disagreeable sights.

Let us suppose the excursionist stationed somewhere in the centre of Paris. He has taken apartments in some hotel near the Palais Royal, or, as it is now called, the Palais National, which is in the form of parallelogram, and is one of the most unique buildings of modern architecture. The parapet is adorned with stone vases of great beauty, and the whole extent of the circuitous galleries is nearly half a mile. There are nearly two hundred arcades lighted at night by as many lamps. Here may be seen some of the most cel-

THE [illegible] ROYAL.

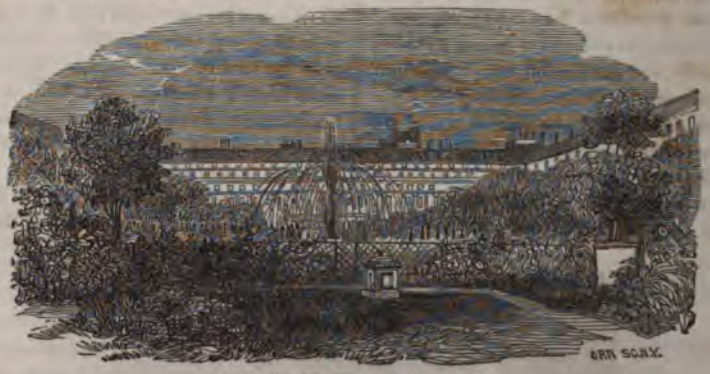
ebrated cafés and restaurants in Paris. A dinner may be obtained from a franc and a-half to ten times that sum. The principal entrance to the Palais consists of three large gates covered with rich bronze ornaments. The two pavilions form the wings, decorated with Doric and Ionic columns. The front has a projection which is adorned in a similar way. The attic is surmounted by military trophies and allegorical figures.

Though the preceding is an excellent representation of the front and entrance of this palace, it would be difficult to form therefrom a correct idea of its internal beauty and attractions. Below is view of the *Palais Royal* within the walls.

INTERIOR SQUARE OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

This building has been the theatre of many political scenes. It was here Cardinal Mazarine compelled the regent, Anne of Austria, to form resolutions which failed to deprive her son of the crown. In 1789, the first revolutionary meetings were held in the garden and galleries. In the circus, which at that time was situated in the middle of the garden, the Jacobins held their first meetings. On the 3d of May, 1791, the exasperated people burnt the Pope's effigy in this place. A little more than a year afterwards a similar ceremony was performed on that of the Marquis de Lafayette.

The centre is an enclosed square, in which is a garden contain containing about six acres of land. In the middle of the garden is a large pond with a beautiful fountain continually playing. The garden is enclosed, on one side, by the Gallery d'Orleans; and on the other, by symmetrical piles of elevated buildings. All around the fountain are gravel walks, flower beds, shrubs, and trees, interspersed with beautiful statues.



GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

The Palais Royal was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and was at first but a mere hotel. But, as the power of the minister grew, his residence gradually became larger. The apartments are beautifully furnished with statuary and pictures.

Near to the Palais Royal is the palace of the *Tuileries,* founded by Catherine de Medicis in 1564 when Charles IX. destroyed her former residence, the Palais Tournelles. Looked on in its moral and political aspects it is one of the most remarkable places in Europe. Under Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis IV., it was made larger and more noble. Every order of architecture is rendered subservient to its embellishment. The general effect of the Tuileries is imposing, more from its length and fine appear-

ance than in the smaller details of its architecture. The scene in front of the Tuileries is truly grand. The gardens of the palace stretch immediately before it. Trees, water-spouts, and statues give variety to the scene.

Further on is seen the Place de la Concorde, one of the richest and most beautiful parts of Paris. Then we come to the spacious Champs Elyseés, on side of which is the Elyseés Bourbon, the residence of the President; and on the other the noted Jardin d'hiver. And further on still, may be seen L'arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, one of the most splendid pieces of architecture in the world. Of the many palaces of Paris the palace of the Tuileries is the most beautifully situated. It was the residence of Louis Philippe. It suffered more during the revolution of February, 1848, than any other building in Paris. It was from thence the ex-king escaped during the revolutionary storm. He went away with other members of his family, in a one-horse cab, with voices ringing in his ears—"do not hurt him," "let him go." The inside of the palace is at present in a shattered state. The rich furniture is injured, and in many places altogether destroyed; mirrors and pictures are sadly perforated with bullets and bayonets. The theatre of the palace is all a wreck; but the chapel is as perfect as before the revolution. Such is the reverence which the French have for places of religious worship.

Connected with the palace is the Triumphal Arch, which was erected by Napoleon in 1806. It is forty-five feet high, sixty feet long, and twenty feet broad. It is designed after the architecture of the arch of Septimus Severus, at Rome. It cost 1,400,000 francs. Near to this is the Place du Carrousel, so celebrated from its historical associations. The revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848, were principally transacted there. In 1662, Louis XIV. held there the famous tournament, by which it obtained its present name of Carrousel. It was also here that Napoleon reviewed the formidable army with which he hoped to have conquered Europe; but the unlucky fate which the soldiers met with in Russia, did much to prepare that great and ambitious man for his final overthrow.

In this neighborhood is the far-famed Louvre. This is one of the most remarkable places in Paris, both for its architectural beauty and the artistic wealth it contains. Here may be seen some of the finest pictures which the great Italian artists ever produced, and some of the most valuable remains of Grecian sculpture, and Roman and Egyptian antiquities. The Louvre may be compared to our National Gallery and British Museum unitedly. Here the student or the man of pleasure may pass days and weeks without being satiated. The different halls are called after what they contain. One division is appropriated to sculpture, another to painting, another to designs, and others to antiquities.

The Jardin des Tuileries, which is bounded by lofty trees and studded with antique vases of white marble and statues, the subjects of which are taken from the mythology of Greek and Roman story, is bounded on the one side by the quiet, transparent Seine, and on the other by the Rue de Rivoli. We need say no more of this splendid street, than give the annexed graphic representation of it.

Branching out of the Rue de Rivoli is the Rue de Castiglione, another of the most noble streets of the capital. It opens into the Place Vendome. The form of the place is an elongated octagon. In the middle formerly stood an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze. In the same place now stands the triumphal pillar, erected by Napoleon to commemorate the success

RUE DE RIVOLI.

of his arms in the memorable campaign of 1805. This column is an imitation of Trajan's pillar at Rome. It is 135 feet high, and from the top may be seen some of the loveliest views of Paris. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, covered with bronze made from 1,200 pieces of brass cannon taken from the Russians and Austrians. This fact alone renders this pillar a great curiosity. On the summit is placed the statue of Napoleon, eleven feet high. This noble monument stands upon a base of polished granite, surrounded by an iron railing, and from its size and position produces a fine effect. The total cost of the column was 1,500,000 francs. No one should visit Paris without examining the bas-reliefs on the pedestal, and, if he can, mount it, and view from its top the many and magnificent edifices which surround it.

RUE DE CASTIGLIONE.

Above is a representation of the column, with a view of the fine *Rue de Castiglione.*

Near the Place Vendome is the Hotel des Finances in the Rue de Rivoli. It is a vast edifice. A little further on is a large mansion, where Prince Talleyrand formerly lived. Before the revolution, it was the hotel of the Duchess de l'Infantado. After the death of Talleyrand, it was purchased by Baron Rothschild. In 1814 it was occupied by Alexander, Emperor of Russia.

Several of the churches of Paris are deserving particular notice. Their outsides are imposing, and inside they are adorned with carving, and pictures of the most gorgeous description. While in the above neighborhood, the visitor should by no means miss the church St. Roch. It is one of the richest parish churches in Paris. The paintings that decorate its walls and ceiling are from the first artists. Many illustrious persons have been buried there. It contains the ashes of Pierre Corneille, Marshal d'Asfeld, the painter Trignard, the learned Maupertius and Marillac, the Abbot de l'Epée, the Cardinal Dubois, and several of the most celebrated dukes and counts of their times. It was from this church that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was led to the scaffold, in 1793. It is here, also, that the principal pompous ceremonies are performed, such as musical masses, and celebrated wedding and funeral offices.

SONNET TO CHEERFULNESS.

Nymph of the laughing eye and sportive mien,
In whose blithe smile exists a potent spell
To charm the spirit of the moody spleen,
And from thy circle the black fiend expel,
Come, Cheerfulness, and in my bosom dwell!
Me from disquieting emotions wean;
Teach me tones that, thrilling from thy shell,
Arouse the dormant joys of each dull scene;
The lighter ills of life—a countless train—
That in their bud the blooms of Pleasure blast!
That taint, on plenty's board, the sweet repast,
And wither Comfort with corrosive bane;
These ills in social scenes so thickly strown,
Where cheerfulness presides, are ills unknown.

GROWTH OF COURTESY.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

Courtesy is a plant of slow growth. It requires care and attention, from the sowing of the seed to the reaping of the harvest. A kind heart and a good temper, though essential to its very existence, are not enough. A good soil and kindly influences are indispensable.

The seeds of politeness, as has already been shown, must be sown in the nursery. There the habit of true gentility is to be formed. But it is in *society* that this habit is to be confirmed. Made as man is for society, he readily adapts himself to the customs and manners of those with whom he daily mingles. Something is learned and acquired from every social circle of which he forms a part. Insensibly he catches the air, the tone, the spirit, the style of his associates, and makes them his own. It is not easy always to avoid it. Very often I have caught myself in the use of a peculiar accent, or intonation, or gesture, which, on reflection, I could refer to some particular speaker whom I had lately heard. This art of imitation is so common, and so easily practised, as to seem more like nature than art. It requires no effort of mind to perceive its use in the formation of habits of politeness and courtesy.

Into whatsoever society we enter, we seek either our own pleasure or the pleasure of others; in many cases both. We enter as individuals, to put ourselves under the influence of the many. In most cases, therefore, the influence of the many greatly exceeds that of the individual; especially in the case of the young, whose influence is yet to be gained and established. The consequence must be, that, in early life, if not in later years, we act less upon others than we are acted upon by them. We carry away with us greater modifications of our own mind and manners than we can possibly produce in others. We are more passive than active; we receive more than we communicate. Our morals and manners both are more or less affected; and we are either the better or the worse for such associations.

When going into society, it is natural for the young, as well as others, to desire approbation. To secure it, an effort is made to obtain the good opinion of our associates, by accommodati[illegible] selves as much as we can to the peculiarities of the company. These peculiarities are, therefore, made our study. We accustom ourselves, from a very early period, to watch, and ascertain the views, opinions, prejudices, mode of thinking, speaking, and acting; the preferences and principles of our associates, or of those with whom we desire to associate. This study leads to assimilation. We strive to be as much like them as possible, and regard it as something greatly to be desired.

It has been well observed, by a distinguished writer—"We not only go into society unarmed, but we go with a *preparation* in favor of the action of the sentiments, and the agency of the minds of others which is then operating upon us. We go with the *intention* of being pleased with with the sympathies which that intercourse excites; and as we experience or expect social pleasure; we lay our hearts and minds open, as much as possible, to the full and entire action of the social instinct."

Such being the insensible process of assimilation, both as respects mind and manners, in every society into which we are introduced, it is perfectly evident, that too much attention, care, and caution cannot be exercised in the choice of one's associates. The influence which they will inevitably acquire and exert over us is tremendous. If you wish to be courteous, urbane, and polite, you must, with the utmost scrupulosity, abstain from all those social circles of an opposite character, which are found in almost every neighborhood.

The eagerness with which the young rush into company must be checked. It cannot and should not be wholly resisted. But it may be so regulated as to be productive of good rather than harm. The parent should exercise a wholesome restraint on the passions of the child; should know the character of the influences to which the child will be subjected in such associations; and not suffer the inexperienced youth to rush headlong and blindfold into the multiplied dangers of improper company.

But the [illegible]ity rests not alone with the [illegible]nt. [illegible] the morning of life

must learn to respect yourselves, and to act upon principle. You have received, it may be, an invitation to the house of a friend, to a party of pleasure. Your imagination is excited. You think only of the forms of beauty, and the scenes of pleasure that will greet you there. The smile, the song, the laugh, the jollity, the dance, the tasteful and savory viands, the soft words, the admiration, the conquest of hearts, these are the things that fascinate and beguile, as they fill you with fond anticipations of the joy to be experienced in the midst of such associates as will compose the pleasure-party. Animated by such considerations, you rush from one scene of merriment to another, week after week, and night after night. Your life is spent in a constant whirl of excitement, that you and others mistake for true happiness.

But in this eager rush for such gratification, you forget the sad and irresistible influence that will be exerted over you. You are there to be subjected to the action of a power that will bring your whole being more under its sway—your manners, your morals, your disposition, your whole heart and soul. On the question of accepting and complying with an invitation, such as I have named, may depend, to a great degree, your peace, your comfort, your character, your happiness in all subsequent life. You cannot give yourself up for hours, in a state of such excitement, to the influences of that social circle, and receive no lasting impression. Whether you will or not, you must be impressed with what you see and hear. You may be subjected there to an atmosphere that will greatly affect your manners, contaminate your principles, sour your temper, corrupt your heart, and make you the victim of folly all your days.

If, therefore, you desire to be courteous, agreeable, and polite; if you wish to be well-bred in the highest and best sense of the word, you will not only seek, in the experience of religion, to have a fountain of kindness within, but will also be careful to obtain access, if possible, to the best society in the sphere in which you move. If you cannot be admitted into good society, you had better not go into society at all. You had better form your own society, by gathering a little nucleus of choice friends, one or two of sterling worth, with whom you take sweet counsel together, and which may be enlarged as occasion offers.

When I say "the best society," I speak not of that which claims for itself this distinction. In almost every town and village throughout the land there is to be found a band of exclusives, who pride themselves on being the aristocracy of the place, and look with ineffable contempt on the plebeians who are so unhappy as to be deprived of the privilege of their society. It is not of such that I speak, when I urge upon you to seek access to the best society. It is not in such circles always that good manners are to be learned. Very frequently, as I have already observed, there is far less of true refinement, and real suavity and excellence of manners there, than among those whom the ban of wealth and fashion proscribes.

It was the remark of Witherspoon, the distinguished President of Nassau Hall—"I think it a disadvantage to be bred too high, as well as too low. I do not desire, and have always declined, any opportunities given me of having my children reside long in families of high rank." It were well if others would learn wisdom from his example. In my intercourse with the higher classes, while in some cases I have experienced great pleasure, I have much oftener found a hollow-heartedness, artificialness, and superciliousness, cold and chilling, and the very opposite of real courtesy. Seldom have I found them exhibiting, in a kindly manner, that real kindness which wins and warms the soul. More frequently they exhibit such a want of true, genuine, and unaffected warm-heartedness, as to repel the ardent-minded, repress the gushing affections of the heart, and to deprive the social circle of all naturalness and real sympathy. Too often, as they themselves best know, the higher classes, as they are called, live in "a world without souls."

While it is difficult to describe what may properly be regarded as the best society, we may, nevertheless, put the young on their guard against such circles as must injure and corrupt, and are therefore to be sedulously shunned. No one, who desires to move with freedom, grace, and propriety, in social life, should consent to associate with the ignorant, the vulgar, the immoral, the profane. They should shrink, as from an adder, at the presence of the lascivious and the sensual, the sceptical and the libertine. Such associations will poison the very fountains of decorum and civility, and sap the foundations of that virtue without which all manifestations of politeness are but hypocritical mockery. Little is to be learned in the circles of the novel-readers, the play-goers, and the devotees of fashion, but such false views of life, of respectability, and of happiness, as must unfit the mind for the proper pursuits of life.

The effect produced in us by the society to which we accustom ourselves, should be strictly watched. If we find that it is corrupting our principles, and injuring our temper, it should be shunned at once, and at any cost. Whatever may

be its attractions, its advantages may be purchased at too dear a rate. If you have no means of access to the society of the good, the intelligent, the refined, wait until a kind Providence opens the door. If you have such means, embrace them, and carefully profit by your advantages. But, whatever means of access you may have to the fashionable circle, where the rules of etiquette and of courtly life are strictly observed, but where there is no respect for religion, the Bible, the Sabbath, the Author of our Faith; where there is, on the other hand, much irreverence or profanity, or the least filthiness of conversation, abjure it as you would the plague. You cannot enter there without danger of infection. If you cannot cultivate your manners, but at the expense of your morals, and perhaps of your eternal happiness, you had better be ill-bred all your days. Better to say, with the devout and accomplished author of the "Improvement of the Mind," a work that deserves the earnest study of all the young:

> "Now I esteem their mirth and wine
> Too dear to purchase with my blood;
> Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine,
> My life, my portion, and my God."

THE VILLAGE BELL.

Hark! hear you not the village bell,
Inviting to the house of God;
That house your fathers loved so well,
And where your infant footsteps trod?

Forsake it not in buoyant youth,
When the high spirit needs control;
For, from the voice of heavenly truth
Comes the best lessons to the soul.

When manhood in its boasted pride
Still feels with worldly cares oppressed,
Oh! turn not then your foot aside,
But hail the sabbath-day of rest.

The wounded spirit that may bend
Beneath affliction's chast'ning rod,
For surest comfort may depend
Within the sacred house of God.

And when the blighting touch of age
Shall with grey locks your temples shade;
When worldly thoughts no more engage,
And worldly hopes begin to fade;

Then joyful must it be to hear
The pealing of the village bell;
For every stroke that meets the ear,
Peace to the Christian's heart may tel

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

HIS MARRIAGE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The Prince of Bearn was but fifteen years of age when he witnessed the first conflict in those wars in which he subsequently attained so much renown. For the security of his person, deemed so precious to the Protestants, his friends, notwithstanding his entreaties and even his tears, would not allow him to expose himself to any of the peril of the conflict. Upon an eminence, which overlooked the field of battle, he stood, surrounded by a few faithful guards, and gazed with burning impatience upon the sanguinary scene spread out before him. The Protestants were utterly defeated, and their squadrons were trampled in the dust under the hoofs of the Catholic cavalry. The precocious boy, instantly and indignantly discerned the error of his friends, and gave earnest utterance to the sentiment, which posterity has confirmed, "With forces so scattered as were ours, it was folly to think of fighting an united army making an attack at one point."

The Protestants, though defeated, were unsubdued. The Queen of Navarre soon saw thousands of strong arms and brave hearts rallying around her banner, Accompanied by her son, she rode through their ranks and addressed them in words of feminine yet heroic eloquence, which roused their utmost enthusiasm. But few instances have been recorded in which human hearts have been more deeply moved than were these martial hosts by the brief sentences which dropped from the lips of this extraordinary woman. Henry, in the most solemn manner, pledged himself to consecrate all his energies to the defense of the Protestant religion, and to the maintenance of liberty of conscience. To each of the chiefs of the army she also presented a gold medal, suspended from a golden chain, with her own name and that of her son impressed upon one side, and on the other the words, "certain peace, complete victory or honorable death." The enthusiasm of the army was raised to the highest pitch, and the heroic queen became the object almost of the adoration of her soldiers.

Queen Catharine, seeing the effect produced upon the Protestant troops by the presence of the Queen of Navarre, visited the head-quarters of her own army, hoping to inspire them with equal enthusiasm. She also, surrounded by her brilliantly accoutered generals, swept like a gorgeous vision before her troops. She distributed presents and addressed her army in high sounding phrase. She had *talent*, but she had no *soul*. She could not evoke one single electric spark of emotion. She had sense enough to perceive her signal failure, and to feel its mortification. No one either loved or respected Catharine. Thousands hated her, yet, coveting her smiles or dreading her frown, bowed before her in adulation.

The two armies were soon again facing each other upon the field of battle. Again the Prince of Bearn, in defiance of all his remonstrances, was only permitted from a distant eminence to look down upon the field of strife. Again, almost frantic with excitement, impatience, and indignation, he pointed out the gross error in generalship which ruined the army, as he saw his own friends cut down like grass upon the plain. Again the indomitable Queen of Navarre, with the calm energy which so signalized her character, rallied the fugitives around her, and reanimated their waning courage by her own indomitable spirit. The tide of victory now turned. Conflict after conflict succeeded. Henry, absolutely refusing any longer to retire from the perils of the field, engaged with the utmost coolness, judgment, and yet impetuosity in all the toils and dangers of battle. The Protestant cause rapidly gained strength. The Catholics became disheartened. The queen mother was now convinced that the extermination of the Protestants by open force was no longer possible. Both parties being weary of blood, a truce was concluded. The treaty of peace, signed the 2d of August, 1570, granted the Protestants full liberty of conscience, the restitution of their confiscated estates, and the open exercise of their religious worship in the suburbs of two towns in each province. These were considered as very liberal terms to be granted to the reformers by the papal power. Even these concessions were, however, intended merely as a lure to lull the

Huguenots into fatal security. The perfidious Catharine only sought to throw them off their guard, that with the dagger of assassination she might accomplish that which she had in vain attempted upon the field of battle.

The young Prince of Navarre now returned to his hereditary domain, and visited its various provinces, where he was received with the most lively demonstrations of affection. Various circumstances, however, indicated to the Protestant leaders, that some mysterious plot was forming for their overthrow. Henry returned, with his mother, to Rochelle, where, surrounded by their own political and religious friends, they passed the winter; scrupulously requiting the courtesies of Catharine, yet looking with a suspicious eye upon her adulation and her fawning sycophancy. The young king of France, Charles IX., who was of about the same age with Henry, and who had been his companion in childhood, was now married to Elizabeth, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., of Austria. Their nuptials were celebrated with all the ostentatious pomp which the luxury of the times and the opulence of the French monarchy could furnish. In these rejoicings the courts of France and Navarre participated, with the semblance of the most heartfelt cordiality. Protestants and Catholics, pretending to forget that they had recently encountered each other with fiend-like fury on fields of blood, mingled gaily in these festivities, and vied with each other in the exchange of courtly greetings and polished flatteries. Catharine and her son lavished, with the utmost profusion, their commendations and attentions upon the young prince, and left no arts of dissimulation unessayed which might disarm the fears and win the confidence of their victim.

The queen mother, with caressing fondness, declared that Henry must be her son. She would confer upon him Marguerite, her youngest daughter, a princess beautiful in the extreme; highly accomplished in all those graces which can kindle the fires and feed the flames of love, but also as unprincipled as any male libertine who contaminated, by his presence, a court whose very atmosphere was corruption. Many of royal blood had most earnestly sought the hand of the princess; for an alliance with the royal family of France, was an honor which the proudest sovereigns might covet. Such a connection, in its political aspects, was everything which Henry could desire. It was another step towards power, and towards the throne of France. It was another safeguard for the interests of the Protestant religion. A royal marriage is ordinarily but a matter of state policy. Upon the cold, icy, glittering eminences of kingly life, the flowers of sympathy and affection rarely bloom. Henry, without hesitation, acquiesced in the expediency of this nuptial union. He regarded it as most manifestly a politic partnership, and he did not concern himself at all about the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of his contemplated spouse, for he had no idea of making her his *companion;* she was merely his *wife.* The mother of Henry, however, a woman of sincere piety, and in whose bosom all noble thoughts were nurtured, cherished many misgivings. Her Protestant principles caused her to shrink from the espousal of her son with a Roman Catholic. Her religious scruples and the spotless purity of her character, aroused the most lively emotions of repugnance, in view of his connection with one who had not even the modesty to conceal her vices. State considerations, however, finally prevailed, and Jeanne waved her objections.

The young princess Marguerite, proud and petulant, received the cold addresses of Henry with still more chilling indifference. She refused to make even the slightest concessions to his religious views; and though she made no objection to the profitable partnership, she ostentatiously displayed a perfect disregard for Henry and for his friends. She was piqued by the reluctance which Jeanne had manifested to an alliance which the proud girl thought should have been regarded as the highest of earthly honors. Arrangements were made for the marriage ceremonies, which were to be performed with the utmost splendor, in the French capital. The most distinguished gentlemen of the Protestant party, from all parts of the realm were invited to add lustre to the festivities by their presence. Many, however, of the wisest counsellors of the Queen of Navarre, fearing some deep-laid plot, remonstrated, and presaged that "if the wedding were celebrated in Paris, the liveries would be very crimson."

Jeanne, solicited by the most pressing invitations from Catharine and her son, and urged by her courtiers, who were eager to share the renowned pleasures of the French metropolis, proceeded to Paris. She had hardly entered her lodgings when she was seized with a violent fever, which raged in her veins nine days, and then she died. Catharine displayed the most ostentatious and extravagant grief. Charles gave utterance to loud and poignant lamentations, and ordered a surgeon to examine the body, that the cause of her death might be ascertained. Notwithstanding these efforts to disarm suspicion, the report spread like wildfire through all the Protestant countries of Europe that the queen had

been perfidiously poisoned by Catharine. The Protestant writers of the time assert, that she fell a victim to poison communicated by a pair of perfumed gloves. The Catholics as confidently affirm that she died of a natural disease. The truth can now never be known till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed at the judgment-day.

The Prince of Bearn was slowly travelling towards Paris, unconscious of his mother's sickness, when the unexpected tidings arrived of her death. It is difficult to imagine what must have been the precise nature of the emotions of an ambitious young man who passionately loved both his mother and the crown which she wore, as by the loss of the one he gained the other. His grief was gilded by joy. His joy was darkened by grief. Henry immediately assumed the title and the style of the King of Navarre, and honored the memory of his mother with every manifestation of regret and veneration. This melancholy event caused the postponement of the marriage ceremony for a short time, as it was not deemed decorous that epithalamiums and requiems should be chanted in the same hour; the tolling knell would not blend harmoniously with the joyous peals of the marriage bell. Henry was in no haste for the wedding, for there was little to attract him in the demeanor of his haughty, heartless bride. And Marguerite indulged in all the wayward humors of a worse than spoiled child, by the studious display to her betrothed of the most contemptuous neglect. At length the nuptial day arrived. It was the 15th day of August, 1572. Paris had laid aside its mourning weeds, and a gay and brilliant carnival succeeded its dismal days of gloom. Protestants and Catholics of highest note, from all parts of Europe, mingled with the glittering throng, all interchanging smiles and congratulations. The unimpassioned bridegroom led his scornful bride to the church of Notre Dame. Before the great gateway of this renowned edifice, under the shadow of its venerable towers, a magnificent platform had been reared, canopied with the most gorgeous tapestry. Tens of thousands thronged the surrounding amphitheatre, to witness the imposing ceremony. There, in the presence of all the highest nobility of France, and of illustrious representatives from all the courts of Europe, Henry received the hand of the princess, and the nuptial oath was administered. Marguerite however, even in that hour, and in the presence of all those spectators, gave a ludicrous exhibition of her ungoverned wilfulness and her girlish petulance. When asked if she willingly received Henry of Bourbon for her husband, she pouted, and was silent. The question was repeated, but her spirit was now up, and she remained immovable in her sullen refusal to give any assent. Embarrassment and delay ensued. The royal brother of the princess, Charles IX., coolly walked up to the untamed shrew, and placing his hand upon her head forcibly bent it down. This involuntary nod was received as her assent. Such was a royal wedding. Such were the vows by which Henry and Marguerite were united.

The Catholic wife, unaccompanied by her husband, who waited at the door with his Protestant retinue, now entered the church to participate in the solemnities of the mass. The young king of Navarre then submissively received his bride and conducted her to a very magnificent dinner, which had been prepared for the whole court. Balls, illuminations and pageants of every kind ensued in the evening. For many days these unnatural and chilling nuptials were celebrated with all the splendor of national festivities. Among these entertainments there was a tournament, singularly characteristic of the times, and which certainly sheds singular lustre either upon the humility or the good nature of the Protestants.

A large area was prepared for the display of one of those barbaric passes of arms so characteristic of that period. The enclosure was surrounded by all the chivalry and beauty of France. Charles IX., with his two brothers and several of the Catholic nobility, then appeared upon one side of the arena on noble war horses gorgeously caparisoned, and threw down the gauntlet of defiance to Henry of Navarre, and his retinue of Protestant noblemen, who, similarly mounted and accoutred, awaited the challenge upon the opposite side. The portion of the enclosure in which the Catholics appeared, was decorated to represent Heaven. The Protestants in the opposite extreme were seen emerging from the desolation, the gloom, and the sulphurous canopy of Hell. The two parties, from their antagonistic realms, rushed to the encounter, the fiends of darkness battling with the angels of light. Gradually the Catholics, in accordance with previous arrangements, drove back the Protestants towards their grim abodes, when suddenly numerous demons appeared rushing from the infernal regions, who, with cloven hoofs, and weapons, and chains forged in penal fires, seized upon the Protestants and dragged them back to the dungeons from whence they had emerged. Plaudits loud and long greeted this victory of the combined powers of darkness and light; when suddenly a winged Cupid appeared, the representative of the pious and amiable Marguerite, to rescue the Protestants from their doom. Fear-

lessly this emissary of love penetrated the realms of despair. At his presence even the demons fled trembling. The Protestants, by this agency, were liberated from their thraldom, and conducted in triumph to the elysium of the Catholics.

(*To be continued.*)

ON RECEIVING THE TIDINGS OF MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

And all is over now! my mother's gone!
Her worn-out frame hath sunk to rest at last;
My father, now a widower, sits alone—
And o'er my childhood's home a shroud is cast.
How crowds my soul with early memories,
And re-enacts the scenes of by-gone days!
I see her face and form before me rise,
I walk with her in old familiar ways,
And join with her again in acts of prayer and praise.

I see thee, mother! as at reason's birth,
The guardian angel of my infancy;
When thou didst mingle in our childish mirth,
And romped with us with very boyish glee!
And then, anon! I see thine eye upraised,
Teaching our youthful spirits to ascend
To Him who by the hosts of heaven is praised,
And taught our infant minds to comprehend
How God, to save poor sinners, did from heaven descend.

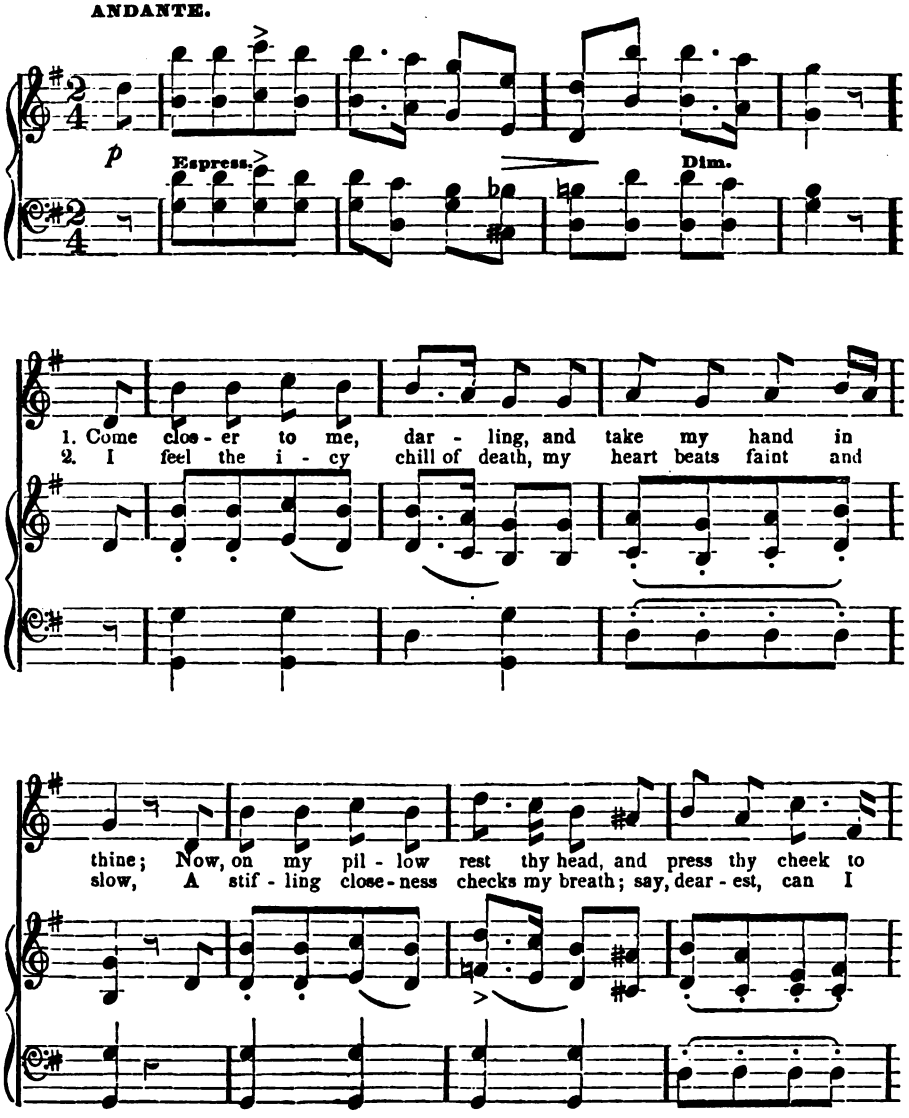
I hear thy voice, as it to us detailed
The life of Abel, Joseph, Moses, Ruth;
How Jacob, wrestling with the Lord, prevailed,
How God called Samuel in his early youth:
I hear that voice, as when with thee I knelt,
And thou, on my behalf, didst offer prayer,
As thus thy trembling voice did whispering melt—
"Oh! save my son from every youthful snare,
And early, for Thy service, his young heart prepare."

But all is over now! thy spirit's fire
Its tenement of dust at last consumed;
That voice now mingles with the heavenly choir—
Thou hast the diadem and robe assumed;
But may the memory of thy upward flight,
While clogged and fettered by the body's clay,
Now nerve my spirit for the Christian fight,
That thus thy life and death, thy prayers and precepts may
"Allure to brighter worlds," as thou hast led the way!

Then farewell, mother! I will wipe each tear,
And stop the current of unseemly grief;
That God who took thee from thy sufferings here
Doth soothe my spirit with this sure belief—
That short, at longest, is this mortal strife,
That earth is but the portal of the skies,
That soon we all shall meet in endless life,
Forever reunite those severed ties—
And then our hymn of praise shall loud and louder rise!

THE LAST SAD SCENE.*

MUSIC BY F. H. NASH.



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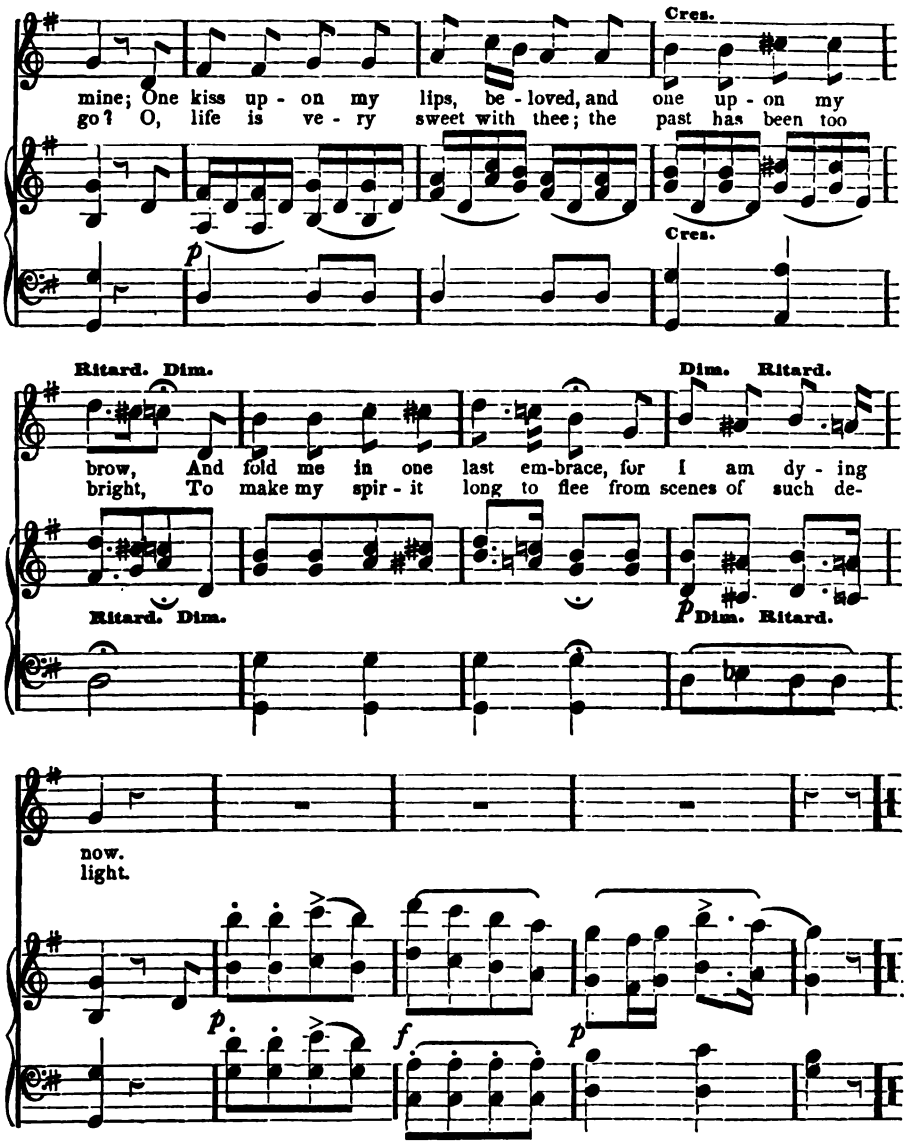

3. And yet I feel that I must go—the bitter hour has come:
Soon, soon you'll lay this body low in its cold, quiet home;
The grass will grow upon the turf, and autumn breezes sigh,
And snow will fall upon the earth, 'neath which my ashes lie.

4. But you'll not tarry long, beloved; O, say you soon will come,
And share with me a glorious, an everlasting home:
Death loses half its terrors, love, when such sweet hopes are given;
And maybe I will wait for thee just at the gate of heaven.

5. Now kiss me once again, beloved—one kiss, and then farewell!
'Tis hard to speak the fatal word, how hard I cannot tell;
We'll meet ere long, to part no more—God grant it soon may be!
For heaven itself would lose its charms, unless 'twere shared by thee

MATERNAL FELICITY.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

SEE PLATE.

The mother may gaze on her infant's smile,
And her heart beat high with pride,
As she pictures life's pathway strew'd with flowers
For the youngling by her side.

Oh, lift not the veil from that mother's eye,
Nor her vision of hope destroy;
Oh, tell not the sorrow, the pain, the ills,
That await her darling boy.

Let her heart exult in his beauty awhile;
Let her thoughts range far and free;
Oh, let her enjoy her present bliss,
Nor dream of what is to be.

For boyhood will come, and the top, and the ball,
The hoop and the joyous ring;
And the merry laugh and the buoyant thoughts
That ever attend life's spring.

And youth will come with its thousand wiles,
And its joys of iris hue;
And pleasure will drink sage counsel up,
As the sun drinks up the dew.

And manhood will come, with its many cares,
And its passions wild and strong;
And vice and regret, and dark despair,
Will join in the motley throng.

And the joyous laugh will be turned to a tear,
And the smile to a heart-wrung sigh;
And sadly he'll stretch his arms to time
That has passed unheeded by.

Then lift not the veil from that mother's eye,
Nor her vision of hope destroy;
Oh, tell not the sorrow, the pain, the ills,
That await her darling boy.

THE SMILE.

What were this world without the Smile,
That sun of human mirth,
Which rises gladly, to beguile
The bitterness of earth?
'Twere gloomy as a sunless day;
Yet no, 'twere darker far;
A grave without one gladdening ray,
A night without a star.

Ah! brighter than the summer sky,
The smile of sunny youth
Comes flashing from a tearless eye,
In loveliness and truth.
Pure as the drift of heaven's snow,
Ere marked by earthly trace,
Is gladness on an infant's brow,
The smile upon his face.

Ah! lovely is the light that beams
Down from a father's eye;
For then the smile of mortal seems
A blessing from on high.

And sweeter far than words can speak,
Or song could e'er impart,
The smile upon a mother's cheek
Reflected from her heart.

The smile will light our earthly way
Till its short race is run,
For care must melt beneath its ray,
Like frost before the sun.
Then let it shine o'er life's dark page
In purity and truth;
Still let it gild the brow of age,
And light the eye of youth.

Still let it be love's silent voice,
Affection's dearest prize,
Still let it bid the heart rejoice,
And dry the mourner's eyes.
And mortals, if in happy hours
Ye wander forth awhile,
When thanking God for fields and flowers,
Oh, thank him for the *Smile.*

BOOK NOTICES.

Popular Cyclopedia of Domestic Medicine. By Keith Imray, M. D. Gates, Stedman & Co., 116 Nassau St.

To make a medical work popular, so as to enlighten those ignorant of the science, in the mysteries of disease and of cure, is usually to do the work of quacks. We should expect knowledge to be conveyed in such a summary way in no other science. To understand the simplest disease, and to prescribe for its cure, often requires a knowledge which years of reading are none too much to convey. This work makes no pretensions of this kind. It is the work of a medical scholar, and is one which the most enlightened physician would be glad to circulate. It aims, by a clear description of the *causes* of disease to prevent them; and in prescribing remedies, it keeps within safe limits, and abstains from advice where none but that of the competent living physician can give it. We should suppose it a work finely adapted to promote rational views of life, and consequently, the health and good of the community. It is very comprehensive in its scope, clear and methodical in its style, safe in its counsels, and has the appearance of undoubted learning and ability. It is printed in parts at twenty-five cents each.

A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. John C. L. Giesler. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D. Two vols. Harper & Brothers.

The theological world will greet this work with great favor. As a text-book on this important branch of theological study, it probably has no equal. It is concise, methodical, impartial, learned, and entirely trustworthy—great qualities these, yet to be found here in greater perfection than any historical work we are acquainted with. The peculiarity of the work consists in elaborate and comprehensive references. Each statement of the text is supported by copious quotations from the very sources of the history, given with sufficient length and in such connections as to enable the reader to decide for himself the accuracy of the statements. It thus constitutes a vast thesaurus of authorities—all that is really needed or desirable for perusal, in the whole range of ecclesiastical and historical literature. These references, too, are fairly and honestly made, and are to be relied upon.

It is a text-book, and not a history. It does not give an extended narration of the Church's progress through the ages; but presents the outline of events as they occurred with a scrupulous and rigid accuracy. These two qualities at once distinguish the work, and give it its superlative value.

The present is a new and most admirable translation of the first two volumes of the work, as enlarged and corrected by the author's last labors. We sincerely hope the remaining volumes will be added. A translation of a previous edition was once made, and has been in circulation for some time. The present is incomparably superior in all respects, and will no doubt entirely supersede it. The publishers deserve special commendation for the beautiful and accurate manner in which they have issued it.

Marie Antoinette of France. By John S. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers.

The remarkable and tragic events of the life of the unfortunate Queen of Louis XVI., are here wrought into a most pathetic and touching narrative, which no romance ever equalled. The spirit and grace with which the sad story is told; the deep moral lessons which it conveys, and the interest which belongs to it, render the little work one of the most engaging books for young readers we have ever seen. Besides its merits as a well-composed sketch of one of the most important episodes of modern history, it will exert an admirable effect in creating a taste for historical reading, which may lead to other and more elaborate works. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous original designs, which add greatly to its value. It forms one of a most excellent and attractive series which the author and his well-known and very able brother are now preparing for the reading of the young. It is a fine idea beautifully realized.

Sermons, by the late Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D. Illustrative of the different stages in his ministry, 1798–1847. Harper & Brothers.

An exceedingly instructive and beautiful picture of the moral growth and experience of one of the greatest minds and best hearts of modern times. The whole period of the active life of Chalmers is here portrayed in far more instructive outline than the best description could give. The intellectual development of the man—the widening and deepening of the current of his thoughts and feelings, as stream after stream from different points poured their affluence into it; the growth of his piety, and those views of truth which fed that growth—are all marked as by unmistakable milestones, in the sermons before us. A more in

cating and profound psychological study, it is difficult to conceive of. We are sure the admirers of Chalmers will receive this as one of the richest portions of the legacy he has contributed to the Church in his invaluable posthumous writings.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Edited by his Son-in-law, JOHN WOOD WALTER, D.D. Harper & Brothers. In 2 parts; 50 cents each.

This appears to be a selection from the common-place-book of the great poet and author, which is more interesting as an indication of the range and character of his reading, and of the peculiarity of his taste, than as a collection of writings. Southey had a passion for whatever was odd and out-of-the-way. His selections have a peculiarly quaint aspect, and show that what was merely curious and strange had far stronger hold upon his memory, than what was true, or noble, or eloquent. The compilation perhaps was originally made for some such purpose; but as a collection of the best passages and most ample and suggestive thoughts in all the wide range of literature it covers, we could point to half a score which are better. Mr. Knight's Half Hours are immeasurably more entertaining and useful. Yet it is extremely valuable and interesting as a portrait of Southey's mind, and accounts for some of the peculiarities of his sentiments and style as a writer. The work is moreover not without its value as a collection of thoughts and passages. Many a strange fact in history, and fine conceit of genius is here treasured, which would be entirely inaccessible otherwise. The paragraphing is done by the editor—and not always in the happiest style.

Franklin Illustrated. Benjamin Franklin; His Autobiography, and a Narrative of his Life and Public Services. Splendidly embellished. Harper & Brothers.

"Splendidly embellished" is a high claim in these days of luxurious book-making, and one not often realized; yet the profuse, and in most instances, beautiful wood-cuts, which are scattered through this volume, may fairly entitle it to the description. These constitute the novelty, though by no means the chief merit of the volume. They are to be from engraved designs by Chapman; and are executed in that style of elaborate finish which now gives such exquisite softness and beauty to this branch of engraving. The paper and printing being fine, these numerous engravings make the volume a very beautiful and attractive one. The work itself has long been known and admired, and every American, proud of the character and fame of its illustrious subject, will be glad to greet its reappearance in a form so highly complimentary to it. It is a work which will be an ornament to the best library, and a source of profitable reading to every family.

The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government. By RICHARD HILDRETH. In three volumes. Vol. I. Harper & Brothers.

We must say for Mr. Hildreth that he wields a vigorous pen, and manifests enough of the business man to suit the American genius. He travels straight along with his narrative, and does up the greatest epochs and the most important matters with a genuine mercantile dispatch. With the susceptibilities which sometimes impede the progress of other historians, Mr. Hildreth is happily not at all troubled; he lays out his map of history, divides it into equal and definite sections, and then inexorably crowds the given period into the given space. His style acquires clearness and force, perhaps, by this process; but it acquires harshness too. It is not a pleasant history to read; there is no feeling in it.

This characteristic gives the reader the clue to the method in which the subjects of his history are handled. In telling a straightforward story, or in detailing the mere statistics of history, nothing could be better done, in the same space. But it so happens that our early annals involve matters of sentiment, feeling, religion, and virtue. The bare telling of events as they occurred, is but the skeleton of our history. He who would tell the story of the Pilgrims aright, must be able to sympathize with them; to admire their heroism, appreciate their motives, understand the religious aspect of their enterprise, and have some apprehension of the dignity and worth of the sentiments which led them to do what they did: and just here Mr. Hildreth fails. Perhaps he has no contempt for the plain, unassuming virtues of the pilgrim character, but he has no appreciation of them. He has none of that enthusiastic admiration which enables him to discern their true greatness amidst the mean incidents of their lives. So that without making any positive misstatements, the impression of his history really misrepresents the most important and heroic periods of our history. This is the mildest view of the matter; it would be easy to substantiate graver charges. On the whole, while we admit the excellence of Mr. Hildreth's work, and award him many of the best qualities of the historian, we cannot but think that this is *not* to be the last attempt to set forth the remarkable and significant story of our American origin.

ENGRAVED BY L. SARTAIN.

A. Tennyson

THE CRUEL SISTER.

FORTUNE TELLING.

BY CRETIUS.

HOW AND WHAT TO READ.

BY PROF. CHARLES B. HADDUCK, D.D.

Much of their leisure time is doubtless employed by all well-principled youth in reading. On the disposition of this portion of their life, their personal habits and ultimate character depend, almost as much as upon the course of study, or profession, or calling they may adopt. Not unfrequently, indeed, a direction is given to the thoughts and associations of the young, and a complexion fixed upon their minds, by the influence of these leisure hours, which mark them as the very busiest of their life, and most fraught with good or evil. In these hours tastes are formed, and passions nourished, associations with books and with other minds established, which leave an indelible impress. Indeed, the very freedom with which the mind acts, when thus released from restraint and submitted to its own direction, renders its action peculiarly characteristic.

Our views upon this subject will be best expressed in the form of distinct principles, for the regulation of miscellaneous reading.

The first of these principles, which we shall mention, is that such reading should never be a primary object in education. The young are not apt to reflect on the connection between exactness and extent of knowledge. They are not aware of the microscopic power of thought. They do not consider that minuteness of attention is really, in some respects, equivalent to extent of view; that the world may be studied in the turf under our foot. And they are apt to be impatient of severe application to elementary principles. They do not at once perceive their bearing or importance. Of natural science, of history, of poetry, the immediate practical relations are more obvious. Their principal mistake, after all, however, consists not so much in the preference of wrong studies, as in their conception of study itself. They think of patient intellectual effort in connection with abstract science and musty philology alone. Laborious and painful investigation, minute accuracy of distinction, severe reasoning, have, in their view, nothing to do with rhetoric and criticism, or with history and fiction. These appear to them to be amusements only. And this, in fact, is, in a majority of instances, the secret of the taste, as it is called, for these popular branches of literature. We can assure the young, that substantially the same mental traits, the same acuteness, the same closeness of reasoning, the same patience of attention, the same continuity of laborious thought, which are required for the processes of mathematical demonstration and philological analysis, are necessary, also, in the proper perusal of history, oratory, and poetry. Indeed, the moment we go beneath the very surface of these subjects, the questions which arise are often so profound and so delicate, they involve so many circumstances and so many ill-defined principles, that a really good judge of eloquence or poetry, or a sound reasoner in matters of history, is a rarer character than the profound mathematician. Let not the young hope that the superficial attainments which serve to sparkle in literary conversation, will answer the demands of real life. Learning may instruct, taste may adorn, fancy may amuse; but when important subjects are to be weighed, when minds originally strong and perfectly trained are to be encountered in the transaction of public business, or the conflicts of opinion, then higher powers must be put in requisition, and mightier energies awakened. For these manly duties, manly exercises alone can fit us.

That the principle just laid down may not be misapplied, we remark, in the second place, that the young ought to read—to read much. Whilst the power of thought is developing, the mind requires something to think of; it should be supplied with abundant materials. The facts of history and the creations of genius, the phenomena of nature and society, and the thoughts of eminent men in different departments of literature, are necessary to the full expansion and liberal culture of the mind. There is not much danger of overburdening it, so long as it is kept nerved for strong exertion. Like the body, it will digest almost anything, and any quantity too, so long as it is in vigorous action.

I would encourage the young, therefore, to fill up their time, to crowd life full of interesting subjects, that shall make an hour to look precious and the loss of a day to be felt as a calamity

Say to them, Read—read almost anything; but read. Anything, not absolutely corrupt, is better than reverie—better than entire stagnation of mind. Utter cessation of ideas, indeed, never takes place. When books do not supply materials to youthful thought, they will be furnished from other and more degrading sources; when the divinity in man slumbers, the animal riots. The man that reads not, is necessarily vulgar. His thoughts and associations become gross. Intellectual, spiritual life is not spontaneous; it is fine fruit of careful and patient culture on an ungenial soil.

From these remarks it is not to be inferred that the *choice* of books is of small consequence; and I therefore remark, in the third place, that too much care can hardly be taken to confine the student, as much as possible, to original and well-principled authors. The nature of the case will not allow that this should be always done. Information must often be sought in writers whose philosophy we cannot approve, and whose talents we cannot respect. Errors must be examined before they can be refuted; and faults must be seen in order to be avoided.

When room for election is left, original authors will in general be found most satisfactory. Even when making no pretensions to novelty, they are most worthy of confidence, and most salutary as models of thought and composition. There is in them a compass of view, a depth and justness of reflection, a temperance and a strength of thought, not found in ordinary minds. A philosophy, a respect for general principles will be found to pervade them, which redeem a thousand minute blemishes. They not only teach us *what* to think, but *how* to think. One is surprised to find how little the herd of common writers add to his knowledge, after he has well studied one sterling author on the same subject; and still more surprised to find how little such an one appears to say, in comparison with what he helps us to see might be said—how much he suggests more than he expresses—how much he makes us think, without seeming to think for us.

As to moral principles, let there be no compromise. Errors of the head, and acts of passion may be pardoned; but the offense of a mind capable of instructing mankind, and actually employed in assailing or undermining the moral habits or institutions of society, should have no forgiveness. With authors of unchristian and immoral character it is not good, it is not safe to hold communion. What, though their sophistry be shallow, and their errors manifest, their influence is scarcely the less pernicious. The moral sensibilities are too delicate for the contact of pollution. It is the familiarity of the mind with false views and vulgar scenes, that chiefly taints and corrupts it. It is not so much deluded as degraded. The presence of false ideas and foul pictures of life, of necessity excludes better and nobler ones; and the standard itself of purity falls as the heart grows worse. The unhappy subject of this moral degradation loses at once the sense of descent and his motives to return, and goes down with a constantly accelerated rapidity to the abyss of guilt. The young should be well aware of the danger of habitual intercourse with authors of a mean ambition, or a gross imagination, or impure feelings. There is rarely anything wholly just in argument, or faultless in taste, to be found in them as an atonement for their more unpardonable defects. The truly great men are apt to be good men.

Again; read with reference, if possible, to some definite end. Those acquisitions are always most permanent and most useful which are made in reference to particular objects. The mind must have been already trained and disciplined, which is able to lay up every valuable thought, as it occurs in miscellaneous reading, and to recall it in its true connections. The youthful reader cannot do it. To read to most advantage he will do well to select particular passages of history, or particular subjects in literature or morals to be investigated, and to pursue them as far as he has opportunity. If he begin right, one author will suggest another, new interest will be created as he proceeds, new relations of the subject will present themselves, new principles will be developed, until, to his surprise, he finds a little library collected around him, and begins to feel an acquaintance with a whole class of authors, of whom before he had but indistinct, if any ideas.

For example, he proposes to investigate a period of English history, the Rebellion, perhaps. He begins with one of the general historians, with Hume, an apologist for prerogative in politics, and a jacobin in religion. From Hume he goes to Lingard, a monarchist and a Catholic, but a student; from Lingard to Clarendon, a partisan of the king and a churchman, but an honest man; from Clarendon to Neal, a puritan and a republican. In Burnet's Own Time, Hutchinson's Memoirs, and the Lives of Charles, of Cromwell, of Usher, Baxter, Taylor, and Milton, he seeks a more minute account of personal incidents and private character; and in the works of some of these great men, he studies the literary character and spirit of the time. Rapin and various historical collections furnish many of the original documents, and seem to carry him back to the very period of which he reads. Such a course is

not, indeed, gone over in a day, but it is accomplished, by an industrious man, in no very long time. After the principal authors are carefully read, the rest are soon examined. Such a course, once thoroughly pursued, will be found to have enriched the mind of the reader with facts of great interest to the lover of civil and religious liberty; facts that illustrate the constitution of England, and the origin of our own free institutions. It will have led him to some definite ideas of the nature of government, of the right and hazards of revolution, of the mutual action of civil and religious parties, and of the genius and the moral and social habits of the land of our fathers, in one of the most active and instructive periods of her history. It will prepare him to read, more profitably, the records of preceding reigns, and to understand the principles on which the subsequent prosperity and glory of the country are founded. In this way history is not merely read, but studied. Not only is information acquired; but, what is yet more useful, a habit of investigating, of comparing, of judging, is cultivated.

By such investigations a young man obtains the rare satisfaction of feeling, that, with all his ignorance and indistinctness of views, there are some things *which he knows*. It is above all price to a youthful mind to enjoy the consciousness of clear and exact intelligence. To be always, and on all subjects, in a fog, or under a cloud, seeing men only as trees walking, is inconsistent with mental independence, and a proper self-confidence. Precision, as well as extent of knowledge, is characteristic of eminent men. Perhaps we may be permitted to suggest in this connection, that of all professions, that of a clergyman is the least favorable to the promotion of a style of close thinking and severe reasoning. He is in too quiet possession of the field for the cultivation of caution in taking his positions; too secure from opposition to be very solicitous about the temper or the edge of his blade. And what is still less favorable to the perfection of his skill in argument, he rarely or never ascertains whether in particular efforts he succeeds or fails. The case at the bar or in the senate is brought to an immediate issue. The audience of a preacher listen with attention, and go away, it may be, impressed with his reasoning, but wait, with one consent, for a more convenient season to make up their minds. To persons intended for the pulpit, therefore, nothing in education which tends to give exactness to their knowledge, or precision to their reasoning, can be useless or uninteresting.

Essentially the same course may be adopted on philosophical or literary subjects, such as the theory of taste, or of moral sentiments, the authenticity of Homer or of Ossian, the learning of Shakspeare, the origin of language—anything which affords scope for inquiry, and in the progress of inquiry leads to the weighing of testimony, the comparison of facts, and the analysis of literary productions—anything which furnishes occasion to consult the works of eminent writers, and to subject their contents to careful and continued study.

Suppose the theory of taste to be chosen for examination. The first work to which the student would naturally be directed, is the very beautiful and delightful essay by Mr. Alison, a remarkable specimen of the application of inductive reasoning to a subject, which had before been loosely and unsatisfactorily treated. The admirable dissertation, by Mr. Jeffreys, in the supplement to the British Encyclopædia, will be found to exhibit the same theory, unembarrassed by the multitude of examples and illustrations which fill Mr. Alison's essay, and supported by a variety of additional considerations. Mr. Stewart's three essays on beauty, sublimity, and taste, in his volume of Philosophical Essays, in some degree modify the theory adopted by Alison, and trace, in a manner peculiar to that writer, and in the finest style of verbal criticism, the origin and successive applications of the terms taste, beauty, and sublimity. A review of these essays in the Edinburgh Review, deduces from the theory of association the proper doctrine of a standard of taste; and a review of Alison, in the Christian Observer, applies this theory, in a striking manner, to the subject of moral culture. In Dr. Brown's Lectures, the theory is still further modified; and in Mackenzie on Taste and Richard Payne Knight's Analytical Inquiry into the principles of Taste, it is altogether denied, and ingeniously controverted. In Burke, Blair, and Addison, would be found the best specimens of the style in which the subject had been discussed, before Mr. Alison applied to it the singular ingenuity and copiousness of illustration which distinguish his essay.

By such an investigation, it is plain, the reader would be carried through a considerable range of authors, remarkable alike for clear reasoning and beautiful diction; a foundation would be laid for a system of philosophical criticism; habits of self-observation and reflection formed; and a species of judgment cultivated very analogous to that required in practical life—judgment upon facts often indistinctly apprehended, and connected with principles more or less indefinite—judgment depending frequently on a great variety of considerations, and the utmost nicety of distinction; and relating to subjects upon which

words are used with little precision, and opinions pronounced with singular confidence and equal folly.

Or suppose the point to be investigated is the authenticity of Ossian. In the prefaces to the different editions of this poem; in Laing's History of Scotland, Blair's Dissertation, the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society, Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, Montgomery's Lectures on General Literature, and the articles which occur in the various periodicals, the student finds a mass of conflicting evidence, which he is to weigh and balance; principles of composition which he must consider and follow out into their minute application to works of genius; peculiarities of national manners and character, and of different periods in the same country, which he must observe and compare. The work itself, too, whose claims to authenticity he undertakes to settle, must be read and re-read; the genuine marks of antiquity and originality carefully noted, whether in the thought, the imagery, or the expression, in allusions to fact and philosophy, or in the spirit of the composition.

Such a process, diligently pursued in reference to a single production, could hardly fail to instruct the reader on a variety of subjects intimately connected with the cultivation of literary taste, and to cherish habits of inquiry and discrimination, of comparison and analysis, in the highest degree important to useful reading. The claim of Ossian to be considered an original Scottish poem of the fourth century, and not a splendid and successful imposture of the eighteenth, must be supported, or disproved, not merely by reference to historical documents and tradition, but, by a careful comparison of the state of manners they describe with the wild and barbarous customs and habits of the age to which they are assigned; by a minute attention to the allusions they contain to civil events and religious institutions; by observing the marks they bear of rudeness or refinement, of native original thought, or of imitation in the genius by which they were produced; by nicely distinguishing those delicate and impalpable traits of composition, which it is so difficult to define, and yet so necessary to perceive, in order to appreciate the higher beauties in every department of art; and, finally, by considering the probability of such a work having been transmitted, unwritten, through fourteen centuries, and the motives which may have actuated the professed translator. Nor is it one of the least of the advantages of such an investigation, that it exhibits a striking instance of the greatest variety of literary judgment and of the strange contradictions of opinion among intelligent men, upon matters with which they are equally conversant—thus illustrating the importance of understanding the character and mental habits, the education and national or personal partialities of a critic, before we adopt his decisions.

The only other point on which I would remark, has been already alluded to, and is introduced again, only because of its pre-eminent importance. We refer to the habitual reading of a class of books, whose direct object is to nourish our moral sentiments, and diffuse a Christian spirit over all our mental character. Fortunately the language is full of such works; the only subject of concern is, that the novelties of the press, the mass of exciting periodical literature, which invites attention everywhere, may withdraw too much attention from works less popular in their character, less stimulating in their style, and less constantly urged upon the notice of the student. But let him not fall into the snare here spread for him. Let him keep his heart with all diligence, knowing that out of it are the issues of life. Let some one of the great masters of moral and Christian wisdom be ever on his table; and when he has first of all repaired, every day, to the fountains of devotion and divine benevolence in God's own word, let him commune a little with some kindred spirit of the holy dead, some Baxter or Flavel, or Howe or Cecil, or Thomas à Kempis, nor scorn to be instructed and edified in his ripened youth or age, by the monitors of his childhood, by Watts, or Mason, or Bunyan.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Smile, as I bow me to thy shrine, oh Sleep!
Weary am I, through climbing labor's hill;
Veil up my senses!—not that I may kill
Scorpions of conscience 'neath thy shadows deep;
But that, from thy calm influence, I may reap
Peace and refreshment, as thy balms instil
Strength to my frame, and all my being fill
With joy, that thou thy watch didst safely keep.
Samaritan of life! with pitying smile
When tired Nature fails upon the road,
Thou giv'st thy blessing to the sons of toil,
Loos'ning the bandage of their wearying load:
Though gold may win it not by chaffering wile,
Unasked upon contentment 'tis bestowed.

THE MOABITESS.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

Bid me not leave thee now!
Nay, Naomi, entreat me not to turn
My footsteps back and follow thee no more;
Doth not my drooping heart towards thee still yearn,
E'en like a loving child's, as if of yore,
From life's first breath, upon thy throbbing breast,
I laid in peace and took my infant rest?
I cannot leave thee now!

Tell me not to depart!
Hast thou not, mother, with a loving voice,
Oft to my weary spirit brought repose,
And with awakening tones made it rejoice,
As thine own heart-strings round mine own did close?
Hast thou not said in tenderness, 'my child,'
Until with joy my heart has nigh grown wild?
I cannot hence depart!

Send me not from thy side!
Say not that Age hath made thee sadly lose
Aught that is lovely and endeared to me;
That Want and Famine bid thee now refuse
To take me to thy home, oh, still to be
Thy daughter loved, as thou my mother art;
Nay, cherished one, thy word wrings now my heart.
I cannot leave thy side!

Entreat me not to go!
Didst thou not on thy loving bosom bear
Him whom my soul rejoiced in as my own?
Where lay *his* head, I too would rest me there,
And know the joy thy Mahlon lost has known;
Bound to thy heart in life, in death was he,
I bound to him am also bound to thee.
Mother, I cannot go!

Press me not to return!
Will I not tread the mournful paths again,
And view the saddening scenes of former grief?
Will not my soul renew its every pain,
With none to bring it sympathy's relief?
Without a mother's love I cannot live,
Thou only canst the blessed solace give—
I must not now return!

Urge me not back again!
The Gods whom Orpah loves I honor not,
No flame of Truth hath at their altar burned;
These, mother, all my soul hath now forgot,
And by my Mahlon taught, I too have learned
To worship Him the True, who is thy God,
Mine also now—with thee I kiss his rod—
I go not back again!

Say not 'seek thou thy home!'
I have no home where thou are not, beloved;
Home is where kindred are that bless the heart;
Kindred are they who ne'er by hate are moved,
Or aught that can on earth the bosom part;
But they as Nature taught, who loved me erst,
Since I have loved thee and thy God have cursed—
Mother, thine is my home!

I have no people now!
None but thine own, for Israel's God is mine,
Therefore am I blest Israel's humble child;
My people are the people that are thine,
And if with them thou wanderest in the wild,
Or dwellest in the city, bond or free,
Where thou dost lodge there will I lodge with thee.
Thine are my people now!

Let me not grieve alone!
Thou tellest me that now for my pained heart
Grief is in thine, since God his hand hath laid
So strong on thee, therefore I must depart;
But on me too it lies, and grief has made
Our hearts as one—our kindred loss is one,
And such are we till Heaven by death is won—
I cannot grieve alone!

Strive not to part us then!
The other hand of God beneath us laid,
In tender mercy, keeps us from despair;
So are our spirits, though in sorrow, stayed,
And in one clasp we thus together are.
Tempt not Jehovah to re-ope his hands,
And leave us separate in Misery's lands—
I cannot part with thee!

I bless thee for that word!
'Stay thou, my daughter, come and with me bide.'
Oh! on thy bosom I will rest my brow,
And talk of him whose love hath not yet died,
And at Adonai's altar like him bow;
Our tears shall mingle and our joys unite,
And life shall be no more a cheerless night—
I follow at thy word!

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

CHRISTIANITY is a truth, a sublime reality. It is a substantial groundwork of a stupendous superstructure. It has to do with the interests, rather than the fancies of men. It comes in no gorgeous array to fascinate vain minds. It is not an imaginative system, and yet the spirit of high, pure, celestial poetry pervades and animates it. I use the word Christianity in its most extensive sense, as meaning the Revelation from God contained in his sacred word. I see the authors of the purest, the most beautiful, the most sublime poetry, resorting to this original fountain with their golden vessels, to draw their best inspiration thence. And since there is an indissoluble bond between poetry and the sister arts of painting and music, all being founded in Nature, and bearing their own impress as the gifts of God, I behold the great minds that have been engaged about these last two waiting in this temple of God, near the same divine oracle, to obtain the highest subjects, which they may expand upon the canvass, or incorporate into solemn music. These are the waters where genius delights to bathe its wing. The very first announcement of God's word has in it the element of the highest sublimity, as if at man's first introduction to the mighty revelation of God, he should feel his own littleness, and bow in humble adoration before infinite wisdom, knowledge and power. Here we have the vast, the sublime, the incomprehensible. A few simple things are said. A thousand are suggested. The imagination is left—not left, but rather incited; encouraged to expatiate beyond this "visible diurnal sphere," and commune with forms of light and love that have sprung from the hand of God. In silent rapture it listens to the song of the angels, the symphony of "the morning stars," that gem other portions of the creation of God. Creation! This was the grand theme on which the genius of Haydn seized, that he might give to the world the music, and the poetry too, of the works of God. How profound, how awful the darkness of chaos! What a glowing, glorious moment that, when God said, "Let light be, and light was!" It is in the midst of the warmest poetic strains that the Psalmist says: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." The host of heaven! The imagination tires in its upward flight. So beautiful, so vast, so impressive is the array, that millions without the knowledge of the true God, have bowed down and worshipped them; as if amid all this "dread magnificence of heaven," there must be enthroned some superior intelligences, whose favor it was important to supplicate.

If now we descend even to our humble earth, and without leaving the epoch of which we have been speaking, contemplate the fresh beauty, and inhale the sweet fragrance of Eden, where God placed man "to dress it and to keep it," and that man made in his own image! placed where all was loveliness to the eye, music to the ear, rapture to every sense; where holiness was linked with immortality, and the sense of existence was but the sense of prolonged enjoyment, and to keep or to lose was within his own choice! Then that vision of beauty in the midst of Paradise, immaculate woman, the fair prototype of all that should follow in her train; the crowned queen of earth's kingdom, the brightest jewel in that crown being the image of God! No wonder the inspired eye of Milton should kindle into a flame when contemplating such a theme of poetry as this. Not even the gloom and disaster of the fall could wither all the beauty that was there. The earth remained—the flowers would still bloom—the crystal waters flow—the ocean roll its massive waves—the green bosom of the earth would smile in the eye of man, while beneath it the seed would quicken into life. And though storms and tempests might rage, they would but purify the atmosphere, while the seasons amid their successive changes, each characteristically different from the rest, would repeat the most impressive lessons to man. Genius, too, would awake at their call, and trace the immortal line as Thomson has done. And when God said, "I do set my bow in the clouds," and the magnificent arch sprang from the plains of Asia, and ascended to mid-heaven, then was realized the imagination's most splendid, most passionate dream of beauty. It seemed as if in those seven brilliant colors, analyzed out of the sun by heaven's prismatic water-drops, God had

written on the broad sky an illustration of his own perfections. God is Light. The light of holiness shines forth in Him, the chief of all his perfections, and blending all in itself. Hence the majestic thought that the Son of righteousness should arise with healing in his beams. The Hebrew prophets were poets. Their language often rises to the highest style of poetry, and that of the purest, divinest kind, because it is in the thought, the sentiment, the sense, and not in painted words, or meretricious sentences, that their power consists. Campbell* the poet says: "The earliest place in the history of poetry is due to the Hebrew muse. . . . Indeed, the more we contemplate the Old Testament, the more we shall be struck with the solitary grandeur in which it stands as an historical monument amid the waste of time." So completely is the spirit of poetry and of eloquence intermingled in the compositions of the Hebrew prophets, that the critics are undecided whether to class them as orators or poets.

Painting has been called the poetry of colors. Now when the masters would produce the highest effects of their art, when they would seek the widest scope for their genius, what themes do they select? Those of Inspiration. If it be inquired which are the most celebrated and most successful of the productions of Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyke, Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Leonardo da Vinci, and painters of like elevated name, we shall find that they are the preaching of Paul at Athens, the death of John the Baptist, the judgment of Solomon, Saul at the tomb of Samuel, the miracles of Christ, the transfiguration, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the descent from the cross, the last supper, the last judgment. Mighty themes! How full of aliment for the most appetent, the most comprehensive genius! Would that they had not so often absorbed the spirituality in the poetry of Christianity. But whatever want of gospel faith might be in them, it could not bereave Christianity of her divine honors.

We might proceed to select numerous illustrations of our main thought. We might quote the example of our Saviour, who appealed to the lilies of the field, and the winged denizens of the air for lessons of instruction to men, thus causing an element of visible, poetic beauty to contribute to the strengthening of faith in God. In his prophetic delineations of the desolations of Jerusalem, and the extinction of the Jewish State, he rises to awful heights of eloquence, painting the gloom and the grandeur of that tremendous period in colors most appalling. Tradition has multiplied the tragic circumstances, while fancy has heightened, if possible, the effect of the whole.*

In Paul's description of the resurrection, (1 Cor. 15,) we have a picture of the highest kind, not only as it respects the effect of the whole, but if we consider also its minute beauties; its striking contrasts, the lights and shades that harmonize so wondrously, the celestial and terrestrial; the earthly and the heavenly, the natural and the spiritual, the mortal and the immortal. ver. 40–44. Oh! that is a chapter to be read in heaven at the final Synod of the elect of God, when they shall have met to celebrate the victories over sin, death and hell therein described. There are conceptions and descriptions fitted to set the soul on fire; glowing evidences that the doctrines and facts of Christianity are capable of awakening the noblest powers of the human soul, whether in the way of argumentation or description.

It may be added, that the sacred canon closes in a manner suited to the whole series of books. The sublimity of the Apocalypse is not chiefly owing to its "mysteries." Its clearest revelations are full of those "heavenly things," which may well absorb the soul of man or angel.

* Lectures on Poetry.

* Milman's Fall of Jerusalem.

REMEMBRANCES.

The hopes and fears of former years
  Are with their flowers faded—
The friends of old, more dear than gold,
  Are 'neath the willows shaded—
But still in dreams, bright boyhood's themes
  Will come with scenes forsaken—
Oh! when we dream of bliss supreme,
  Why—why should we awaken!

The fairest flowers, the sweetest hours—
  The forms we fondly cherish,
If loved too well, it seems a spell
  That bids them fade and perish.
Our joys each day to grief give way,
  Like dew-drops rudely shaken,
Oh! when we dream of bliss supreme,
  Why—why should we awaken!

ANGEL MINISTRIES.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"FATHER in heaven! I have trusted thee hitherto, I will trust thee even to the end. With a heart breaking in death, I thank thee that thou hast taken one precious child already to thyself: my other, my only one, I leave with thee. Through the temptations, manifold and perilous, which will hereafter surround her earthly path, no hand but thine can guide her in safety. Thou sympathizing Saviour, who knowest what it is to resist the devices of the Adversary, place around her the arms of thy tenderness. And when she lies down to die, may she be sustained by the same unshaken faith which upholdeth me; so that I, a blessed mother, may present myself before thee at last with exceeding joy and say, 'Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me!'"

The pale hand pressed more heavily on the head of the awed child who stood in silent beauty beside the low couch, unconscious that she was listening to her mother's last prayer; for the closed eyes did not open again, and the faint vibrations had scarcely ceased upon the air, before the spirit of her who had awakened them was in heaven.

"Mother! dear, sweet mother!" said the child, who stood long with the still hand upon her head, "pray for me again; I will listen, mother!" but there was no sound, no motion; and the little trembler put up her arms, and softly lifting down the passive hand, kissed the slender fingers. They were cold. The truth burst upon her mind in a moment; and what the dying mother had been laboring for days to make her darling understand, that God was going to take her away, she understood now.

A wild scream brought in the attendant from an adjoining room; she flew to the child, who had fallen upon the floor, and as she raised her, her eyes fell upon the bed; the cause of the alarm was explained. Those moveless features and that placid face betokened the struggle over; and except the fainting burden in her arms, she was alone with death; the dim presence of the shadowy angel, unseen, but *felt*, was only there. An hour later, and the little orphan, bewildered with grief, was lifted into a carriage and conveyed away to another home in the same great city; nor was she permitted even once again to look upon her mother's beautiful clay.

The wide continent held but one family to whom the tie of relationship bound that lonely child; and to other hands than theirs would the departing mother have fain consigned her. For months past that mother had been a learner of strange and blessed lessons. Grief was "nurturing for the sky" another soul; and with an unsatisfied craving after more substantial comfort than the superstitious creed which had enthralled her, had been able to yield, she turned elsewhere for solace, and found more than she had dreamed of seeking. She had been born and reared a merely nominal Protestant; but had married in her own country into a Roman Catholic family, and had become so fascinated with the gorgeous ritual of the false religion, as to turn with distaste from the seemingly stern forms of her own, of whose spirit and tenets she was alike ignorant. Death came and wrote "strange defeature" on the face of her youngest born; she saw him snatched away at a blow; and then it was that she felt the need of a sustaining influence, which she vainly sought in the faith within whose pale she had suffered herself to be drawn. The broken heart turned its own agony into prayer; for oh! however thoughtless and self-dependent we may be in our hours of prosperity and joy, let but sore bereavements touch us in the tenderest point; let grief, for which there is no earthly alleviation, overwhelm us, and the proud spirit "yieldeth like a reed," and the lips that refused their meed of thanksgiving amidst a wealth of blessings, are not ashamed to come with the supplications wrung out by the poverty of heart-desolation. Her own childhood and the simple prayer often put up at the knee of a pious nurse came back with a strange distinctness to her memory. "And he took little children in his arms;" she had not forgotten those few words; and the indescribable charm they had for her, now that *her* child was taken, awakened a desire to read them again. She opened the sacred pages and read with a new vision; and as she read, the holy seed feel upon a soil prepared for its reception

by the distilling dew of early memories, and the mellowing influence of sorrow's tears. Bitterer anguish far awaited her; an anguish compared with which, her first bereavement was as the summer rain to the destroying tempest. Her husband sickened and died; died too in the faith which she was in her heart abjuring. In an agony of distress which could find no adequate form of utterance, she spoke to the beloved one of a reliance on the merits of a Saviour, whom she herself hardly knew. But the priestly father came, and lulled the half-awakened soul into its old security, from which it could not be roused again. The *viaticum* was given, the holy chrism applied, and the spirit passed away in its delusion. In the wreck of hope and the absence of all earthly stay, the stricken mourner turned fully and truly to her God. The power of that religion whose imposing ceremonials had led her astray was forever broken.

At first she meditated a return to her own land; but death and time had done their work among those nearest to her there; and after all, she had but little heart now to enjoy what had ever been a circle of sad worldliness. The family of her husband's deceased brother offered her a home under their roof, but there the shadow of the giant superstition was ever present, and she could not do the only work now left for her, the training of her child in a religion which none of her husband's name had ever embraced.

Her desire now was to discover some quiet retreat to which she might retire, away from the vigilance she had begun to dread. That influence was exerted over her already, although she did not know the extent of it. It had thwarted her attempts at removal; it had brought to her the sister of charity in the garb of a sympathizing sharer in her sorrows, at whose solicitations the unsuspecting mourner had permitted her child to be the frequent companion of her walks, overcome by the irresistible plea, that the little creature was languishing for want of outdoor air.

But a dimness began to spread itself over the saddened eye, a lassitude weighed down her body; the twice bruised heart could not bear up against the blow; and when the unconscious preparation was perfected, the summons for release came. She was at first scarcely willing to die; she felt that life had just been begun in earnest by her. Could her child have been taken too, how pleasant it would have been to go! But if she left it undone, who would rear her for God? Yet faith at length triumphed; she committed her precious charge to the only persons to whom she could leave her, with a pleading prayer that they would permit her to be educated in the Protestant faith; a request she hardly dared to hope would be heeded by them, but which she solemnly made in the assurance that it would be heard on high. And who shall say that prayer is not omnipotent, or shall presume to limit its exercise, since it "moves the hand that moves the world?"

The orphaned Una G— was kneeling, according to the custom lately taught her, before a crucifix one evening, with a rosary in her hand, and as she dropped the beads one by one through her fingers, she repeated in a mechanical voice an *ave* after the zealous teacher who kneeled beside her. She paused in the midst of her occupation as if overtaken by a sudden thought. "But cousin Lila," said she, in a sort of musing tone, "it is not right for *me* to pray this way; I am going to be a Protestant."

"Hush, hush!" said her cousin, as she placed the rosary which the child had let fall in her hands again, "Protestants are wicked people, Una; they are heretics; and heretics never go to heaven."

Una raised her eyes wonderingly to her companion's face. "Cousin Lila," she began, with slow emphasis, "I know my mother is in heaven. God made her holy before he took her away. She did not need to go to purgatory to be made holy. She told me she would die a Protestant, and that I should be one too. But who will tell me how? You cannot, nor aunt G—, nor Father Alison; oh! who will tell me how?"

"But do you know what it is to be a Protestant?"

"No, not now; my own dear mother tried to teach me, but I was not mindful, for I did not know she was going to die. I am sure though, that this is not the way she told me to pray. I wish I could remember all she said to me; oh! how I wish I could remember!"—and burying her face in her cousin's lap, she burst into tears.

"You would not want to be a Protestant, Una, if you once understood what is meant by it. Long ago, in the purest ages of the church, there was no such thing as Protestantism. But men became tired of obeying all that God commands through the holy church. They pretended that they could understand the Bible without any assistance; so they put what construction they pleased upon it, and made up a religion that required far less of them. All the church has been able to do ever since, has not driven this wicked heresy out of the world. Now, Una, you would not like to be a Protestant, I'm sure."

"But my mother told me she was one, and I know she is an angel in heaven."

"No, no, Una; your mother was not a Protestant, for she committed you to our care. Besides, you know that sickness had distracted her mind; and if she said so, it was when she did not know what she was saying."

An expression of deeper thought gathered in the eyes that still glistened with tears, and for some moments Una was silent.

"But when she used to put her arm around me, and make me kneel too, while she read out of the Bible—oh! cousin Lila, she knew what she was saying then. Why did aunt G— give my mother's Bible to Father Alison?"

"Because you are but a little ignorant child, and we are all sinful creatures that could never find out what God means to teach us in his word, if our holy church did not explain it. It would be dangerous for us to pry into God's mysteries without any guide but our own weak judgments. The Bible is too hard for us to understand."

"Oh no, it was not hard. If you only knew, cousin Lila, how sweetly it spoke of 'the little children;' I understood that. Why cannot I read it again?"

Surely an angel had been sent to "trouble the waters" in the fount of that young heart!

Many and more specious arguments were thrown by this sincere follower of a blind faith upon the spark of Protestantism before it could be smothered in the mind of the little inquirer. But by degrees she grew satisfied, and consented to finish her evening devotion with the proscribed *ave sanctissima*.

As the elementary studies of childhood gave way to the eager researches of a rapidly maturing mind, more alluring food was offered to the young investigator. Her attention was turned to the antiquity of Catholicism; to its triumphs; to the holy lives of its confessors and martyrs; to the self-denying labors of its missionaries; the zeal of its holy orders; their renunciation of all worldliness. As these lessons were poured into her ear, her enthusiasm began to kindle with all a neophyte's ardor. Yet she was not long an unquestioning learner. The grain of truth deposited by the saint in heaven was kept from being choked by the tares afterwards sown, through the haunting remembrance of the beloved one's parting prayer.

"Aunt G—," said Una, one day as she threw herself on a cushion at her aunt's feet, "I almost envy you; you seem to have no doubts about our religion."

"Doubts, my child! why should I have any? If they trouble you, resist them, for they are the suggestions of Satan."

"I have thought that they might perhaps be nothing more; but to-day I had some of them confirmed by a volume I have been reading"—

"Some of the thousand fabrications of our heretical enemies, I dare say."

"No, no; it was simple Spanish history; but I learned from it that our Church has been a persecuting one—indeed, if history be true, a bloody one."

"The blessed Mother forgive you, Una, for the unholy thought! No, the Church, as a Church, does not persecute; though sometimes the ardent zeal of some of her members has betrayed them into undue violence; but for that she is not answerable. Besides, you forget that with that sterner age has passed away that sterner character which it was necessary the Church should then wear"—

"Did she not establish the Inquisition?" interrupted Una.

"Do you not know," replied her aunt, warmly, "that when the power of the Church was at its height, there was no Inquisition? The alarming inroads of heresy made such an efficient check necessary; but it was not the terrible thing Protestant writers would have you believe. Remember that everything from *that* source in regard to our Church, must be received with allowance."

"But she *does* keep her children in ignorance, aunt G—. Look at Catholic Italy and this Protestant America. What makes the difference?"

"Una," interrupted her aunt, angrily, "I am shocked at your hankering after that accursed Protestantism. You must go to confession. Tell your doubts to Father Alison; he will solve them all for you in a way that will set them at rest for ever."

Una's education went on. The poetry of religion began to take a deep hold upon her imaginative character. The *poetry* of religion! How many are there who have known of it nothing more! Who have gazed with awe at the magnificent proportions of the temple, yet entered not to lay any sacrifice upon its altar, or, if they entered, hung with delight over the carved "chapiters of lily-work," and the "bells and pomegranates overlaid with pure gold," but knew not of the existence of the "holy of holies!" How many are there who have sat as worshippers, and under the belief that their spirits were lost in absorbing adoration, have listened in a state of dreamy deliciousness to the majestic swell of the music, as the rich sound deepened into a strain of triumph, or died away to the subdued utterings of an overburdened soul, without h[illegible] [illegible]hood [illegible] praise,

or breathed one sigh of contrition! How many who have hearkened to the pleading accents of impassioned prayer, till the heart thrilled with its touching eloquence, and the tears trembled upon the eyelash at the angel-like sweetness of the tone, yet whose knees bowed not in their own secret chambers, and whose eyes never wept at the remembrance of their own errors. But the influence of such feelings did not leave Una's spirit satisfied. She was too thoughtful, too earnest, to remain content that her sensibilities, her imagination, her love of the touching, the graceful, the beautiful, should be all that was appealed to. While she turned with distaste from the common pursuits and evanescent pleasures of the world about her, she felt that this distaste of a mind whose immortal appetite craved something more than mortal sustenance —this longing after the spiritualized and elevated—this absorption of sense in the externals of religion, was not religion itself. Heaven was not to her a heaven which, as her Church taught her, her own merits could attain. *Her* merits! She shrank from the conception that aught *she* could do could ever win a blessedness so glorious. In outward seeming, her life had been pure and blameless; but she knew that there existed an antagonism between her nature and the essential holiness of God's, which no obedience, no expiation of her own could reconcile. Again and again would she spread her hassock before a picture of rare beauty that hung in her chamber; but as often as she attempted to seek the mediation of the Madonna, whose meek eyes rested lovingly upon her, a shadow seemed to interpose between her and the sweet face of the Virgin Mother; but it left still undimmed "the child Jesus." That shadow—was it thrown by the cloud of doubt that hung round her own struggling spirit? Or was it the wing of the angel-mother that spread itself at such a time between her and the pictured object of her intended adoration?

The city clocks had one by one tolled out the midnight hour; yet still the sweet Una knelt before the altar in the family chapel—the impersonation of a votaress of heaven. The moonlight, streaming through the stained glass window, shed over her a flood of strange glory. The rich hair flung back from the pale brow—the pleading eyes, filled with more than earthly beauty—the slight fingers clasped upon the bosom—the subdued expression of the willowy figure—might have formed the original of the Magdalen of the old master. She had been chanting a penitential psalm in low, broken harmony, and as the lingering vibration of the organ died away, her thoughts found voice again. "Oh! it is in vain that a human soul attempts to work out its own salvation! How can I know that the saints in glory will listen to the supplications of an humble child, far away alone amidst the world's sinfulness? I have tried to be indifferent until I should grow older, and could better trust my own judgment; for however I strive to make it bow to the dictates of our holy Church—it will not—it will not. *Obedience*, they tell me, is all that is required. I have obeyed; I have persisted against doubts and fears; but I have gone on in a blind path. I am willing to be guided by my confessor, and to believe that he is to me in God's stead; but he is not earnest enough; he turns my inquiries aside; he discourages investigation; he forbids me the Bible; he gives me no rock on which my faith can rest. Yet all these struggles may be, as he assures me, the insidious workings of a too curious and restless spirit."

Her head drooped upon her bosom; her arms fell listlessly at her side, and she sat with the shadow of the cross falling in a darkened line across her closed eyes—a picture of utter despondency. So young, so isolated, so sorrowful! Sweet Una! shalt thou never find that for which thou art surely seeking? Shall the cross continue to throw, as now, dimness, instead of brightness, over thy vision? Shall no hand lift thee up, thou lone lamb, and tenderly carry thee to the fold of the good shepherd?

She raised the shading lashes, still heavy with tears, and her eyes fell upon an "*Ecce Homo*" that hung over the altar. The magic of the moonlight gave a startling vividness to the Saviour's suffering face. The raised eyes still seemed to wear the gaze of agony which said in stronger language than spoken words could utter, "Father, if it be possible;" but around the parted lips lay that expression of immeasurable compassion and unshaken endurance which added, "Not my will, but thine be done!" "Saviour!" breathed the low, trembling voice, "thou surely *didst* undergo anguish unutterable! For whom? For what? It must have been that thou mightest pay the awful price of man's redemption. And if a God so suffered, can the work be incomplete? In the inconceivable depths of an expiation so wonderful, what would be all the penances, and fastings, and prayers, of all the millions who have sinned? and where would be their need? I see, I feel that the work is entirely thine—man can do nothing. Oh! he dare not join his paltry endurance with thine 'exceeding sorrow!'"

An eye and ear etherealized above corporeal

essence might have caught the shadowy outline and heard the unfelt motion of an angel-messenger bending at that moment over the earnest pleader. *She* knew not why the idea of her lost mother should come to her with the feeling of a presence, as she rose from her kneeling posture, calmed and far less lonely; she knew not that she had experienced the mystic intercourse of spirit with spirit, and that there had been sent to her a sustaining strength that should pass no more away; she knew not that the echo of that mother's prayer, which had never died away in the chambers of her heart, had found an answering tone, and that their blended harmonies would henceforth gather power and sweetness, until the marred harp of earth should exchange its imperfect music for the golden lyre of heaven!

"Once, my dear Una," plead a new-found friend, "only go with me this once. I would have you judge for yourself whether our religion is a barren and lifeless one; whether the approach into the presence of our Maker without any adventitious aids or mediation, seems as presumptuous as you suppose. I have gone with you, and witnessed the ceremonials of a religion which addresses itself to the outward sense; now come with me, and listen to the simple forms of one, which, with the stern majesty of truth, seeks to speak only to the understanding and the heart."

How often had Una striven to shut her mind against the disturbing influence of this very captivation of the senses of which her friend spake! "But it would be no venial sin for me to comply with your request. A true daughter of the Church," added Una, with a sad smile, "must not do so forbidden a thing as join her prayers with those of heretics."

"Ah, Una! you have been reared in the cage, and I must not wonder that you know nothing of the world of free religious thought that lies without your Church's pale. But truth dreads no comparisons and shrinks from no investigation. Come, listen just once to our preaching and our prayers, before you decide that we are on the highway of delusion."

Una went, and sat as a hearer among the Protestant worshippers. At first there did appear to her something bold in the approach of the officiating minister so near to the "holy of holies," without even the form of a prepared prayer. There were no rich vestments, no swinging censers, no bending of the knee, no elevated cup, no cross. Shorn of all outward assistances, the accused spirit was confronted with its offended Judge. Compelled by conscience to stand there a trembling culprit, naked of all things but its own sinful nature, it could make no denial, could offer no plea. No saintly intercession could bribe the indulgence of justice; no amount of human suffering restore its lost purity or work out an absolution. And when, with an earnestness that stirred the innermost depths of the listener's soul, the preacher led the self-condemned spirit to the feet of the one Mediator, and left it there, beneath the full gaze of his compassionate eye, overburdened with shame, and bereft of all reliance on any other in earth or heaven—Una bowed her face upon her hands, and breathed to herself with a consciousness of inward joy such as the ancient philosopher never knew—"*I have found it!—I have found it!*" At that moment a watching angel burst away with the glad tidings to the courts above, that another of the children of earth had become an heir of eternal glory.

Again she was alone in the little moonlit chapel; again her fingers pressed the keys of the organ, but they did not, as before, give out beneath her touch tones of mournfulness. Light was in her lifted eye, and a seraph's gladness on her lips, as she poured forth in unpremeditated music the fullness of her soul.

"When my heart and strength were failing,
Overshadowed by despair,
Thou hadst pity on my sorrow—
Thou didst hear my prayer!

Brightness breaks upon my vision—
All delusion melts away;
And my spirit freed from fetters,
Walks amid the day.

Not by human expiation,
Not by deeds of merit done,
Was my obligation cancelled,
Was my freedom won.

Thou hast paid the mighty forfeit,
On *thy* head the stroke did fall;
Thine the work, my suffering Saviour,
Thou hast wrought it all!

I, who through earth's tangled pathway,
Blindly strayed without a guide,
Now behold the Son of Mary,
Walking at my side.

Whilst that hand for me once streaming,
With the sacrificial gore,
Holds my own, I shall be lonely
Or dismayed no more.

Speak, my heart, thine adoration!
Soul, thy strains of triumph raise!
Be my very sense of being
Borne away in praise!"

The change in the views of the orphan was soon apparent to the vigilant eyes about her,

and she was at once subjected to an espionage that was tormenting. She was permitted no more to cross the threshold of a Protestant sanctuary; the Bible she had obtained was withdrawn, and intercourse with her young Protestant friend forbidden. There was no harshness, no menace, used at first to frighten back the wanderer. The politic priest understood the delicate mechanism of her nature too well to permit that, until all milder means should prove unavailing. He knew that

> "Her sweet emotions could be ever swayed
> By gentle words, as reeds by summer wind;"

but he had not yet learned that when what she deemed truth and principle to be at stake, she could be as firm "as beetling rocks upon the ocean's shore." The most winning persuasion and specious argument were therefore in vain. She who had been so directly taught of God himself, could not come back and sit meekly as once, at the feet of a human teacher. Coldness took the place of kindness towards her. Her scrupulous and rigid relatives sighed over her strange obstinacy, and marvelled at the tenacity with which the taint of Protestantism clings, as they remembered her childish account of her dying mother's injunctions and prayer. Compulsatory mortifications and vigils and fasts, while they served to make the lovely face paler, and the fragile figure still slighter, left the spirit calm and unshaken. She could not renounce the only anchor of hope she had ever found to cling to, to be tossed again upon a sea of doubts. It was thought necessary to remove her to some place better fitted for carrying on the important work proposed, and far away from the troublesome inspection and too curious inquiries of interested friends. A journey must be taken for the benefit of her health, she was told; and the unresisting girl allowed herself to be borne away to the convent at E——, where the pure air and the Sabbath quiet of the spot would, they assured her, restore her physical nature to its proper tone, and the heavenly communings, and spotless examples of the holy sisters, aid in bringing her back from her path of error. A series of systematic efforts was commenced immediately upon her arrival; beginning with a tenderness and sympathy that moved the unsuspecting and unfriended orphan to tears, and continuing through all gradations up to the refined mental torture which only Jesuit cunning knows how to inflict upon a victim wholly within its hand. But clearer and steadier grew the light within; more resolute became the heart that was being made "perfect through suffering." And though there were times when the dismayed spirit trembled and faltered in its path of loneliness, the feeling was a momentary one. She did not shrink or compromise her faith, and had the eyes of those who were striving to shake her constancy had a spiritualized vision, they might have seen that ever in her extremity there appeared "an angel strengthening" her.

The drama was well nigh ended; its last scene drew to a close. While the strong heart grew stronger, its delicate outward environments began to give way.

> —"The weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,"

was soon to be lifted off, and the tumult that had often vexed the enduring soul, to be lost forever in that "appropriate calm" which should know no breaking.

In a small chamber, empty and plain even to homeliness, lay the meek sufferer, with her eyes fixed upon the westering sun, whose latest rays rested like a crown of gold on the top of a distant mountain.

"*Near home!*" she murmured faintly to herself again and again—"near home!" She lingered upon the last word as if it conveyed to her mind an idea of inexpressible sweetness. The golden gleam faded from the room and the dim twilight crept on, making what was lonely before, seem still lonelier. Long after the darkness of night had reigned through the apartment, the low, weak voice might have been heard trying to keep the solitary heart company.

"It will be sorrowful," she sighed, "sorrowful to die alone! Ah! *their* religion is not like that of Jesus; he is so compassionate! *He* has not left me; no, I am *not* alone!"

A stealthy step gliding over the floor interrupted the soliloquy, and one of the youngest of the nuns sat down upon the bed and laid her hand on Una's damp brow.

"Oh! you shall not be alone, sister!" said she; "I will watch with you; only believe, only trust in the faith of our holy church. I am in an agony for you; I cannot see you die under an anathema;" and she knelt at the bedside and besought with tears for a renunciation.

Such a manifestation of interest and kindness touched Una deeply; but she did not weep; she was too near heaven for tears. Calmly and connectedly as her failing strength would permit, she reiterated the sources of her trust, and prayed the sympathizing sister to make them her own.

The entrance of a second person terminated the conversation. She bore a taper in her hand, and the deference with which the nun received her, marked her as the superior. She advanced to the bed, and bending over, asked in no very gentle tone, if her determination was unchanged.

"My hope is in my Saviour's sacrifice," was the faint reply. She placed her fingers upon Una's wrist for a moment, then turning, said to the nun in a tone in no degree lowered—

"Sister Agnes, you are more experienced in sickness than I am; feel her pulse and tell me if you think she will last till morning!"

The sister cast an appealing glance toward Una; but the question had caused no visible agitation. She took her hand as directed, but it was only to carry it to her lips and bathe it with her tears.

"'Ye shall save them pulling them out of the fire,' is the direction of the holy apostle," said the superior. "The father is waiting below to administer the last rites; for unworthy as she has shown herself to be by her obstinacy, yet for the sake of her friends, who are true children of the church, and who would be shocked to think she had died without them, we will not withhold them. Tell him I am ready, sister Agnes; *you* need not return.

Heedless, for a moment, of the superior's presence, the nun folded her arms around Una with a convulsive clasp, and then hurried from the room. In a few moments the priest appeared, bearing in his hands the golden vessel containing the holy chrism. One effort more was made to shake the purpose of the dying girl, but the same answer was returned as before. With something like an imprecation, the priest proceeded in a careless manner to apply the extreme unction. Una's lips moved the while in silent prayer, and when, the ceremony being finished, they left her in darkness and alone, her already glorified spirit was only conscious of the presence of hovering angels waiting to convoy her through the "blue realms of ether," to the bosom of her God. When the early bell rung for matins, its sound did not disturb the sleeper; she had wakened in heaven! The mother's prayer was answered, as she knelt before the throne with one child, long a dweller in heaven, and the other a new and wondering angel, and said, "*Here am I, with the children whom Thou hast given me!*"

Blessed Una! thou wert not the only martyr of whose existence the world has no record; but the repose of heaven was far sweeter to thee after the struggles of thy young heart here, than if thou hadst passed from a bed of roses to the "green pastures" and "still waters" above!

Una's aunt and cousin grieved sincerely for her; but the assurance contained in the letter of the superior, that she had received the last rites, was all the comfort they asked. They caused to be erected over her grave, in the little cemetery at E——, a monument bearing only this simple inscription:

UNA G——, aged seventeen,
Implora pace.

I WISH I WERE A CHILD.

To gambol in the summer sun,
  Wondering at all I see;
Or at my father's side to run;
  Sit on my mother's knee;
Or with my brother, or a friend,
  Fearless, reckless, wild,
Once more to chase the butterfly—
  I wish I were a child.

Through all the world, 'mong rich or poor,
  Wherever we may turn;
Full well we see, 'tis but too true,
  That "man was made to mourn."
But when those little ones I see,
  Gentle, peaceful, mild,
In sweet simplicity of thought,
  I wish I were a child.

"Except you turn like one of these,"
  Said He who reigns above,
"You cannot to my kingdom come,
  Where all is peace and love."
And this I know, although in heaven,
  By angels pure and mild,
Eternal praise to him is given,
  He loves a little child.

Oh, life, it is a thorny path;
  This world, a world of care;
How vain, indeed, is all the joy,
  That we on earth can share!
Man's life, a life is full of woes;
  This, gentle, peaceful, mild;
In truth, in hope, in joy, and love,
  I wish I were a child.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

THE world hath its glory. Ye've seen it put on,
  When in spring-time the Zephyr brings joy from the west;
When down old Earth's channels the life-pulses run;
  When music awakes, and flowers mantle her breast.

The world hath its glory. When summer's deep green
  Beguileth the noontide, and shadows the stream;
And when, too, the many-hued autumn is seen,
  Its haze overlying the hills like a dream.

The world hath its glory. When storm-wars are past,
  And the sun paints the bow on the thunder's dark car;
When day's dying tints on the mountains are cast,
  And evening stars beam from their watchtowers afar.

The world hath its shadows too. Oft from his path,
  Wan Penury driveth life's pilgrim astray;
While Envy and Hatred, like spirits of wrath,
  Glower grimly and demon-like over his way.

The world hath its shadows. The vipery band
  Of cares multitudinous hover around;
Disease on the frame lays his skeleton hand,
  And Selfishness haunts e'en the heart's hallowed ground.

The world hath its shadows; for Death claims his prey,
  His dark mantle palleth life's brightest domains;
His arrow, ubiquitous, flieth for aye,
  And mourners are rife on earth's populous plains.

The world hath its shadows. But glory beyond,
  With beauty immortal, still cheereth our faith.
Believing, we cease o'er the grave to despond;
  There's light in its darkness, and life in its death.

Then triumph, ye shadows! Yet brief is your gloom,
  And dark is your hour, but 'tis not for long;
For heaven lends a smile to illumine the tomb,
  Where sadness and mourning shall burst into song.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., August, 1849.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"A haunting music, sole, perhaps, and lone
Supportress of the faery roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearing the whole charm might fade."—KEATS.

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thoughts' wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these, create he can
Forms more real than real man—
Nurslings of immortality."—SHELLEY.

THE name of Alfred Tennyson is pressing slowly, calmly, but surely—with certain recognition, but no loud shouts of greeting—from the lips of the discerning along the lips of the less informed public to its "own place" in the stony house of names. That it is the name of a true poet, begins to be everywhere acknowledged; and he now stands upon the firm ground of an universal recognition of his genius, after no worse persecution than is comprised in the charges of affectation, quaintness, and mannerism. But little is known of his personal history, more than that he is the son of a clergyman of Lincolnshire, England; that he went through the usual routine of a University education at Trinity College, Cambridge; that he is one of a large and gifted circle of brothers and sisters still living; that his chief social characteristic is a strong disposition to avoid general society, preferring to sit up all night talking with a friend, or else to sit and think alone. Beyond a very small circle he is never to be met. There is nothing eventful in his biography, and need not restrain us from the brief view of his qualities and excellences as a poet, which we now propose to give.

Perhaps the first spell cast by Tennyson, the master of so many spells, he casts upon the ear. His power as a lyrical versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the gleaming coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you a poem with nothing in it except music, and as if its music were everything, it shall charm your soul. Be this said, not in reproach, but in honor of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian lyrists may take counsel, or at once enjoy,

"Where Claribel low lieth."

But if sweetness of melody and richness of harmony be the most exquisitely sensuous of Tennyson's characteristics, he is no less able to "pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone," for certainly his works are equally characterized by their thoughtful grace, depth of sentiment, and ideal beauty. And he not only has the most musical words at his command, but he possesses the power of conveying a sense of color, and a precision of outline by means of words, to an extraordinary degree. In music and color he was equalled by Shelley, but in *form*, clearly defined, with no apparent effort, and no harsh shades or lines, Tennyson stands unrivalled.

Tennyson may be considered generally under four different aspects—developed separately or in collective harmony, according to the nature of his subject—that is to say, as a poet of fairy-land and enchantment; as a poet of profound sentiment in the affections, (as Wordsworth is of the intellect and moral feelings;) as a painter of pastoral nature; and as the delineator and representer of tragic emotions, chiefly with reference to one particular passion.

With regard to the first of these aspects of his genius, it may be admitted at the outset that Tennyson is not the portrayer of individual, nor of active practical character. His characters, with few exceptions, are generalizations, or refined abstractions, clearly developing certain thoughts, feelings, and forms, and bringing them home to all competent sympathies. These critics who

have seized upon the poet's early loves—his Claribels, Lilians, Adelines, Madelines—and comparing them with real women, and the lady-loves of the actual world, have declared that they were not natural beings of flesh and blood, have tried them by a false standard. They do not belong to the flesh-and-blood class. There is no such substance in them. They are creatures of the elements of poetry. And for that reason, they have a sensuous life of their own; as far removed from ordinary bodily condition as from pure spirit. Standing or seated, flying or floating, laughing or weeping, sighing or singing, pouting or kissing, they are lovely under-bodies, which no German critic would for a moment hesitate to take to his visionary arms.

In the description of pastoral nature in England, no one has ever surpassed Tennyson. The union of fidelity to nature and extreme beauty is scarcely to be found in an equal degree in any other writer. He is generally as sweet, and fresh, and faithful in his drawing and coloring of a land scape, as the prose pastorals of Miss Mitford, which is saying the utmost we can for a possessor of those qualifications. But besides this, Tennyson idealizes, as a poet should, wherever his subjects needs it—not so much as Shelley and Keats, but as much as the occasion will bear, without undue preponderance, or interfering with the harmony of his general design. His landscapes often have the truthful ideality of Clàude, combined with the refined reality of Calcott, or the homely richness of Gainsborough. The landscape painting of Keats was more like the backgrounds of Titian and Annibal Carracci; as that of Shelley often resembled the pictures of Turner. We think the extraordinary power of language in Shelley sometimes even accomplished, not only the wild brilliancy of coloring, but the apparently impossible effect, by words, of the wonderful aerial perspective of Turner—as where he speaks of the loftiest star of heaven "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." But with Tennyson there is no tendency to inventiveness in his descriptions of scenery; he contents himself with the loveliness of the truth seen through the medium of such emotion as belongs to the subject he has in hand. But as these emotions are often of profound passion, sentiment, reflection, or tenderness, it may well be conceived that his painting is of that kind which is least common in art. The opening of "Œnone" is a good example, and is a fine prelude to love's delirium, which follows it.

> "There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
> Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
> The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
> Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
> And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
> The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
> Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
> The long brook falling through the clov'n ravine
> In cataract after cataract to the sea."

The frequent tendency to the development or illustration of tragic emotion is illustrated in his "Dirge;" the "Death of Love;" the "Ballad of Oriana;" the "Supposed Confession;" and "Mariana;" all of which are full of the emotions and thoughts which lead directly, if they do not involve, tragic results. The same may be said of the following poems: the "Lady of Shalott;" "Eleanore;" "Œnone;" the "New Year's Eve;" and the "Sisters."

This "Sisters" is a ballad poem of six stanzas, each of only four lines, with two lines of a chorus sung by the changeful roaring of the wind "in turret and tree"—which is made to appear conscious of the passions that are at work. In this brief space is comprised, fully told, and with many suggestions beyond, a deep tragedy.

The story is briefly this. A youthful earl of great personal attractions seduces a young lady of family, deserts her, and she dies. Her sister, probably an elder sister, and not of equal beauty, had, apparently, also loved the earl. When, therefore, she found that not only had her love been in vain, but her self-sacrifice in favor of her sister had only led to the misery and degradation of the latter, she resolved on the earl's destruction. She exerted herself to the utmost to attract his regard; she "hated him with the hate of hell," but, it is added, that she "loved his beauty passing well," for the earl "was fair to see." Abandoning herself in every way to the accomplishment of her purpose, she finally lulled him to sleep, with his head in her lap, and then stabbed him "through and through." She composed and smoothed the curls upon "his comely head," admiring to see that "he looked so grand when he was dead;" and wrapping him in a winding-sheet, she carried him to his proud ancestral hall, and "laid him at his mother's feet."

We have no space to enter into any psychological examination of the peculiar character of this sister; with regard, however, to her actions, the view that seems most feasible, and the most poetical, if not equally tragic, is that she did not actually commit the self-abandonment and murder; but went mad on the death of her sister, and imagined in her delirium all that has been related. But "read the part" how we may, there never was a deeper thing told in briefer words.

The later poems of Tennyson have exemplified more strikingly, that his tendency to, and his power in the treatment of tragic subjects. The

one most penetrating to the heart, the most continuous, and most persevered in with passionate intensity, so that it becomes ineradicable from the sensibility and the memory, is "Locksley Hall." The story is very simple; not narrative, but told by the soliloquy of anguish poured out by a young man amid the hollow weed-grown courts of a ruined mansion. He loved passionately; his love was returned; and the girl married another—a dull, every-day sort of a husband. The story is a familiar one in the world—too familiar; but in Tennyson's hands it becomes invested with yet deeper life, a vitality of hopeless desolation. The sufferer invoking his betrayer, her beauty and her falsehood, by the memory of their former happiness, says that such a memory is the very crown of sorrow:

"Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillow, to the tears that thou shalt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never! never!" whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance, in the ringing of thine ears;
And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain."

* * * * *

Of similar character and depth of tone is the poem of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," who impelled to suicide one of the victims of her heartless beauty. The long-drawn music of her very name is suggestive of the proud pedigree to which she was ready to offer up any sacrifice. For continuity of affectionate tenderness and deep pathos in the closing scene, we should mention "The Lord of Burleigh," and the idyl of "Dora," the style of both being studiously artless, the latter, indeed, having a scriptural simplicity which presents a curious contrast to the poet's early manner.

We cannot pass by our especial favorite, *The Lotos-Eaters*. This is poetry of the very highest order—in every way charming—subject and treatment both. The state of mind described, is one which every cultivated mind will understand and enter into, and which a poet, in particular, must thoroughly sympathize with—that lassitude which is content to look upon the swift-flowing current of life, and let it flow, refusing to embark thereon—a lassitude which is not wholly torpor, and which has mental energy enough to cull a justification for itself from all its stores of philosophy—a lassitude charming as the last thought, before sleep quite folds us in its safe and tried oblivion. No need to eat of the Lotos, or to be cast upon the enchanted island, to feel this gentle despondency, this resignation made up of resistless indolence and well-reasoned despair. Yet these are circumstances which add greatly to the poetry of our picture. To the band of weary navigators who had disembarked upon this land—

"Where all things always seemed the same—
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

IV.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each; but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores! and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

CHORIC SONG.

I.

"There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings—
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

* * *

IV.

"Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah! why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasures can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease!"

VI.

"Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives,
And their warm tears: but all hath suffered change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath."

VIII.

"We have had enough of action, and of motion, we
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined,
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

There are no qualities in Tennyson more characteristic than those of delicacy and refinement. How very few are the poets who could equally well have dealt with the dangerous loveliness of the story of "Godiva."

"Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway," &c.

The mind which can force up a vital flower of ideality through the heavy fermenting earth of human experiences, must have a deep intellectual root and active life. Among these experiences we must of course include those inner struggles of the soul with its own thoughts; dealings with the revelations that seem to come from other states of existence; difficult contests between the mortal promptings and resistances that breed so many doubts and hopes, and things inscrutable; and thoughts that often present themselves in appalling whispers, against the will and general tone and current of the mind. Tennyson's intellectual habit is of great strength; his thoughts can grow with large progressive purpose either up or down, and the peculiarity is that in him they commonly do so to a "haunting music." No argument was ever conducted in verse with more admirable power and clearness than that of the "Two Voices." The very poetry of it magnifies itself into a share of the demonstration: take away the poetry and the music, and you essentially diminish the logic.

Though Tennyson often writes, or rather sings apparently from his own personality, you generally find that he does not refer to himself, but to some imaginary person. He permits the reader to behold the workings of his individuality, only by its reflx action. He comes out of himself to sing a poem, and goes back again; or rather sends his song out from his shadow under the leaf, as other nightingales do; and refuses to be expansive to his public, opening his heart on the hinges of music, as other poets do. We know nothing of him except that he is a poet; and this, although it is something to be sure of, does not help us to pronounce distinctly upon what may be called the mental intention of his poetry. Tennyson gives one the idea of a poet who is not in a fixed attitude; not resolute as to means, not determined as to end—sure of his power, sure of his activity, but not sure of his objects. We seem to look on while a man stands in preparation for some loftier course—while he tries the edge of his various arms and examines the wheels of his chariots, and meditates, full of youth and capability, down the long slope of glory. He constantly gives us the impression of something greater than his works. And this must be his own soul. He may do greater things than he has yet done; but we do not expect it. If he do no more, he has already done enough to deserve the lasting love and admiration of posterity.

THE CORAL MASON AND MASONRY.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

"Turrets of stone, though huge and gray,
Have crumbled and past in dust away;
Cities that sank in the sea of yore,
Have turned to slime by the fetid shore;
But when shall crumble the coral wall,
That parts the billows so bright and tall?
Ho! who can fashion a work like me,
The mason of God in the boundless sea?"

In the course of certain researches into the coral formations around New Holland, it was observed by Captain Flinders, what we have taken note of elsewhere, that to be constantly covered with water seemed necessary to the continued existence and activity of the coral animalcules. It cannot indeed be perceived that they are living at all, except in holes upon the coral reef itself that are below low-water mark, where we have often watched the progress of their rising structures, when we could not detect with the closest inspection the busy little builders themselves; yet imagination has been busy in tracing their work as Æneas was, under the cloud, at young Carthage:

"Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam;
Miratur portas, strepitumque, et strata viarum
Fervet opus."

Almost as fast as they build, the coral-sand, always suspended and washed about in sea-water, fills up the little cells, and pores, and interstices of the minute masonry, while broken remnants of dead coral and other matter thrown up by the sea are caught and cemented to the growing wall, and form a solid mass with it as high as the common tides reach. When that limit is attained, and the surface of the reef is now out of or even with the water, the labor of the coralligenous zoophyte is over, the sea gradually recedes, the rampart rises, the limed debris or fragments upon it, being now rarely covered with water and dried by the sun, lose their adhesiveness and become brittle remnants, forming what is called sometimes a *key* upon the top of the reef, from the Spanish *Cayo*.

This new bank is, of course, not long in being visited by sea-birds; salt-plants take root upon it branches of floating sea-weed are caught tangled by it; muscles, a[illegible] and turtles, and kraken[illegible] and leave their shells, and a soil begins to be formed. By and by a cocoa-nut or the drupe of a tropical Pandanus is thrown ashore; land-birds light on it and deposit the seeds of shrubs and trees, and augment it, may be, with a layer of guano; every high tide, and still more, every gale adds something to the bank in the shape of matter-wrecks, organic or inorganic; at length appears the blue hummock of a tropical island, and last of all comes man to take possession, cast there by Providence and glad not to have the sea his grave, or in quest of discovery and gain. We have repeatedly seen and stepped upon progressive and unfinished parts of creation like this, where, as traced by a poet-observer of the processes of Nature—

"The atom thrown from the boiling deep,
The palm-tree torn from its distant steep,
The grain by the wandering wild-bird sown,
The seed of flowers by the tempest strown,
The long kelp forced from its rocky bed,
And the cocoa-nut, on the waters shed;
They gather around the coral's lee,
And form the isle of the lonely sea."

There is an island in Australia called Half-way Island, from the fact, we believe, that nature does not yet seem done with it, or to have finished its creation; yet above the reach of the highest spring tides or the wash of the surf in the heaviest gale, A navigator who has visited it says, that he distinguished in the coral-rock which forms its basis the sand, coral, and shells formerly thrown up and cemented together by the lime always held in solution by sea-water. Small pieces of wood also, pumice-stone, and other extraneous bodies which chance had mixed with the calcareous substances when the cohesion began, were [illegible]sed in the rock, and in some cases were still [illegible] from it without much force. We have [illegible] at the lonely South Pacific

island of Rimatara, over whose verdure-clad coral remains we once had a joyous day's ramble. The same is true, also, as the writer has often noticed, of reefs at the Sandwich Islands, where, as at Honolulu for instance, blocks of it are quarried from exposed reefs, and used for building purposes, to which it is well adapted, beside supplying a quantity of lime as inexhaustible as the coal-pits of Great Britain are of coal.

From an admirable little work on corals, published not long since in the Scientific and Natural History Series of the London Tract Society, and containing a number of very accurate woodcuts, representing different species of coral polypi and corallines, we learn that coral is found in different parts of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, not only attached to rocks, but also to movable bodies, as stone vases and fragments of lava. It is also discovered at different depths, but thrives best in a warm and sunny aspect. Light operates powerfully in its growth; and its deposition by the living creature is by no means rapid. It is thought to require eight years for a stem of Mediterranean or Red Sea coral to obtain the average height of ten or twelve inches, in water from three to ten fathoms deep; ten years if the water is fifteen fathoms; twenty-five or thirty years if the water is a hundred fathoms; and at least forty years if the depth is one hundred and fifty fathoms. It is more beautiful in shallow water, where the light reaches it, than where an immense body, absorbing most of the luminous rays, deprives it of their curiously modifying influence. Having attained its full growth, it is soon pierced in every part by worms, which attack even the hardest rocks; it then loses its solidity, and but slight shocks detach it from its base. The polypi perish, and the coral stem, by attrition with the sea-worn pebbles, as it rolls along, is soon reduced to powder, or coral sand.

Captain Hall says of the reefs in the seas about Loo Choo, Indian Ocean, what I have often heard American whalemen say of those in the Mozambique Channel, which is the region of ocean most prolific in curious shells, that when the sea has left a reef for some time between the tides, it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged. But no sooner does the tide rise again, and the waves begin to wash over it, than millions of worms protrude themselves from holes on the surface, which were before quite invisible. "These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that in a short time the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common of the worms was in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long, which it moved about with a rapid motion, in all directions, probably in search of food. Others were so sluggish, that they were often mistaken for pieces of the rock; these were generally of a dark color, and from four to five inches long and two or three round. When the rock was broken from a spot near the level of high water, it was found to be a hard, solid stone; but if any part of it were detached at a level to which the tide reached every day, it was discovered to be full of worms of all different lengths and colors, some being as fine as a thread, and several feet long, generally of a very bright yellow, and sometimes of a blue color; while others resembled snails, and some were not unlike lobsters and prawns in shape, but soft, and not above two inches long."

There is a variety of coral of microscopic minuteness in its structure, of which the naturalists Ehrenberg and D'Orbigny have discovered hundreds of fossil species; and their minute shelly cases enter into the composition of chalk-beds, compact mountain-limestone, the sea-sand of Europe, the Mauritius, the Sandwich Islands, and the sands of the Lybian Desert even. Some idea of the minuteness of these fossil moss-corals may be formed from the fact, that in the finest levigated whiting, multitudes are present without having suffered change in the preparation of the chalk. Only let the microscope be employed, and it is said that a Mosaic work of moss-coral animalcules may be seen, of varied and beautiful forms, on the chalk coating of the walls of a room. The best way of observing them is to place a drop of water on a delicate film of mica, and to add to it as much fine chalk powder as the top of a pen-knife will take up. Spread this out like a very thin layer, then drain off the water, and with it the floating particles; when the layer is quite dry, coat it over with pure Canada balsam, holding it while this is being done over a spirit lamp. Then the powder, examined through a microscope, will be found chiefly composed of minute cells, the relics of moss-corals.

A man naturally asks, in studying the diversities of corals, and the curiously modified forms of beauty they assume, What ends do they serve? and what is all this for? And it were a good answer in the words of the Psalmist, when he was attempting to uncover and describe some of the curious processes of Nature, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works: in wisdom thou hast made them all!" Aside from the utilitarian ends, they serve in building up from the bed of ocean places of habitation for man and beast, and thus affording the material in such exhaustless affluence, out of which art may construct temples for God, and

palaces for men; we say of them, as we can of all things in God's Universe, what Dana says in the Poem entitled "Factitious Life"—

"These are Earth's uses:—God has framed the whole,
Not mainly for the body, but the soul,
That it might dawn on beauty, and might grow
Noble in thought, from Nature's noble show;
Might gather from the flowers a humble mind,
And on Earth's ever-varying surface find
Something to win to kind and fresh'ning change,
And give the powers a wide and healthful range;
To furnish man sweet company where'er
He travels on—a something to call dear,
And more his own, because it makes a part
With that fair world that dwells within the heart."

THE EVENING HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

In this, the vesper's solemn hour,
When day and all its acts are past,
I come to thee, thou Holy One,
In whose remembrance they will last.

Oh! mark not, with too strict an eye,
The thoughts that may have stirred my breast;
Oh! grant that, with humility,
My hope and love on thee may rest.

And though this life hath cares and fears,
The lot of frail humanity,
I know that grief, and pain, and tears,
Are good, because they come from thee.

Oh, teach me to submit to such!
To bow my head to thine award!
To cease to deem the load too much!—
Thou chast'nest whom thou dost regard.

There is a gentle inner voice
That calms us in our saddest hour,
And bids us in a hope rejoice,
Beyond the reach of this world's power.

'Tis chiefly in prosperity
That we forget to thank thy love—
That hearts grow cold to charity,
And we too self-sufficient prove.

Oh! touch my heart with love for thee,
With love for all that thou hast made,
With love in truest harmony,
With that in all thy works displayed;

With love for all of humankind,
With sympathy for human sadness,
With thankfulness for hearts resigned,
With heartfelt joy for others' gladness!

And, oh! that I may ne'er assign
An evil motive to men's deeds!
The right of judging, Lord, is thine,
Thou know'st our motives and our needs.

He whom the world so blindly spurned,
When he had come to save and bless,
Reviled not, but the blindness mourned,
With pity, love, and gentleness.

Oh! wean my heart from too much care
Of what belongs to earthly things,
From hopes that end but in despair,
From false and vain imaginings!

And through all trials here below
Be thou my stay, thou Holy One,
And, be my portion weal or woe,
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

SEQUEL OF THE MARRIAGE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THREE days after the marriage of Henry and Marguerite, while all Paris was alive with ostentatious festivities, the Admiral Coligni, a nobleman of great distinction in the Protestant ranks, and the most prominent counsellor and friend of Henry of Navarre, apprehensive from undefined whisperings and mysterious movements that some dark plot was in progress, obtained permission to leave Paris. As, with his retinue, he was returning from the royal palace to his apartments, in preparation for his departure, a musket was discharged at him, from a dwelling on the corner of a street, and the Admiral fell from his horse, pierced by two balls, severely, but not mortally wounded. The attendants of the Admiral rushed into the house. The assassin, however, escaped through a back window, and mounting a fleet horse, stationed there, and which was subsequently proved to have belonged to one of the brothers of the king, avoided arrest. It was however clearly established that the assassin was in connivance with some of the most prominent Catholics of the realm.

The King of France and his mother vied with each other in voluble and noisy declarations of their utter abhorrence of the deed. But all the blasphemous oaths of Charles, and all the vociferous asseverations of Catharine, did but strengthen the conviction of the Protestants that they both were implicated in this plot of assassination. Henry, alarmed in view of this treachery, and overwhelmed with indignation and sorrow, hastened to the bedside of his wounded friend. The Protestants, unarmed and helpless in the city of Paris, and panic-stricken by these indications of relentless perfidy, immediately made preparations to escape from the city. Even Henry, bewildered by the rumors of plots and perils which were continually borne to his ear, demanded permission to leave the metropolis, and to retire to his own dominions. Charles and Catharine were unwearied in their endeavors to allay this excitement and soothe these alarms. They became renewedly clamorous in their expressions of grief and indignation in view of the assault upon the Admiral. Charles placed a strong guard around the house where the wounded nobleman lay, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting him from any popular outbreak, but in reality, as it subsequently appeared, to guard against his escape through the intervention of his friends. He also most perfidiously urged the Protestants in the city to occupy quarters near each other, that, in case of trouble, they might more easily be protected by him, and might more effectually aid one another. His real object however was, to gather them together for the approaching slaughter. The Protestants were in the deepest perplexity. They were not sure but that all their apprehensions were groundless. And they knew not but that in the next hour, some fearful battery would be unmasked for their destruction. They were unarmed, unorganized, and unable to make any preparation to meet an unknown danger. The king's protestations of good faith and kindness were unceasing, and his complaisance and polite attentions unremitted. Catharine, whose depraved, yet imperious spirit, was guiding, with such consummate duplicity, all this enginery of intrigue, hourly administered the stimulus of her own stern will, to sustain the faltering purpose of her equally depraved but fickle-minded and imbecile boy.

It was on Friday the 22d of August, that the bullets of the assassin wounded Coligni. The next day Henry called, with his bride, to visit his friend. Marguerite had but few sympathies with the chamber of suffering, and after a few cold and common-place phrases of condolence with her husband's bosom friend, she hastened away, leaving Henry to perform alone the offices of friendly sympathy. While the young King of Navarre was thus sitting at the bedside of the Admiral, recounting the assurances of faith and honor given him by Catharine and her son, the question was under discussion, at the palace, by this very Catharine and Charles, whether Henry, the husband of the daughter of the one and the sister of the other, should be included with the rest of the Protestants in the approaching massacre. Charles manifested some reluctance to take the life of his early playmate and friend, his bro-

ther-in-law and his invited guest. It was, after much deliberation, decided to protect him from the general slaughter to which his friends were destined. Arrangements were then vigorously adopted to carry into execution one of the most sanguinary and inhuman massacres the world has ever witnessed.

The king sent for some leading officers of his troops, and commanded them immediately, but secretly, to arm the Roman Catholic citizens, and assemble them at midnight in front of the Hotel de Ville. Each man was to wear a white cross upon his hat and a white linen badge upon his left arm, that the assassins might recognize each other. In the darkest hour of the night, when all the sentinels of vigilance and the powers of resistance should be most effectually enchained by sleep, the alarm-bell from the tower of the Palace of Justice was to toll the signal for the indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants. Men, women, and children, were alike to fall before the dagger of assassination. With a few individual exceptions, none were to be left to avenge the deed. The soldiers were to commence this drama of blood, and all faithful Catholics were enjoined immediately to aid in the extermination of the enemies of the Church of Rome. Thus would God be glorified, and his kingdom promoted. The spirit of the age was in harmony with the act, and it cannot be doubted that there were those who had been so instructed by their spiritual guides, that they conscientiously thought that by this sanguinary sacrifice they were doing God service. The conspiracy extended throughout all the provinces of France. Beacons were to flash the tidings from mountain to mountain. The peal of alarm was to ring along from steeple to steeple, from city to hamlet, from valley to hillside, till the whole Catholic population should be aroused to obliterate every vestige of Protestantism from the land.

While Catharine and Charles were plotting this deed of infamy, even to the very last moment they maintained with the Protestants the appearance of friendship. They lavished caresses upon their generals and their nobles. By invitations and flattery they lured as many as possible to Paris. They entertained their doomed guests with sumptuous feasts and gorgeous festivals. Several of the Huguenot nobles slept in the palace of Charles on the very night of the massacre, entirely unconscious of danger, and amused by the pleasantries in which the king, that evening, seemed especially to indulge.

The lodgings of Henry of Navarre were in the Louvre. It had been decided to spare his life, as it was hoped that he would unite with the Catholic party when he should see the Protestant cause hopelessly ruined, and when it would be so manifestly for his interest to identify himself with those who held the reins of power. Many of the friends of Henry, of exalted rank, lodged also in the Louvre, in chambers contiguous to those which were occupied by their sovereign. The Duchess of Lorraine, the eldest sister of Marguerite, the young bride of Henry, aware of the carnage which the night was to witness, was apprehensive that the Protestants, as soon as they should awake to the treachery which surrounded them, would rush to the chamber of the king, for his protection, and would wreak their vengeance upon his Catholic spouse. When the hour for retiring arrived, she most earnestly entreated her sister not to share the same apartment with her husband, importuning her, even with tears, to occupy for the night some other portion of the palace. Catharine sharply reproved the Duchess of Lorraine for her imprudent remonstrance, and commanded the Queen of Navarre to withdraw. She departed to the nuptial chamber, wondering what could be the cause of the solicitude manifested by her sister. When she entered her husband's room, she found thirty or forty Huguenots assembled there, alarmed by mysterious rumors, which were floating from ear to ear, and by signs of agitation and secrecy, and strange preparation, which everywhere met the eye. No one knew what danger was impending; no one could imagine from what direction the threatened blow was to come. But that some very extraordinary event was about to transpire, was apparent to all. They did not venture to close their eyes in sleep, but all sat together as the hours of the night lingered slowly along, anxiously awaiting the developments with which the moments seemed to be fraught.

In the mean time, aided by the gloom of a starless night, in every street of Paris preparations were going on for the enormous perpetration. Soldiers were assembling in different places of rendezvous. Guards were stationed at important points, that their victims might not escape. Armed citizens began to emerge through the darkness from their dwellings, with daggers and loaded muskets, and to gather in military array around the Hotel de Ville. A regiment of guards were stationed at the portals of the royal palace to protect Charles and Catharine from any possibility of danger. Agitation and alarm pervaded the vast metropolis. The Catholics were rejoicing that the hour of vengeance had arrived. The Protestants, in consternation, unarmed and defenseless, witnessed these fearful bodings of un-

known violence, and yet were unconscious of the magnitude of their peril, and knew not from what direction to expect the impending blow. At an appointed hour the tocsin was to sound from the church steeples, the signal for the merciless and indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants, all over the realm, of every age and sex. The king himself stood at his window with his loaded musket, anxiously yet tremblingly awaiting the signal, and prepared from the security of his palace to amuse himself in shooting down the flying Huguenots. The few rays of the lamps which glimmered in the court-yard, would aid him in his aim. Catharine stood by the side of her son to nerve his fêeble soul and sustain his wavering resolution. Such was the posture of affairs at midnight, in the metropolis of France, on the 23d of June, 1572. The morning light of St. Bartholomew's day had not yet dawned. The scenes which the ensuing day witnessed, have made it memorable for ages; and through all coming time, the recital of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew will cause the ear to tingle. This narrative we reserve for our next number.

THE IRRELIGIOUS ELEMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

We lately spent some time in the perusal of the Essays of Elia. We sought a high intellectual gratification, and most perfectly would we have obtained it, had their religious character been other than it is. But amidst the quaint felicities and felicitous quaintnesses of the style, and those delicate word-paintings, whose beauties are not all to be perceived without some fixed attention, and some pleasant, quiet, reflective musing, we were ever and anon grieved at the painful occurrence of some unprofitable quotation of Scripture, or some misuse of a Scripture expression, or some light, unbecoming reference to something sacred, as if the author had read the Bible very carefully, not for the sake of any good that it might do him, but to obtain a peculiar garnish for his style, and by a familiar tampering with holiest things, to impart a peculiar zest and piquancy to his thoughts. Our enjoyment was marred by this, and we envy not the reader whose enjoyment it does not mar. We found besides, in these essays, a very frequent utterance of sentiments to which no one can subscribe who really cares for the Bible as the Word of God. We cannot express the feeling of sadness awakened by the perusal of many of the reflections on subjects the most affecting to poor mortal creatures. And then, we were introduced into scenes of quiet happiness far more attractive than the world's gaiety. But erelong we were compelled—the word is used advisedly, for it describes the case—we were compelled to estimate the quality of that happiness, and to pronounce it evanescent, delusive, utterly destitute of the one thing needful.

We never stood amongst the ruins of Pompeii, nor entered the house of Sallust or of Pansa, but we have often imagined ourselves admitted to behold the serenest and most peaceful hours of heathen families, and have attempted to realize the descriptions of domestic or of social enjoyment, which we found in the writings of classic antiquity. And melancholy thoughts have always arisen, such as we could well suppose to crowd into the mind of a wanderer in the desolate streets of the City of the Dead. But it is still more sad to contemplate the ungodly families of our own time and land, endeavoring to make themselves happy without God. And the less that there is of gaiety, and din, and dissipation, the more of quietness and a certain sort of serenity that seems emulously to simulate a heavenly peace, the more impressively melancholy does the scene become.

Such have been our feelings in reading the works of Charles Lamb, and we dwell upon the half-accidental illustration, because, with certain qualifications, the same remarks may be applied to the works of many other authors. In the Essays of Elia, the evil is certainly more notable than in many other cases in which it is not less real; perhaps it is aggravated by their meditative character. Alas! that the poison should be mingled in so pleasant a cup, and that such a mind should have been employed, although unintentionally, in promoting irreligion and profan-

ity. What admirable contributions might have been made to our literature by such rare endowments really devoted to the service of God! How good it were to be led along in such calm meditation on things within us and on things around, things past, and present, and to come, things earthly and things heavenly, if the mind which led us were evidently Christian! But how painful is this continual occurrence of some observation or sentiment, reminding us of all the mortality and all the misery of earth, whilst earth seems as if it were utterly cut off from heaven! Might not scenes of fairer happiness be presented, over which no cloud so dark should cast its gloom? Or rather, through the clouds which rise from and encircle earth, might we not be permitted to discern a joyful radiance poured in from above? But oh, how vain are these mere earthly fires, with their poor mockery of warmth and light! How much is it to be regretted that in so many works of genius the reader is directed to these and to no better than these for all his joy! And the lessons of genius are conveyed with an enchanting power which renders their falsehood a thousand-fold more dangerous.

We are far from wishing to restrict the range of literature. It is with literature as with conversation, which cannot be confined to mere religious subjects, but still may be in perfect harmony with religion—must not, every day, be kept within Sabbath limits, but yet ought to be always in accordance with those principles and feelings which require that the Sabbath be kept holy. From the greater prevalence of true religion would doubtless result a greater amount of conversation on religious subjects, and of such books as in general are distinctively called religious. But this would not be all. Conversation upon all other subjects would require a more religious tone; there would be a judicious and natural, an inoffensive intermingling of religion with all other themes, and everything which could not bear such fellowship would be most advantageously excluded. A corresponding improvement would take place in literature, and the very change from which it resulted would again be greatly promoted. This improvement we exceedingly desire, for we look to general literature as, even more than what is called religious literature, indicating and affecting the general state of society. We long for more and better opportunities of Christian conversation—for hours, and evenings, and happy days of conversation such as may really "minister that godly edifying which is in faith;"—we long to listen to the flow of Christian fervor pouring forth, as from depths newly fathomed, a fresh abundance of Christian thought; we long to participate in intercourse elevating ourselves to think as we might never otherwise have been able to think, whilst conversation, turning to all subjects really deserving of attention, and accommodating itself to all various moods of mind, shall still maintain its Christian character and tone, without affectation, without constraint. And, in like manner, we desire not only to see good religious books multiplied, till the very aspect of our literature be changed by them, as the face of the ocean by the multitude of rain-drops when the shower begins to fall, but also to see all genius consecrated to the service of Christ, and works not professedly religious in their character, yet really religious by their perfect harmony with religious principle and their adaptation to the ordinary feelings of a sanctified heart. We long to be free from the necessity of exploring the utmost limits of good morality with scrutinizing niceness, in order to appreciate the moral character of what we read, and ere we can tell whether to approve or to condemn. We wish to see minds of the highest order practically acknowledging their responsibility to the Great Giver of all gifts. We lament the unbaptized condition of our literature, and we long to see it baptized at last with a truly Christian baptism.

Genius, we fear, has been more frequently misemployed than talent of any other kind; we know no reason why the efforts of genius should not be directed to the promotion of truth, virtue, and holiness. Instances are not wanting to illustrate the possibility; nor has genius ever appeared to greater advantage than when thus consecrated to the service of the sanctuary. Such instances, indeed, are lamentably few; talent of every other kind, and learning, and science, and philosophy, have been more frequently seen in conjunction with true piety, than that most exquisite gift, genius. In these days religion has enjoyed the benefit of great acquirements presented in free-will offering upon her altar; but genius is still too generally reserved for the mere worship of nature, or devoted to a miserable idolatry of itself, or prostituted to the service of unhallowed passions, to which it is perhaps made an excuse for yielding, and which it is basely employed to stimulate in those whose aberrations from virtue must lack even that excuse.

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

BY REV. CHARLES J. KNOWLES.

How frequent, how surprising, how true, that we "know not what a day may bring forth!" In the affairs of common life and of private individuals, how different, often, are the realities of the present from the expectations that were indulged in the past! The pleasure that was in anticipation has been turned into sorrow. The riches that were confidently expected, have vanished. The wealth, honor, and power which had long been enjoyed, by one reverse rotation in the wheel of Providence have all fallen into the dust. Or, on the other hand, he who was yesterday pining in want, is to-day in affluence. He who, but a short time since, was unhonored, untitled, and unknown, is now holding the sceptre of an empire. For changes come over nations as surely, and sometimes as suddenly, as they overtake individuals. He who goes to sleep a king, not thinking but that he shall wear his crown for many years, and then leave it to his son, awakes sceptreless and almost friendless, to become a fugitive in the earth. The nation that in former years was mistress of the world, is now in the feeblest vassalage, or has ceased to be. The people who a century since were no people, are now famed the world wide, and second to no nation on earth. Institutions whose deep-settled foundations were considered immovable, and which had been revered for centuries, have, by a single blow of revolutionary power, been scattered to the winds, and the place where they were is no longer known. Opinions and doctrines which have been honored by the sages of many generations, are exploded and contemned. Axioms in science are found to be no axioms. Almost the only fixed law which men acknowledge, is mutation.

The most changeable of all things are men themselves. There is loveliness in an infant; it is soon changed into loveliness and interest in the animated countenance of youth. That passes, and we have the more staid, matured, and thoughtful face of manhood. But it is gone, and there are the wrinkles and imbecilities of old age. Poets love to sing the praises of female beauty. Why do they not tell us that it fades like the flower!—passes away like a wreath of morning mist. Men boast of their consistency; yet scarce an hour passes in which their conduct does not contradict their professed principles, and not a year goes away in which a change is not manifest in their professions. He who does *not* change, is neither a wise nor good man. The truly great and good are constantly discovering their own errors in judgment and conduct, and are profiting from their discoveries. It is for the ignorant, prejudiced, obstinate, and self-conceited, to boast of their infallibility, and that they never change their opinions. It is for the slothful, and unbelieving, and self-righteous to be satisfied to remain as they are, having no desires for amendment, because they conceive that they have no need.

Yes, the world fadeth, and all its glory passeth away. And it is best that it should be so. Let us remember it, and let us profit from the reflection. Let us not have the folly to set our hearts on it. We fade; we pass away. Remembering it, let us be earnest in looking for things which are unfading and imperishable, and preparing for an estate which will be unchanging and eternal. There is One who does not change; it is not desirable that he should. He is perfect. Well is it for mankind that with him there is "neither variableness, nor shadow of turning." "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Yes, praise his holy name. "For his mercy endureth for ever." "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever."

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

BY MISS M. L. KELLOGG.

The air is soft, from heaven's pure face
  Recedes the golden light,
The stealthy gathering shadows trace
  The coming night.

Unnumbered sounds in earth and air
  Make melancholy chime,
Prophetic voices that declare
  The evening time.

Light tremors through the grass and leaves
  Run as the zephyrs rise;
Thus lingering day, in going, heaves
  Some parting sighs.

And tenderly the flowers do fold
  Their leaves to fragrant rest,
While many shining wings are rolled
  Within each breast.

And in the forest's gloomy shade,
  Rocked by each breeze that blows,
Is many a little warbler laid
  To safe repose.

The plants submissively are bent,
  As by an April rain;
The silent dew is never sent
  To them in vain.

All weary life by heavenly charm
  Is beating from its woes—
For sleep, like a medicinal balm,
  O'er anguish flows.

Soon the high presence of the night,
  Will take her dusky throne;
But one unsleeping eye of light
  Will guard His own.

TE LAUDAMUS DOMINE!

When at morn o'er tree and flower
Sweetly steals the wakening hour,
Know you what the sounds that rise
In glad incense to the skies?
Gurgling brook and dripping fountain,
Mossy bank and breezy mountain,
Ever sing this song to me—
"*Te laudamus Domine!*"

When, at length, from weary day,
Evening takes the light away,
Nature, like a parent mild,
Lulls to sleep each drooping child;
As the curtain falleth slowly
O'er each humble thing and lowly,
Ever comes this song to me—
"*Te laudamus Domine!*"

As I list a strain so sweet,
Holy thoughts together meet,
Till for silence all too strong,
Break they forth into a song,
Then sweet breezes gently sighing,
Distant echo low replying,
Join I in this song with thee—
"*Te laudamus Domine!*"

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

WORDS BY H. F. WHITE. MUSIC BY W. GUERNSEY.

Andante Cantabile con Espressione.

1. Where is thy dwelling, my early love? Is it where those clouds are danc - ing?
2. Think how we dwelt in the des-ert place; How I loved the set - ting sun,

Is it where those stars are glancing? Is thy home in the bright blue sky a - bove?
When the toil of day was done, And you came with the spoil of the hunter's race.

Yes, thou art gone to the star - ry bow'rs, Where the golden waves are glow-ing O - ver
We were too happy to be so long—We were so blest in our lone-ly bow'r; But the

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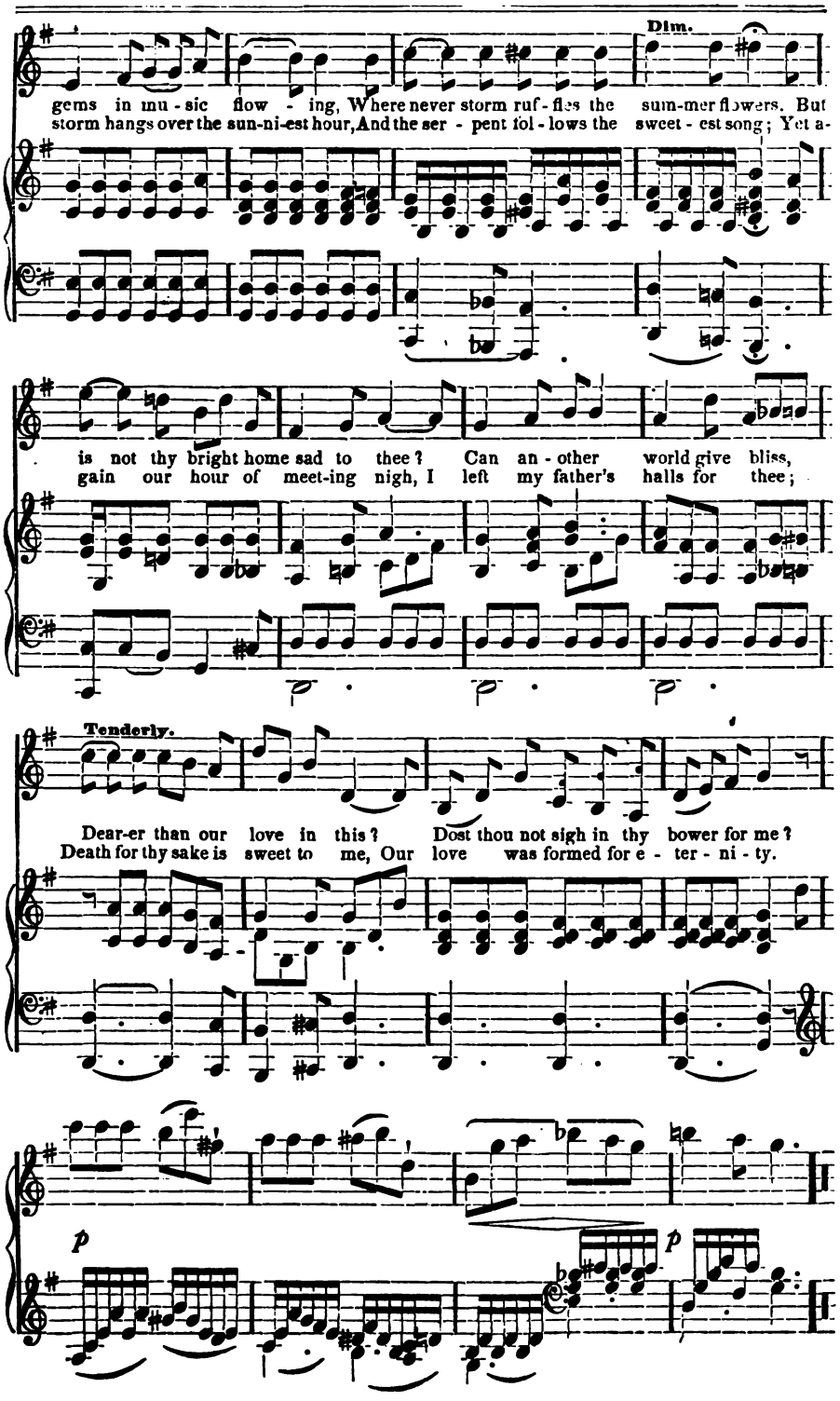
Dim.
gems in mu - sic flow - ing, Where never storm ruf - fles the sum-mer flowers. But
storm hangs over the sun-ni-est hour, And the ser - pent fol - lows the sweet - est song; Yet a-
is not thy bright home sad to thee? Can an - other world give bliss,
gain our hour of meet-ing nigh, I left my father's halls for thee;
Tenderly.
Dear-er than our love in this? Dost thou not sigh in thy bower for me?
Death for thy sake is sweet to me, Our love was formed for e - ter - ni - ty.
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p

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POETS—NO. II.

THE BALLAD OF THE CRUEL SISTER

SEE PLATE.

"THE Cruel Sister," is a very ancient and remarkable Scottish ballad, which Sir Walter Scott reproduces with great praise, in his minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. It appears in other collections under the title of Binnorie. There can be but little doubt that it had its occasion in an actual occurrence. It is very beautiful and touching, and the incident of the harp "playing alone," although belonging to things impossible, is related so simply as to seem perfectly natural and true. Not so the means by which the harp is obtained. The illustration is exceedingly spirited and apt. The ballad is as follows:

"There were two sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, Oh Binnorie;

There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair;

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?'—

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest came and push'd her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;

'Oh sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land.'—

'Oh sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land;

Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It's twin'd me, and my world's make.'—

'Oh sister, reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.'—

'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
And sweet William shall better be my love;

'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Gar'd me gang maiden evermair.'—

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam
Until she cam to the miller's dam;

'Oh father, father, draw your dam,
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'—

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd woman;

You could not see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

You could not see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone:

The strings he fram'd of her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the list'ning ear;

He brought it to her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all;

He laid his harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone;

'Oh, yonder sits my father, the king;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.'—

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, Oh Binnorie;

Was—'Woe to my sister, false Helen!'
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie."

FORTUNE-TELLING.—The contrasted duplicity and simplicity which the practice of fortune-telling presupposes and requires, are happily depicted by our artist in this impressive plate. Viewed aright, there is a striking moral in the scene, which addresses itself as obviously to the heart as to the eye. The passion which craves an insight into the future, the perversion and abuse of which gives to fortune-telling its aliment, is a noble incident of our immortality, that needs only a proper direction to kindle the purest aspirations. Yet perverted by ignorance, it can enfeeble the soul to the most unworthy superstition. The lesson of the engraving is that best principles of our nature become, when perverted, the worst, and that superstition partakes no less of folly than of sin.

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. W. ORR

"NATURE."

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

INDUSTRY.

BY PROF. TAPPAN.

In a pleasant and retired spot, where I have been rusticating some weeks, I have been in the habit of watching the labors of a colony of bees. Well may the bee be taken as the symbol of industry. With the early dawn, these little laborers leave the hive and fly away to seek the flowers. If at any hour of the day you chance to meet with them, you find them half buried amid the fragrant petals, plying their art with the utmost energy, or hurrying from flower to flower, or returning with unwearied wing to deposit their gathered treasures in the hive. If you stand at the hive, you will find them going and coming from morn to eve. When congregated without the hive, there is incessant motion, and the buzz of their conversation never flags. Thus they go on from day to day, while the warm sunshine and the flowers last. The bees take no holidays. They are never idle, and seem never wearied. Their life and joy lie in ceaseless industry, in doing with their might the work to which their wonderful instinct appoints and impels them. Every moment of a bee's life gives a drop of honey. The bees fulfil their mission, and do all that their power, skill, and opportunities permit them to do. If they were self-conscious creatures, they would have no remorse and no regrets at the hour of death.

The bee is a remarkable instance both of instinctive activity and skill. But all living creatures, in different degrees and forms, exhibit the same beautiful and curious instinctive industry. God hath made no creature for idleness. The law of industry is the universal law. Where instinctive volition disappears, the same ceaseless action is found under physical forces. Nature is always at work in the growth and changes of plants, and in the composition and decomposition of her elements.

When we speak of the instinct of animals, and of the forces of Nature, we cannot for a moment separate from our view that great Being who is the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things. Whatever may be the proper work of second causes, one thing is certain, that second causes are constituted, supported, and directed by him; so that the universal activity of Nature is, under the highest point of view, but a manifestation of Divine Industry. "My Father worketh hitherto," said the Son of God, "and I work." We are overwhelmed when we think of that power and wisdom which created the universe; but, we are no less affected when we think of that ever-watchful governance, which, alike present in those innumerable worlds which lie scattered through space beyond the utmost stretch of our imaginations, forgets nothing and takes care of all, orders the motions of suns and the growth of flowers, commands the intelligences of heaven, and feeds the sparrow and the young raven. God never slumbers, and never reposes from action. He is always thinking, and always doing. Industry is the glorious attribute of God himself. Now inasmuch as God is infinitely perfect and infinitely happy, industry must be a necessary condition of perfection and happiness. And this we see abundantly exemplified in all tribes of living creatures; they grow and are perfected by action, and the joy of existence is felt there. It is thus, too, that rude matter takes upon itself the forms and properties of all useful and beautiful substances.

Man is impelled to action by instinct and by thought. His is the animal life united to a life divine. His highest and best works imply both thought and skill. The products of his industry are twofold, the physical and the spiritual.

The physical products are seen in all the changes and improvements which his hand hath wrought upon the world in which he dwells. The earth was given to him in a rude state. It was a vast reservoir of materials comparatively useless as he found them, and it was left to his industry to perfect and appropriate them. It was his to open the mines and form implements of industry and instruments of convenience: it was his to cultivate the earth, and to cover it with harvests and fruit trees: it was his to erect houses, to build ships, to create the useful arts, to build cities, to open roads, and to institute commerce. Pass from the improved regions where civilized man hath dwelt for centuries, into the vast uncul-

tivated wildnesses, and you see at once what human industry hath done.

Man was made capable of doing all this. He had within himself the impulses and laws which led him to do it. The earth was his workshop filled with materials, and it was a divine appointment which made him the workman.

The spiritual products of human industry are seen in all the sciences and beautiful arts which from age to age have been developed and led on to perfection. The sciences were not a divine revelation; music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry were not taught by angelic visitors. By careful observation and experiment, by intense thought, by manifold attempts and patient skill, all has been achieved. As the earth was a rude material submitted to the hand of man, so his own mind was composed of undeveloped capacities. The earth could be improved, but his labor had to improve it. There were sciences and arts to be gained, but his labor had to gain them. Religion as a religion of Nature—the foundation of all religion—was given him under the same conditions; and even religion as a revelation did not dispense with his agency, and in bringing him to life, glory, and immortality, enjoins upon him to work out his own salvation.

It is very clear, therefore, that the great law of industry not only embraces man, but that it embraces him to a degree, and under responsibilities, which belong to no other creature of the earth. The inferior creatures are held within the narrow circle of their particular instincts; but to man is opened a field as rich and boundless as his inexhaustible power of thought and imagination, and stretching away into the immortality which lies open before him. The value, the glory, the perfection and happiness of his being lie in his power of industry. It is here that his godlike capacity and greatness dawn forth. He can always be improving himself and making improvements around him.

The physical products of human industry have not yet approached their limit. Old arts are to be carried to higher perfection; new arts are to be discovered. The portions of the earth which now are best cultivated, are capable of a more productive cultivation. Immense tracts are rudely cultivated. Untold acres are slumbering in the wilderness. There are mines which have never been discovered. There are mighty rivers which bear no commerce on their bosoms. The human race must multiply to an extent which has not yet been calculated, ere all the solitary places shall rejoice, and all the deserts bud and blossom as the rose.

The spiritual products of human industry are every day becoming more rich and manifold, and invite to still more vigorous labors. In the sciences many principles are, indeed, fixed, and some of their developments have attained completeness; but not even the exact sciences have reached their utmost ramifications and their widest applications. The fields of experiment and observation are continually enlarging under improved methods, and by the use of more perfect instruments. Philosophy is continually advancing, and its last development lies in a remote future. The sciences of government, political economy, and therapeutics have yet a far race to run. Many important questions in ethics claim further investigations, and admit of profounder discussions. Theology as a science is by no means perfected; no subject is surrounded by more numerous parties, or involves more subtle and difficult questions.

Even in respect to what has been already gained in the different fields of research, a vast work remains to be done in condensing knowledges, in giving them greater clearness, and in rendering them more available to mankind at large. The immense libraries which now exist intimidate the boldest students. That will be a riper age when their contents shall be comprised within a reasonable and proper compass.

The fine arts have produced master-pieces which probably will never be surpassed; but as the subjects of art can never be exhausted, so works of art can never cease to be multiplied. The painter, the sculptor, the poet, will always have work to do.

But there is one form of spiritual industry which surpasses all others, and which embraces the whole, life, improvement, and destiny of humanity. Although knowledge, art, and religion should admit of no higher cultivation, still there remains the great work of disseminating their truths and spreading their influences far and wide, until the masses of mankind shall be elevated, refined, and redeemed. Now, the few only participate in their benefits: yet man, wherever he is found, is man endowed with the same capacities and designed for the same lofty pursuits. The grand aim of Philanthropy and Christianity is to appropriate human industry so as to secure the highest physical good for the race, and at the same time to exclude none from education and moral elevation. We need in our world a state of things where the laborer for material products shall not sacrifice his nobler powers, but where he shall also enjoy the means and opportunities of becoming wise and good.

It rests with those who have already attained measures of wisdom and goodness to bring about

this state of things. Every educated man should engage in this work. Even those who are engaged in profound investigations and discoveries, should not forget it. We believe in a division of labor, as best calculated to bring all knowledges and arts to perfection; but no such devotion to any one department is admissible as shall separate us from the sublime duties of philanthropy and religion. Nevertheless, there may be some whose mission more particularly is to advance knowledge and art, while to others belongs the godlike calling of going about doing good. When we reflect what vast multitudes are yet living in ignorance and superstition, the victims alike of tyrannical governments and of tyrannical hierarchies; and how that, even where civilization, freedom, and religion exist under their fairest forms, there remain many appalling evils to be removed, the work to be performed is sufficient to arouse the most enthusiastic heroism, and to engage an apostolic devotion.

The great error of political economists and statesmen, in their schemes of human progress, has ever been, to consider progress, too exclusively as represented by organizations and institutions in which the few have been elevated at the expense of the many, or, in which the happiness and the lives of individuals have been sacrificed for the well-being of the organic whole. Individuals have perished by myriads, but humanity has advanced. Christianity, in distinction from these schemes, addresses herself to the individual. Every human soul is dear to her. She is not content if even the ninety and nine are secured and blessed; instead of pausing to rejoice over their condition, she renews her labors to seek out the one lost and wretched being who has gone astray. She redeems individuals, and thus redeems the whole. When individuals are penetrated and vivified by her spirit, they easily coalesce, and melt into harmonious organizations and beneficent institutions. Hers is the most toilsome, and, apparently, the most humble work, but it is the most efficient and divine. To manage States, and Empires, and Hierarchies, to command armies, is a proud and imposing affair to the eye of man. Every one is ready to labor in this way. There are few who are willing to go into the highways and hedges. And yet in the highways and hedges the masses of human beings are to be found. How vast and how truly sublime are the labors of philanthropy in this point of view!

There is one illustration of the above-mentioned error which is striking and appalling. We refer to War. The majority of wars have been a system of mere mutual destruction, and therefore have been evil, and only evil. Such are generally the wars among civilized nations, whose interests are so interlinked and inseparable, that the proudest victories must ever react fearfully upon the victor. But, unquestionably, there have been wars which have involved great principles, and which in their issues have advanced civil and religious freedom, and led on the work of civilization. Thousands perished, countries lay waste, but the cause of humanity triumphed. Thus one generation reaps blessings from the sufferings of another which preceded it.

War is the rough instrument wherewith man loves to work even when he works in a good cause. But when we reflect upon the immense waste of life and of every material which enters into national prosperity, unavoidable in war, we see clearly that some other instrument is infinitely desirable. If all the men who have fallen in battle, had applied their industry to the improvement of the world; if all the treasures wasted had been appropriated as a capital for their labor, can any sufficient calculation be made of the beauty and prosperity which now would have covered our earth? Nay, had only all the treasures, men, and energy, which were expended by Europe during the time of Napoleon, been employed for the improvement of the nations engaged in the conflict, or in colonizing some of those vast fertile regions which yet lie waste, a new age of civilization and happiness would have burst upon our world. Now there is not a more sublime and exciting object of noble exertion for the good of man than that of extinguishing the war spirit in human bosoms, and exploding war measures in the policy of nations, by providing more rational and kindly, and less destructive means of settling the differences of nations; and instead of providing the munitions of war and sustaining standing armies, directing the whole arm of human industry to beneficent improvements. What a day of glory that would be to a world for so many ages clad in the garments of woe, when all nations and tribes should unite in the work of making this world as fruitful, and beautiful, and peaceful, and enlightened as it is capable of becoming under the benign arrangements and provisions wherewith God has gifted it!

We see now how manifold and inviting are the legitimate objects of human industry. There is work for every man to do. No one need be idle. No one, without guilt, can be idle. The distinguishing attribute of the human being is the power of thought. Thought generates work Work produces all the good we can attain to How glorious is industry! It is a charmed and

pregnant word. It has for many sorrowful ages been the folly of man to magnify the idleness of wealth and rank; or if action were magnified, to magnify only the achievments of war, or any stately form of action which might gratify vain ambition, while that beneficent industry which opens the fountains of plenty and mercy, has been despised as the heritage of the serf and lower classes of mankind. The working-man, who has been the only truly godlike man, has been the vulgar and trodden-down man, while the Baronial destroyer has sat in his halls of pride, or has ridden in war or sport over the harvest-fields.

Let this folly at length be exploded. Let work be honored. There is no form of productive industry but what is intrinsically honorable. Every department of labor is a necessary link in the social organism of the world. Every department of labor, therefore, is worthy of human beings. Agriculture and the mechanical arts—those which have been imposed upon serfs and slaves, are the most important links in this organism. They lie at the foundation of all human advancement. Here the masses of mankind are found. Let the rights of humanity here be fully granted. Let the lights of knowledge, refining influences, and honorable appreciation, here be awarded in just measure. Are not we who call ourselves men, a hive of glorious industry, under various forms, laboring for a universal good? Shall not each one do his best in his appointed sphere, that our human life, which otherwise is such a poor affair, may make its moments honey-drops of blessings to swell the great store from age to age?

NAPOLEON AND THE VILLAGE BELLS OF BRIENNE.*

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

The evening sun was sinking low,
As o'er a battle plain,
The victor loosely reined his steed,
And wandered 'mid the slain;
He gazed with stern, unblenching eye
Upon the carnage red;
Unheeding dying sighs and groans,
And heaps of gory dead.

No thought of thousand widow'd wives
Awoke remorseful fear;
No sobs of mourning orphans fell
Upon his startled ear;
It was the common fate of war—
And what were lives like these
To empires such as seemed to wait
His future destinies?

But suddenly a peal of bells
Was borne across the air,
And plaintively came ringing out
A call to evening prayer:—
The rider paused;—those sounds had once
To him been full of joy,
For he had often heard their chime
When but a careless boy.

They woke an echo in his heart
That told of early hours,
Before the dew was dried away
From life's sweet morning flowers;
Before its brilliancy was dimmed
By earthly toil and care,—
Ere he had made that heart a shrine,
And reared ambition there.

He mused of boyhood's free, bright brow,
Where not a cloud could rise,
And of the innocence he made
His idol's sacrifice:
And he who gazed unmoved, on forms
Wrapt in their ghastly sleep,
Heard music from a vesper bell,
And turned aside to weep!

* It was at Brienne that Napoleon received his early education.

A MEDITATION UPON THE SEA.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

"The ocean, with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its cares, its hopes, its fears,
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears,
Must think on what will be, or what has been."—KEATS.

THE great ocean of water, next to the measureless upper ocean of sky and star, is the sublimest sight the eye of man ever opens to. *The sea is His, and He made it.* Who has not thought of that emphatic affirmation, when once clear out upon the great deep? Always and everywhere the ocean is full of God. Legibly written all over its broad, fluent surface, as upon one vast sign-board, are his eternal power and Godhead. There it is—

"You feel the unseen One ever near,
Walking his ocean-path."

To a religious mind, the sea is like the base of a great temple dome, in which the Infinite Invisible should be ever adored. In a clear day you sail on and on, and look upward into the lofty vault of azure glory, and onward and around to the ever-receding, limitless horizon, and you seem to be in the midst of an infinite circle, whose centre is everywhere, its circumference nowhere. In the mighty solitude, the ship you are borne in seems alone with God. His presence fills the circling dome of sea, air, and sky. His Spirit Broods upon the bosom of the mysterious, fathomless waste. His voice is heard in its sublime, solemn roar. It is His glory that beams in the morning sun, when rising from his ocean-bed, the world's great eye. It is flung all around you in floods of radiance, when the glorious luminary has mounted to the meridian, and taken his zenith throne. And when the great red disk dips in the western wave, there seems to be borne to your listening ear and gazing eye, God's own "good night."

Then the gentle moonlight and the lustrous stars, brightening the tops of the rippling waves, and reduplicated from the clear, azure depths, resume the tale of their Creator's glory. And so all through the days and nights of a long sea-voyage, to a *thoughtful mind*, day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge, of the great God. *His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters.*

"You read His awful name, emblazoned high,
In golden letters on the illumined sky;
You see reflected in the abyss beneath
The symbols of Almighty power and wealth."

Be it storm or calm; is it the glassy, heaving sea, placid as the hushed, breathing infant; or the sea lashed into billows and foam, like an angry giant, it is alike expressive of the Divine tranquillity, or the Divine power and majesty. Always is it a broad mirror, reflecting to human eye the being and omnipresence of the Almighty.

Landsmen know how pleasing it is to stand alone, and listen with subdued, silent joy, to the dash of ocean on his winding shore, when agitated by a storm—

"Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis
E terra."

The loud thunder of pursuing surge upon surge, as they curl and fall upon a lengthened beach, or make the tall, beetling crags to tremble with their shock, is a deep-toned music one loves to hear. It awakens "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul," and begets emotions we try in vain to utter, yet cannot wholly conceal. While it elevates, it soothes the spirit; and even in bad men it has a strange power to calm the surges of the angry mind.

John Foster says somewhere, in an essay upon sublimity, that perhaps we have seen the sea in a tempest, moving with a host of mountains to assault the eternal barrier which confines its power. —"If now there were in reality spirits of the deep, it might suit them well to ride on these ridges, or howl in this raging foam. We have often seen the fury of little things; but how in-

significant in comparison of what we now behold—the world in a rage! Indeed, we could almost imagine that the great world is informed with a soul, and that these commotions express the agitation of its passions. To a spectator on the land, the influence which breathes powerfully from the scene, and which conscious danger would darken into horror, is illuminated into awful sublimity by the perfect security of his situation."

This may be true; but had Foster ever been himself at sea in a storm, he would have known also, that while of course there cannot be that assurance of self-safety which one has in looking out upon the elemental war from solid land, yet in the very consciousness of danger, to brave men, there is exultation and joy.

If we view the ocean, again, not as a work of the Almighty, or as a scene of sublimity, but in its bare utilitarian purposes, as a vast treasury of waters, to cleanse the air, to supply the clouds, to invigorate the thirsty land, how perfect its adaptation to those great ends! Always in motion, containing within itself inexhaustible vital springs, it never mantles, or loses its salubrious purity, though it washes the filth of a world, and is both the womb and grave of countless forms of organic and animal life. Like its affluent Creator, giving doth not impoverish, withholding doth not enrich it. It meets all demands; it fills always its place. Though all the rivers run into the sea, it overflows not, but to the place whence the waters come, thither in the ceaseless circle they return again.

Geographers tell us it covers three quarters of the earth's surface; and La Place estimated its average depth at over two miles. If we suppose its medium depth to be only two miles, and its water should be poured over all the surface of the earth now dry, it would inundate all the dry land to the depth of six miles.

In its midst it is of that intense cerulean hue that makes one think, as he looks down into its pure azure depths, and beholds far beneath the clear outlines of the fish that swim there, that he would like to live in such an element; or, if not, to have it, when dead, for his sepulchre and shroud.

"Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain well;
Temptation centres in the liquid calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in deep sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee."

If we view it once more as the great highway of nations, how ample its dimensions, where all the world's ships and navies may ride abreast, and on whose broad surface you may sail for months without meeting another, and deem yourself all alone on the wide, wide main! A way so broad, that two ships may start together like coursers on the race-ground from the same point, to make one port, and yet never cross each other, or heave in sight till the voyage be up. A broad belt of water encompassing the earth with a convexity of eight inches to a mile, and uniting widely-remote regions, on which you may go in a circle east or west, and from hemisphere to hemisphere, till your head is downward and your feet upward, to the place you left, and so onward dry-shod to the point of departure. In your course you may prove all the winds of heaven, and be drifted by a thousand counter-currents, and yet, by the skill of the mariner, they shall all be made in different degrees to promote your progress.

Thus rolling its billows from continent to continent, the great thoroughfare of white-winged commerce, equalizing temperatures, never absolutely at rest, but with steady change ebbing and flowing, and feeling through every particle of its mighty mass the strong constraint of sun and moon; vexed and heaved into fluid mountains by storms, and thundering against its granite ramparts with a force that often rends and overflows those rock-ribbed barriers—who can contemplate it—still more, who can go down upon it, without amazement and awe!

Many men from the mountains and forests can perhaps remember the first time they beheld this august and glorious spectacle, and the very thoughts and emotions to which the sight gave birth. I recall now, as if it were but yesterday, its first deep impression on my wondering mind, when, an inland schoolboy, used only to the rivers, rocks, and woods of Maine, I was taken by my mother one morning, as we were on a journey, to a high hill, and there burst upon me, dazzling in the morning sun, a limitless expanse, that seemed to my youthful mind just like eternity. And is not this, that was my first boy's lesson and use from the sea, its best one, to give me an image of ETERNITY and GOD—God's eternity! and to generate awe, adoration, and love of Him! And is not this the way (to adopt a happy idea of Dr. Bushnell) that the liquid acres of the deep, tossing themselves evermore to the winds, and rolling their mighty anthems round the world, may be the most valuable and *productive acres* God has made? "Great emotions and devout affections," says he, "are better fruits than corn, more precious

luxuries than wine or oil. And God has built the world with a visible aim to exercise his creatures with whatever is lofty in conception, holy in feeling, and filial in purpose towards himself. All the trials and storms of the land have this same object. To make the soul great, He gives us great dangers to meet, great obstacles to conquer—deserts, famines, pestilences walking in darkness, regions of cold and wintry snow, hail and tempest—none of these are, in his view, elements of waste and destruction, because they fructify the moral man. The sea is a productive element of the same class."

We close our meditation, then, as we began it, with God—

"Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again;
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date."

R. H. Dana.

THE LOST GRAVE.

BY MISS S. H. BROWN.

Within a grim, old burial-ground,
Where mossy headstones mouldering round,
Showed there had been full many a mound,
Now sunken quite away;
And many an undistinguished spot,
Except where ranker herbage shot,
To tell how hopelessly forgot
The dust beneath that lay!

It was a dull and lone retreat,
And few there were whose venturous feet,
In winter's gloom, or summer's heat,
To its drear precincts strayed;
Save when with slow and stealing pace,
With sorrow on her pensive face,
One constant mourner to the place
Her frequent journeyings made.

And ever in her fingers fair,
Cherished with long and tender care,
A little truss of golden hair,
To the lone spot she bore;
And there, with earnest look and tread,
Pausing at every grass-grown bed,
Among those dwellings of the dead,
She searched them o'er and o'er!

Weary with fruitless toil, at length,
With pallid brow and failing strength,
Some bitter tears she shed.
Where was that little sunken grave,
From which no prayers or skill could save
The dearest gift that Heaven e'er gave!
That little golden head!

"It is a hopeless thing," she sighed,
"My heart its misery must abide,
Never to sleep the spot beside
Where those dear ashes lie.
With absence, change, and rolling years,
Each best-loved object disappears,
Even those once viewed through blinding tea
Of grief and agony!

"I know disease hath won me quite,
My cheek is waxing wan and white,
Mine eye has lost its healthful light,
My strength is almost spent;
But I had hoped to be so blessed,
That when beneath the clods I rest,
His dust might nestle to my breast,
And thus with mine be blent!

"But though that cherished thought is vain,
Our spirits yet shall meet again,
Forever free from tears and pain,
To dwell with angels *there!*"
Her finger pointed to the skies,
And heaven was in her sunken eyes,
The while with smiles instead of sighs,
She kissed the yellow hair!

Yes, Christian mother, doubt it not,
And though earth ne'er disclose the spot,
Or though it be full long forgot,
That grave shall yet be shown!
The mighty resurrection day
Shall rend the obscuring veil away,
Waken the gently-slumbering clay,
And give thee back thine own!

THE BURNING OF YORK MINSTER.

BY MRS. S. H. B.

"MOTHER, are you not going to give us a story to-night!" asked the children of Mrs. Waring, as they gathered about her chair, one winter's evening.

"Why, as you have all learned your lessons so well, I suppose I must try to think of one," their mother answered.

"I do wish you would tell us *fairy stories*, dear mother, such as Mrs. Marsh tells her children," said little Emma.

"My daughter, I never tell you anything that I have not at least good reason to believe is true. Never shall you have it to say, that your mother told you anything which she did not suppose to be entirely true: I was thinking, to-day, about the magnificent building in the City of York, in England, called York Minster; and how it was set on fire about twenty years ago, by a man supposed to be crazy. Much of what I am going to tell you has been published somewhere or other, as was also the trial of Jonathan Martyn, who set fire to York Minster; but, as my old nurse lived in the city of York at the time, and saw the fire, and was present at the trial, I may have some interesting things to tell which have never been published. Nurse Barker is a good, pious woman, and I can rely upon whatever she tells me as being true.

"York Minster is said to be the largest and most magnificent Gothic structure in the world—you will, perhaps, form some idea of its size when I tell you that it measures a mile around, and you might walk for days and days in it, and not see half the splendid things. I cannot undertake to describe them to you, because I never saw them myself; but there are the vast windows, all of brilliantly-colored glass, and the magnificent organ, and the bishop's high gold chair, and gold swan in front of it; and when they have service, there are twelve men and twelve boys who stand in front of the organ, dressed in white robes, and sing. Then there is one window celebrated far and wide, and called 'the five sisters.' The pattern of it was worked in the fifteenth century, by five sisters, and, if I understand it right, was afterwards copied in painting on glass. I believe the art of painting on glass, as exquisitely as it was done at that day, is entirely lost to the world. This window is painted in five stripes, and represents, I think, our Saviour and his apostles, and somewhere, in different parts of the window, you may read whole chapters from the Bible. It is protected on the outside by a fine net-work of silver wire, so that, if a stone should be thrown against it, it would remain uninjured. Each of these sisters had a thousand pounds a-year as long as she lived, for her labor upon that window; which is still to be seen, and admired by the traveller, while the fingers which first traced the beautiful design have, for four hundred years, been quiet in death.

"At that time, York Minster was called by another name, and was in possession of the Roman Catholics; but at the time of the Reformation, it was taken from them by the Protestants. At one time, the splendid building was used for a stable, and the horses of the soldiers were turned loose in it, to roam amid the splendid works of art, upon which such a vast amount of labor and means had been expended. It was soon, however, restored to its former splendor, as a place of worship of the Church of England.

"One Sunday evening, just twenty years ago, the people, on foot and in carriages, thronged the way to the Great York Minster, to attend evening prayers. Among them was a plain and common-looking man, who went in with the rest, but came not out with them, and when all had left the Minster, and the great doors were closed, Jonathan Martyn crept from behind a pillar, where he had been concealed. He waited till the Minster clock struck nine, and the Minster bell, which rings by machinery connected with the clock, rang for nine, and then he went to work.

"He piled up all the benches in front of the splendid organ, and he took the bishop's gold swan, and put it under the organ; then he took the robes of the singing men and boys, and all their music-books, to make his bonfire; and in a little time, the cry went through the great city, that 'York Minster was on fire!' Then the

crowds began to gather from all parts of the city, and large bodies of troops were called out to protect the streets leading to the Minster, and keep off all but those who went to arrest the progress of the flames. The fire raged, and much of the splendid building was burned, and many of the valuable things in it were injured or destroyed. The flames rose up through the roof, and melted the lead, and while some men were up there endeavoring to tear off the lead, three of them slipped and fell, and the melted lead ran on them, and killed them, and many other lives were lost. Nurse Barker was sick in bed, when a friend came in and said,

"'Neighbor, do you know the Minster's on fire?'

"'Nonsense,' said she, 'I'm sick—don't tell me such a tale as that; the Minster couldn't burn.'

"'Woman, I tell you York Minster 's on fire!' said her friend, and Nurse Barker sprang from her bed, and went with the rest of the gazing town to see all that could be seen of the sight.

"After much time and exertion, the flames were extinguished, but no trace could be found of the incendiary. A reward of three hundred pounds was offered to the person who should take him alive.

"During the progress of the fire, the man at the head of the police, whom I will call Gilbert, was walking through one part of the Minster, and by the light of the flames he saw sticking out from behind a pillar a hammer and a pincers, and a tinder-box. He took them up and examined them, and on the handle of the hammer and pincers he saw the name of 'Carr, shoemaker.' Gilbert was a very cunning man, so he put the articles he had found into his pocket, without saying a word on the subject to any one, and on Monday morning he stepped over to Carr's shop. Finding no one in but a journeyman, Gilbert said, 'Where is Mr. Carr? I want him to make me a pair of shoes.' The young man said he had stepped out for a moment, but would be in presently, so Gilbert sat down on the bench and began to talk with the journeyman. After a while he took up a pair of pincers, which were lying on the bench beside him, and began to examine them. Then he said, 'It seems strange to me that you do not have your pincers marked. I should think you would lose them.'

"The boy answered, 'Master has all his tools marked with his name, except this pair of pincers.'

"When Carr came in, Gilbert led the conversation to the same subject, and at length asked him where his pincers were that were marked with his name.

"'Why,' said Carr, 'I lent them to Jonathan Martyn, yesterday afternoon, and my hammer, too, and I have never laid eyes on them since.'

"'At what time did you lend them to him?' asked Gilbert.

"'At about five o'clock,' answered Carr.

"'And pray what should he want of your tools on Sunday afternoon?'

"'That I can't pretend to say; all I know is, he asked me to lend them to him, which I did.'

"'Has he been home since?'

"'Yes, he came in late last evening, and went out again at five o'clock this morning, and that is the last I have seen or heard of him.'

"Gilbert had now got all he wanted out of Carr, so he started off and immediately raised the 'hue and cry' after Jonathan Martyn. Gilbert took one of the great roads, and after a time he came upon the track of Jonathan, and heard where he had taken breakfast. At an inn farther on, he found a piece of the gold lace which was wrapped about the bishop's Bible, and which Jonathan had either left in his haste, or bartered for his dinner. Soon Gilbert came to a town. It so happened, that in the very first lodging-house he entered, there sat Jonathan Martyn!

"'Ha!' said Jonathan, rising up, 'I know what you are after, Gilbert; and now you've found me; but tell me, is it down? is the Minster down? if so, I will go back with you willingly.'

"Gilbert told him it was not burned down, though very much injured.

"'Oh!' said Jonathan, in a tone of deep sadness, 'there were four things I wanted to do. I wanted to fire York Minster, Lincoln Minster, Beverley Minster, and Westminster Abbey, and see them all burned to the ground, and then I would have gone gladly to the rope.'

"'But why would you destroy these splendid places of worship?' said Gilbert.

"'Places of worship!' exclaimed Jonathan, 'they are places of corruption! with their show and glitter, and pomp, and singing men, and singing boys; they are places where men and women go to look at the gaudy things, and hear the grand music, and to show their fine clothes. They are *not* places for the worship of God—they are places of corruption!'"

"But, mother," interrupted Robert, "do you think Jonathan was right in that?"

"Jonathan was a member of the Church of England himself, but it seems he thought, whether crazy or not, that the worship, or rather the places of worship, ought to be more simple.

"Gilbert put the handcuffs on to Jonathan, and took him back to York; and when the day of the trial came, crowds flocked to the Great York

Castle, where it was held. The doorkeepers tried to keep out the mass of the people, but many a one slipped in, by giving them a small bribe. On the trial, if any of those who were in the Minster at the time it was burning were called to give their testimony, and stated anything that was not exactly true, Jonathan would interrupt them and say, 'No, no, that wasn't the way at all—let me tell! I'll tell just how I did it. I went to the bell-room, and cut down all the bell-ropes, and fastened them together, and hung them outside of one of the windows; then I cut out a pane of glass, to make my escape by, and piled up some benches so as to climb out; then, after the Minster bell rang nine, I began to gather my bonfire. I took all the benches, and the robes of the singing men and boys, and I took their singing-books to light my fire with. I did not burn a single good book,—not a Bible or prayer-book, but I burned all their singing-books, and I took the great gold swan, my lord, and put it where it would melt first, and when the pile got all well blazing, I let myself down from the window, and went off.'

"In the presence of the lord judge, with his great curled wig down to his waist, and all the other judges in their wigs, and rows of learned lawyers, and crowds of interested spectators, Jonathan stood up and told his story as easily as if he had been relating it to one single friend. About noon, Jonathan said, 'My lord, I'm hungry,' and he pulled from his pocket a crust of bread, and a piece of cheese, which he had taken with him as a lunch. After eating a while he said, 'My lord, this is dry fare.' 'Fetch Jonathan a mug of beer,' said the lord judge, and after he had drank the beer they went on with the trial. Jonathan was pronounced, upon the testimony of a celebrated physician, and others, to be crazy, which was all that prevented him from being hung, and was sentenced to the Tower (a vast prison in London) for life. It was commonly reported among the people, that a brother of Jonathan's, a very wealthy tobacco merchant, by the payment of a large sum, bribed the physician to give this testimony, and by the same means induced others to swear that they had known of his having been in two mad-houses.

"There was a poor woman of the name of Webster, who kept a confectioner's shop in the city of York, and her son was placed in the same room with Jonathan Martyn, as a guard. One night young Webster woke up, and hearing no sound from Jonathan's bed, went to it and looked, and behold, Jonathan was gone! Webster immediately roused the keepers with the cry, 'Jonathan has escaped!'

"'What have you been doing to let him escape?' asked the head-keeper. 'Your door was fastened, your windows are firmly secured, where is he?'

"'Oh, I have only been sleeping in my bed like other folks,' answered Webster; 'how it happened I cannot tell, but Jonathan is out! Jonathan is out!'

"'No, no,' answered a voice from the chimney, 'Jonathan's not out; Jonathan would have been out, but the chimney is grated at the top.' He had been up to the top of the chimney, to endeavor to make his escape that way, but others had been beforehand with him, and the top of the chimney was securely grated.

"The next morning, Nurse Barker stepped over to Mrs. Webster's shop to buy some muffins, and found the poor woman crying as if her heart would break.

"'What is the matter, neighbor?' she asked.

"'Oh, to think how near my poor boy has come to losing his life, through Jonathan Martyn,' answered Mrs. Webster. 'Jonathan attempted to escape last night, and if he had got off, my poor boy would, perhaps, have been hung for it. I never shall have peace or comfort more while he is guarding Jonathan Martyn, for I am afraid he will kill him, if he can get out no other way!'

"At last poor Mrs. Webster set off for London, and she talked with the keepers and with Jonathan, and cried bitterly in her distress. But Jonathan said to her, 'Never trouble yourself, my good woman, on that score, I will not hurt a hair of your boy's head; he is a good boy; he is placed here to watch me, and he does his duty well; no, no, I will not harm your son; but, if I can by any means make my escape from this place, I shall do it.'

"Jonathan Martyn made one more unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Tower, and after six or seven years' imprisonment, died there."

"Well, that is a very interesting story," said Robert, when his mother had finished; "and now, dear mother, will you answer my question, as to whether Jonathan was right in what he said about York Minster?"

"I suppose you want to know, in other words, whether I think it right to have so much show and magnificence in our churches?"

"Yes, mother; I have thought a great deal about that, and I should like much to hear your ideas on the subject."

"I confess it is a pretty hard matter for me to answer you, my dear boy," replied his mother: "had we anywhere in the Bible exact directions for the architecture and decorations of our churches, such as were given to Noah for build-

ing the ark, or to David for the temple his son Solomon was to build, we should be more certain of not erring; but we see such a wide difference of opinion among very good people, that we are puzzled to tell where is the proper medium. Some Christian churches are very magnificent—with richly-colored glass, and lofty arches, and costly, deep-toned organs; while others are in the very extreme of plainness, and the sound of even the flute or violin is an abomination there; and yet I believe that in both may God be worshipped from the heart.

"For my own part, I like to see our churches handsome and comfortable, though I think, in many of them, there is a vast outlay of money that might have been expended much more profitably. While there are so many dark corners of the earth yet to be enlightened by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, I cannot think we are right in expending such vast sums in *mere* ornament and show in our places of worship. But then, on the other hand, I could not bear to live in a handsome and commodious house myself, and attend a church, like some I have seen, more like a barn with seats in it, than anything else."

"You feel as David did, mother," said Anna, "when he said, 'Lo, I dwell in an house of cedars, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord remaineth under curtains.'"

"I believe some of our strict forefathers thought it wrong to have their places of worship comfortable," said Mr. Waring. "I have heard my father say that he well remembered the suffering of riding some miles to church on a bitter winter's day, and sitting the whole day on hard, bare seats, without a particle of fire, for there were no stoves in the church, and it was too far to go home at noon."

"One thing is certain, they had not the temptation which old Deacon More has, and yields to every Sunday, of curling up in the corner of a pew and going to sleep," said Anna.

"But to show you that we have no right to say that any particular mode of worship is exclusively acceptable to God, I wish you would read first the account of the splendor of Solomon's Temple, in 2d Chronicles," said Mrs. Waring, "that Temple which was to be 'exceeding magnifical,' and of the show and pomp of the worship, which was surely approved by God, for we are told that fire came down from Heaven and consumed the burnt-offerings, and moreover, God promised to Solomon, that if, when his people were in any trouble or distress, they would come to the Temple and pray, he would hear from heaven, his dwelling-place, and answer; but it was *first* necessary that they should 'humble themselves, and pray, and seek his face, and turn from their wicked ways.' But the splendor of the Temple, and its service, have long since passed away.

"Now, look in contrast at the place of worship of our Saviour and his disciples. By the still lake, on the hill-side, their seats the 'green grass,' and their temple dome the blue canopy of heaven, Jesus of Nazareth taught his disciples, and prayed with them. Or, in 'an upper room, furnished,' they held their simple service; no swelling organ pealed, no sound of instrumental music was heard, but 'when they had sung an hymn they went out.'

"One thing is certain, that in the most splendid of earth's temples, some humble heart-worshippers may be found, while a proud heart and wandering thoughts may exist in a little plain church with bare walls and pine benches. But there is a most delightful thought to me, which is, that whether in the great city church, or the country school-house; whether in the heart of the wisest philosopher, or the simplest, untaught child of God, true religion is ever and always the same, a simple, trusting *faith in Christ;* and all who possess this, will at last reach that happy place, where the pious, rich, and poor of this world shall meet together, and walk those golden courts in that upper temple 'not made with hands,' before whose glories the splendor of York Minster, or even of Solomon's Temple, shall become dim."

SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

On this desolate heath, all unnoted, unknown,
I've sprung up but a mean little flower,
Yet on me are the rays of the day-ruler thrown,
And mine is the wealth of the shower.

I feel the pure breeze as it sweeps o'er the ground,
Bringing health to leaf, blossom, and stem;
And the soft dews of evening encircle me round
With full many a crystal-like gem.

Let me whisper it, then, both to simple and sage,
That I am (though so lowly my lot)
A legible letter in that beautiful page
Which can hold neither error nor blot.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE AT THE WEST.

BY REV. JAMES A. HAWLEY.

"CAN we cross?" said I to the ferryman, as we reached the river.

"I reckon not," was the prompt and characteristic reply.

"But I must go, if possible."

"Wall, I can row ye to the ice on t'other side, and may be ye can get ashore."

"Is the ice on the other side strong enough to bear us when we reach it?"

"I don't know. It's purty soft, and thawin' too; but I reckon if ye get on to it, it'll hold ye; may be, if ye are careful. But I don't like to go.'

I found, on inquiry, that others had crossed the same day, partly in the boat and partly on the ice, as the ferryman had proposed to me, and I attributed his reluctance to go with me to his indolence, with which conclusion his whole appearance corresponded, and to the ugly weather. I did not sufficiently consider the danger, which was increasing every hour, from the thawing and the consequent brittleness of the ice, and turning to my companion, said, "He will go with me, and I'll risk it."

"Very well," said he, and turning with the horses, he rode home.

There I stood on the bank of the mighty Mississippi, a mile and a half from the opposite shore, which I was extremely anxious to reach that night, as the reader may have anticipated, although it was now past three o'clock.

The ferryman could not run his ferry-boat, because the river was closed with ice, too thick and too strong to be broken, with the exception of about one fourth of a mile, in which the ice was running fast in the strong and impetuous current; and although the weather was cold, and the snow covered the ground, yet it was not quite cold enough to arrest the melting of the ice, which was becoming more tender every hour.

It seemed necessary for me to go forward, if possible; so, offering a sufficient remuneration to the boatman to land me beyond the open current, on the ice that stretched away to the other bank, I dismissed my friend and the horses, courageous enough to dare the danger, and rather confident of success. We warmed our feet by the fire of the ferryman's cabin, and started on the expedition, but half aware of the perils we must encounter. We pressed on up the stream, through the soft snow, now crossing a *bayou* on the ice, then following up an island nearly a mile, we came to the skiff, and put out into the swift current of the Father of Waters, now battling sturdily with the stream, and now avoiding the huge and dangerous cakes of ice that might easily have crushed our little boat, had we encountered them as they struck together, driven by the force of the current or repelled by various obstacles, until we shoved our bark upon the vast ice-plain, attached to the other shore.

"Now if the ice bears us, we can go to Missouri," said the ferryman.

"And if it don't?" inquired I.

"We can go to the bottom," said he.

We found the ice too tender to bear us where we first struck it, but with the help of a board (which had been brought in the boat) laid on the ice, thus gathering support from all the ice which it could cover, we succeeded in reaching the thicker and stronger ice; then trying our foundation with our boat poles at every step, we proceeded slowly and cautiously a little way. The ferryman, aroused by the exigency, now seemed to me as careful and shrewd as he did stupid and indolent before. He advised that I should take a long pole, as he did, so that if the treacherous ice should let us through, the pole might reach across the break and sustain us till we could escape. Suddenly my guide paused; for his pole, with which he tried the ice at every step, went through. He assayed it in all directions, and found the same brittleness and frailty. It was a fact that we stood over the rushing Mississippi, supported only by a most insecure foundation. The cold water, as it gurgled on, seemed to laugh at our temerity, as if expecting each moment to embrace us.

"Now, what shall we do?"

"I dare not go forward," said the ferryman. "We are not safe a moment; the ice is soft and brittle, and if we go through, we are lost. If we go in, we go under the ice; and if we go under we don't come out till spring. I won't go any farther."

This he said with a coolness and an emphasis that startled me; while he carefully surveyed our perilous position, I saw that any attempt at farther progress was extremely hazardous, for surely a stranger ought not to venture where the courageous guide drew back. But can we now regain our boat? It is some rods distant, and a single step on either side of our proper course, upon that treacherous ice, may lay us in a watery grave.

With extreme caution we retraced our steps, and now right glad were we of a seat, even in that frail ark. Back now to the ferryman's cabin we go, satisfied that we had hazarded too much, and glad of any place of rest, in which to warm and dry ourselves. It being now ascertained that I could not cross the river that night, the question, "What shall I do?" recurred with some force. The horses were gone; my friend was by that time at home. The ferryman could not keep me in his little log-cabin, which contained but one small room. No conveyance could be obtained, and to go back on foot, over the eight miles which I had travelled since noon, was a large task. The storm without had increased; the wind howled through the forest, and the snow, driven by the tempest, filled the air. Nothing could have tempted me to brave these furious elements; but necessity applied a prevailing motive, and now I am wearily plodding on through the soft and mingled mud and snow, for a mile and a half, to the tavern at "the Mills."

"Ha! old log house," thought I; "this furnishes a better prospect than that of a berth in the snow. Here are, no doubt, the best accommodations possible." They were certainly the best possible to me, for no others could be found. But what confusion, and profanity, and drunkenness within! and the house was as empty of comforts as it was full of every evil work. Yet necessity shut me up there to spend the night, cold, hungry, and suffering. Such another night I have never endured in all my journeyings and sojournings in the West.

In the morning imagine me thus debating in the present tense. "It is *very* important for me to go forward; I must cross the river *if possible.* It is scarcely possible that the ice should bear me now, but I hear that the river is open, and the steam ferry-boat running at Quincy, eight miles above, and here is a chance to ride up there. I'll go."

The decision was no sooner reached, than the execution of it was begun; and presently we were gliding over the snow-path to the town. The storm had cleared away, and the intense cold which followed it had thrown out a field of ice from the other shore, that impeded the crossing. The boat would not come over, and here again I was balked. But I was now convinced of the possibility of crossing at the ferry below, which I had just left without examining. Not quite disheartened, I determined on one more effort to reach Missouri.

In the endeavor to reach the Marion city ferry, my feet became thoroughly wet, for I was obliged to go there on foot, as no conveyance offered; for though the weather was very cold, yet my path, lying just under the bluff and exposed directly to the sun, was well moistened by the melting snow.

I reached the river again about three o'clock P. M., and found the ice stretching across it, when but twenty-four hours before I had seen it running in the stream. Although the ice was still thin in many places, which made it necessary to use extreme care lest I should find my bed and my grave that night, in the cold bed of the river, I began to cross.

On the island I selected a stout stick, with which to try the strength of the ice at every step. Much of my way lay over huge cakes of ice, frozen together; these were, of course, thicker and stronger than the new ice, which had had but a few hours in which to congeal, and which would scarcely bear a man's weight. These were easily distinguishable by the color. Avoiding, therefore, the dark portions of the ice, which were new and weak, and testing my frail bridge as I trusted myself to it, I made my way slowly to the middle of the river. There, where the current had driven the floating ice firmly against the portion attached to the island, was a long ridge of cakes of ice, thrust up above that on either side, extending either way as far as I could see. The concussion had shivered a vast quantity of ice into fine fragments, and the mass was very slightly congealed on either side of the ridge. As I struck it with my stick, it passed instantly through into the river below. It would not bear, but the *ridge* of ice was perfectly solid and accessible. I stepped upon it, and struck again upon another crumbling mass beyond it, that could not be trusted for an instant; and there I stood for a moment, in the middle of the river, upon a ridge of ice not more than two feet wide, while that which connected the ridge to either portion was too frail to be trusted for a moment. The manifest danger startled me. There was but a step between me and death; but a moment's consideration sufficed to show that the ice was strong beyond me, and that it was as dangerous to go back as to go forward. I tried its strength with my trusty stick, and carefully stepped over the dangerous chasm

and was safe. Onward I now hastened, learning caution by experience, though fearing that night might overtake me while on the river, yet beginning to rejoice that my dangers and troubles in that journey were drawing to a close, as I approached the shore, when in fact I had seen but "the beginning of the end."

It was near sunset as I neared the west bank of the river, when, to my amazement, I found that the recent fall of the river had broken the ice from the shore, and separated it about eight feet from the land, leaving a frightful chasm between me and safety, which it was impossible for me to stride over. In either direction the barrier seemed no narrower. I could easily leap over the space of eight feet on the land, but to do it over that chasm, through which the cold current was rushing, and when, if I fail, I must be sucked under the ice, to rise no more till the resurrection morn—this was quite another thing. The difficulty and danger of my task appeared, not only from my uncertain foothold on the ice—the more uncertain on account of the danger beneath and in sight—but also from the fact that I was not to alight on the solid ground, but on a shelf of ice about a foot above the water, the strength of which I was not quite sure of, and from which I might slip back into the water, and this was certain destruction. But what could I do? Daylight was going fast; it would not avail me if I should attempt to return, and I knew it was impossible for me to recross the river at night, avoiding the perils which I had encountered, and which I had thankfully escaped, during the day.

There seemed no other way of escape but that doubtful one before me. Return was hopeless; to stay where I was, was to die of cold. My boots, which had been penetrated by the moisture, were now freezing, and the cold was becoming more and more intense, and soon my feet would be encircled with ice. To leap for the shore in those perilous circumstances, was the only chance for life. I thought of my dear wife and my babe, a thousand miles away. Perhaps in an hour they might be the widow and the fatherless. I saw that they soon must be unless I should dare a speedy death, and this was the bitterest thought in that cup of trial. A Christian could not take that decisive step without first commending himself to God in prayer; but after this, and with cautious preparation for the effort, every energy was summoned for that leap on which life was suspended.

I will not say that this was not an anxious moment—that would have been brutish; yet there was no lack of self-possession, and I reasoned of the probabilities of my escape as coolly as I now record the facts.

Having prepared for the effort that was to decide the question of life and death, with a prayer on my lips, springing with all my might for the shore, I slipped and fell sprawling at full length upon the icy shelf that projected from the shore. Had I slipped at the critical moment, or failed, perhaps only by a foot or two, of the distance which I reached, the fatal misstep would have plunged me into the swift, strong current beneath. Beside that perpendicular bank my devout thanksgivings went up to God for my preservation thus far.

But I was not yet safe. I had more than seven miles yet to walk before I reached my friends, and very soon the ice was formed around my feet, and soon the frost attacked the feet themselves, impeding the circulation, and augmenting immensely the labor of living and of travelling. Still I pressed on, though every mile seemed like a day's labor, until within a quarter of a mile of my goal, when I sat down upon a stone to rest for a moment, almost exhausted. It seemed as if I could not go another *mile*, though life depended on it. In a moment a feeling of overpowering drowsiness admonished me that if life was dear, or if I would ever see my beloved family again, I must instantly arouse and exert myself to the utmost. A few minutes more, which then seemed like hours, sufficed to place me in a kind family, who ministered to all my wants.

The application of proper remedies restored to my feet their usual sensibility, as I soon became most painfully conscious, but a fortnight elapsed before I was fit to travel again.

Missionaries are often called to endure suffering, as well as self-denial and toil.

With my present views, I should not think it right to expose myself again to such perils, except in the plainest case of duty, involving very great interests; yet, whoever shrinks from enduring hardness, cannot be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

THE WRITINGS OF EDMUND BURKE.

BY PROF. PORTER, OF YALE COLLEGE.

It is very much out of fashion, we know, to commend such as the writings of Burke—clarem et venerabile nomen—to the attention and study of young readers; and we fear that it is quite as much so for mothers, even Christian mothers, to charge upon their sons to read the Proverbs of Solomon, the king of Israel. Indeed, it would seem to be considered a matter of hopeless attainment, to expect that what is generous and amiable in the feelings of the young, can in any way be called out into those permanent habits, which constitute practical and dignified wisdom of character. Even their religion savors too little of simple and manly piety, shedding abroad the light of its unconscious dignity. We would hope, that the writings of Mr. Burke will tend to the removal of some of these now existing defects. These works are of permanent value, especially to the youth of our country; inasmuch as they will be likely to beget and cherish in them plain sense, frank and manly feelings, and a reverence for true dignity and worth of character. These are objects which deserve the ardent and determined pursuit of all; and we would commend to every one who would aim at such attainments, the writings of a man who was enthusiastic in his estimation of these high qualities. It cannot be too often repeated, that it is not sufficient that the principles of a young man, or of any man, should be correct. His mental and moral habits, the disposition of his mind and feelings, his modes of thinking and acting—all these influence beyond calculation his personal happiness and his usefulness to mankind at large. The grace of God dwells in the heart of man, as does the vital principle in the oak and the cedar, which sustains and gives growth to the trunk, the flower, and the leaf. It is not that the current of life is different, but that the channels differ in which it flows, that the one of these excels another in pleasantness to the eye, and its adaptedness to answer a more useful end to man. Such, too, are the habits of mind, so widely different in their claims to our estimation, both for their own sake, and for their fitness to diffuse happiness and virtue abroad; while the principles which animate them are alike acceptable before God. We do not wish that "self-education" should be prosecuted in a spirit of vanity, which dotes on the purity and delicacy of its sentiments, and the grace and perfection of its intellectual accomplishments. We desire that it may be pursued in the light of truth, so that it may lead to humility, self-distrust, and faith. It is interesting to notice in all the records which we have of Socrates, how lightly he esteemed curious inquiries into things without, when compared with the study of our own moral character; and with how much fervor he turns from perplexing and unsatisfying discussions into the grounds of knowledge, to the γνῶθι σεαυτον written in gold over the door of the temple at Delphi. "I concern not myself with such inquiries as these," he says in reference to certain curious questions, as to the true explanation of particular stories of the Greek mythology; "but rather inquire, whether I am not myself a wild beast more savage and raging than Typhon, or the other monsters in regard to which you ask me?" It is a somewhat quaint prayer of John Norris: "May God grant us light, and when we have found that, humility." The words of Mr. Burke are quite as much to our purpose. "True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low but deep and firm foundation of every real virture."

Aside, however, from the spirit which breathes throughout the writings of Burke, and the general impression which they will be likely to leave on the mind of him who studies them, they possess another value, which is perhaps more obvious, and can be more readily appreciated. They are a rich treasure-house of principles in moral and political science. Even if we lay entirely out of view all considerations of their merit, in reference to the particular subjects which were their immediate occasion, their full value, as here claimed, still remains. The subject discussed may excite little interest in the mind of the general student; he may even pass it by, as one into which he cannot enter; and yet he cannot but be startled, as he meets on every page with such astonishing exhibitions of reasoning and philosophic

thought. Whenever an opportunity presented itself, it was, as it were, a part of Mr. Burke's nature to give a correct and philosophic statement of the principle in man's constitution which it involved, and of the fundamental question it presented. These he often states at length, with the reasons which have led to and confirmed his own opinions. He who will search out these views as they lie scattered throughout his writings, will be able to settle his own mind on many important questions; and it will always be done, if he follows Mr. Burke, on principles of correct thought and manly sentiment. These digressions, incidental perhaps, and esteemed at the time superfluous, have embalmed his writings in the minds of thinking men, and will continue to do so for many generations to come. Some of his works are directly and avowedly discussions of principles; such as lie at the foundation of our personal and social relations and duties. It is not to be expected that in this country, with our republican feelings and habits, we shall duly appreciate, or be prepared in every instance to assent to, all the views which he advances as fundamental truths. It will be found, however, that whatever may be the form in which they are stated, they are substantially the same which the wise and good have always felt to be true. Even if those by whom they have been held have not always been able to defend them as distinct propositions, against the scoffing and specious infidelity of their adversaries, they have still been "sure of the truth, when they were not sure of the argument."

From men of all ages and professions, the writings of Mr. Burke are deserving of attention, as a valuable auxiliary to such as would form for themselves correct opinions on the most important subjects. We say this, deeply feeling that the necessity of the times demands an increased attention to inquiries of this sort, and with the firm conviction, that with all the advance of the age in light and knowledge, there is a deplorable inattention to everything which comes before us in the shape of *principles*. We do not make that which we look upon with all the ardor of religious feeling sufficiently a matter of distinct contemplation as truth; and until we do so, we shall want steadiness in the government of ourselves, and cannot expect to attain a permanent influence over our fellow-men. We need thinking men; not merely men who can assist us to settle with correctness our principles in metaphysics and theology; but men who will act only so far themselves, and will suffer others to act only so far as they can state with distinctness their grounds for so doing, and can bring these to the test of another's judgment in a cool and honest hour. Said the severe and serious Richard Cecil, "The religious world has a great momentum. Money and power in almost any quanity are brought forth into action, when any fair object is set before it. It is a pendulum, that swings with prodigious force. But it wants a regulator. If there is no regulating force on it of sufficient power, its motion will be so violent and eccentric, that it will tear the machine to pieces. And therefore, when I have any influence in its designs and schemes, I cannot help watching them with extreme jealousy, to throw in every directing and regulating power, which can be obtained from any quarter." The man who makes himself familiar with one writer like Mr. Burke, and who accustoms himself to look upon him with interest and respect, will prepare himself in the most efficient manner to act his part well with reference to the deficiency we have mentioned. If, then, in addition to his philosophic and serious habits of mind, the opinions and principles of an author are, too, of direct and positive value, we have a double advantage to hold out, in reference to Mr. Burke's writings, to those who will examine the opinions there expressed, and yield themselves to the genial influence of his spirit who uttered them.

The contest in which Mr. Burke was called to engage during the latter part of his life was a struggle with infidelity, organized in the most systematic form in which it has ever arrayed its forces. This also is the form in which the enemies of God are now assailing his servants, and which they are assuming more distinctly and avowedly from day to day. On this ground they must be met, not so much with the evidences of Christianity from without, as with its appeals to the heart of man. We have never, in the course of our reading, found a writer who has traced the origin of infidelity with greater distinctness to the pride of man, or analyzed its elements with a more thorough dissection. He met the monster as he appeared in the chemist, the logician, and the accomplished philosopher of Paris, and developed the heart which may be united to the most highly cultivated intellect. He seized Rousseau in the very witching time of his incantations; and while the nations were rapt by his siren song, he wrung out from the magician the very inmost secrets of his mystery. He showed them, too, what a pitiful passion had inspired all that they so much wondered at. Alas, from that time, for "*the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity!*" The friends of infidelity know Mr. Burke, and fear him, and rail at him, as their sorest enemy. Frances Wright speaks of him in

her energetic English, as "that statesman" who "had sold himself for place and pension, to the throne he had once so boldly defied." And again she says, "The fallen, sold, the misguiding and misguided Burke, was thus confounding names and dates, blaspheming glorious names, and more glorious eras, perverting words, and perplexing principles." The patrons of infidelity understand who is their enemy; and shall not we greet him as our ally?

Of the style and execution of all his works, much has been said. Each new reader will, however, form his own judgment. His power of language was wonderful; on this instrument of thought and feeling, he could sound every note, from the lowest "to the very top of its compass." Such an ease and freedom of expression, such an unnoticeable and graceful strength as he exhibits, but few men attain; and none can attain it who do not make language and expression subjects of close and patient study. There is in the structure of his sentences, an amplitude and fullness which is truly Platonic. We love the rich and varied music of such full and harmonious periods, as they come in upon us like the surgings of the ocean, and fall on the ear with a lengthened cadence. They betoken a mind which is conscious of its own power, and takes pleasure in displaying it to others, by methods which fully and adequately set it forth. Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr. Burke always aimed at effect, or summoned up himself at all times to striking expressions and powerful appeals. If he said anything that was not unusual, he said it in a plain way, without feeling himself called on by any necessity to show to others his greatness. His manner on such occasions was thoroughly natural, and characterized by ease and a becoming grace. We like this trait, both in personal manners, and also as a characteristic of style. In both cases, we feel that we are in the presence of one who does not deem it necessary to let us know, on every occasion, that in all points he is an uncommon man.

In this respect, and in all respects, Mr. Burke was thoroughly and truly a great man. His mind originally possessed great symmetry and native excellence, which, by a discipline constant and never-ceasing, was fully developed and placed within his own command. This discipline, in his case, was never given over; for it is one of its effects, that when carried to a certain extent, it awakens in the mind a self-activity which renders intellectual effort, and that of the severest and intensest kind, but the refreshing and natural exercise of the mental powers. Besides this, it makes the mind an e licient and finely-wrought instrument, which may be wielded at its owner's will for the good of mankind. To a mind thus prepared, information of all kinds attached itself naturally, and as though drawn by a hidden and attracting influence. He reasoned as though his mind had never needed training; and as though there had been within a new law of association, according to which every fact, as it came in, took its place under some principle of science. Harmonious and varied language flowed from his lips, as though it were his native dialect. An imagination, rich, glowing, and ever active, was continually clothing every object with the brightest hues. All this was attended by a love of intellectual effort for its own sake, and a reverence for greatness and goodness so heart-felt as to be a controlling spring of action. These powers and springs of action were arranged with a symmetry so perfect, that the man, any one of whose features when examined by itself appeared disproportioned in their combination, did not strikingly surpass the ordinary size. Over all this greatness was thrown the sober and modest garment of humility, which set forth this symmetry with becoming gracefulness, and lent to it a manly and dignified beauty.

Such was Mr. Burke, who, if we consider him with reference to his feelings, thoughts, or deeds, must be pronounced one of England's best patriots, most splendid writers, ablest statesmen, and one of nature's noblest men.

HOPE.

'Tis hope that animates the breast,
And cheers the drooping soul—
Points forward to the better times,
And strains for glory's goal.

Should hope, best charmer, cease her song,
Or fly from earth below,
Life then would be a bootless theme,
And bliss itself were woe.

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Catherine de Medicis and her son Charles IX. sought no sleep on the night of the 28th of August, 1572. In one of the apartments of the palace of the Louvre, they awaited impatiently the lingering flight of the hours, till the tocsin should toll forth the death-warrant of their Protestant subjects. Catherine, inured to crime and hardened in vice, was apprehensive that her son, less obdurate in purpose, might relent. Though impotent in character, he was, at times, petulant and self-willed, and, in paroxysms of stubbornness, spurned his mother's counsels and exerted his own despotic power. Charles was in a state of feverish excitement. The companions of his childhood, the guests, who, for many weeks, had been his associates in gay festivities, and in the interchange of all kindly acts, were, at his command, before the morning should dawn, to fall before the bullet and the poniard of the midnight murderer. His mother witnessed with intense anxiety the wavering of his mind, and urged her son no longer to delay, but immediately to send a messenger to sound the alarm. The young king, unable to endure any longer the horrible suspense, gave the order, and a messenger was sent to sound the tocsin from an adjoining tower, which was nearer than that of the Palace of Justice.

The solemn dirge rang out upon the night air, calling forth an instantaneous response in various other quarters of the city. The king, hearing the report of a musket in his very court-yard, as the first Protestant was shot down, trembling in every nerve, hastened to the window. The sound at first seemed to freeze the blood in his veins, and he passionately called for the massacre to be stopped. It was too late. The train was fired, and could not be extinguished. The signal passed with the rapidity of sound from steeple to steeple, throughout the entire kingdom of France. Flambeaux and illuminations blazed from the windows of the Catholics to guide the arm, nerved by the most relentless hatred, in its work of blood. Guns, pistols, daggers were everywhere busy. Old men, terrified maidens, helpless infants, venerable matrons were alike smitten, and mercy had no appeal which could touch the heart of the destroyer.

The wounded Admiral Coligni was lying helpless upon his bed, surrounded by a few personal friends, as the sound of the rising storm of human violence swelled upon his ear. Almost at the same moment he heard the uproar of a crowd rushing up the stairs and the barred door falling before the heavy blows of the invading assassins. Mingled with this din there fell upon his ears the noise of the frequent report of musketry, as the defenders fell before their assailants. A crowd of murderers rushed into the chamber of Coligni, as he was entreating his friends to escape if possible, and leave him to his fate. Three of his companions, in the darkness and confusion, succeeded in leaping from the windows, but the rest were shot down.

"Art thou the Admiral?" inquired a wretch, as he held a drawn sword suspended above his breast.

"I am," replied the Admiral, "and thou shoulest respect my gray hairs. Nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but little." As the assassin plunged his sword into the bosom of his victim, Coligni exclaimed, "It would be some comfort if I could die by the hands of a gentleman, instead of by the hands of such a knave as this." The rest then fell upon him, and with many wounds he was speedily dispatched.

The Duke of Guise, brother of the king, ashamed to appear with the assassins whom he guided, before his ancient enemy whom he had so often met upon the field of battle, waited, in the court below, and, looking up to the window, eagerly inquired if the work was done. On receiving an affirmative reply, he requested them to throw the body out of the window to him. The pale and lifeless form was cast into the court below, and the Duke wiped the blood from the features

with his handkerchief, that he might be sure that it was the victim he sought. Recognizing the marked countenance of the Admiral, he contemptuously spurned the body with his foot, and with his blood-stained accomplices, hurried away to other scenes of slaughter. The tiger having once lapped his tongue in blood, seems to be imbued with a new spirit of ferocity. There is in man a similar spirit which is roused and stimulated by carnage. The Parisian multitude was becoming each moment more and more clamorous for blood. They broke open the houses of the Protestants, and rushing into their chambers, murdered, indiscriminately, both sexes and every age. The streets resounded with the shouts of the assassins and with the shrieks of their victims. Cries of "Kill! kill! more blood," rent the air. The bodies of the slain were thrown out of the windows into the streets, and the pavements of the city were drenched with blood.

Charles, who was overwhelmed with such compunctions of conscience when he heard the first shot, and beheld, from his window, the butchery everywhere in progress around him, soon recovered from his momentary wavering, and conscious that it was too late to draw back, with fiendlike eagerness engaged himself in the work of death. The monarch, when a boy, had been noted for his sanguinary spirit, delighting with his own hand to perform the revolting acts of the slaughter-house. Perfect fury seemed now to take possession of him. His cheeks were flushed, his lips compressed, his eyes glared with frenzy. Bending eagerly from his window, he shouted words of encouragement to the assassins. Grasping a gun, in the handling of which he had become very skillful from long practice in the chase, he watched, like a sportsman, for his prey; and when he saw an unfortunate Huguenot wounded and bleeding, fleeing from his pursuers, he would take deliberate aim and shout with exultation as he beheld him fall pierced by his bullet. A crowd of fugitives rushed into the court-yard of the Louvre to throw themselves upon the protection of their king. Charles sent his own body-guard into the yard, with guns and daggers, to butcher them all, and the pavements of the palace were washed with their blood.

Just before the carnage commenced, Marguerite, weary with excitement and the agitating conversation to which she had so long been listening, retired to her private apartment, and threw herself upon a couch. She had but just closed her eyes, when the fearful outcries of the pursuers and the pursued filled the palace. She sprang to her feet and heard some one struggling at the door, and shrieking "Navarre! Navarre!" In a paroxysm of terror she ordered an attendant to open the door. One of her husband's retinue instantly rushed in, covered with wounds and blood, pursued by four soldiers of her brother's guard. The captain of the guard entered at the same moment, and at the earnest entreaty of the princess, spared her the anguish of seeing the poor man butchered before her eyes. Marguerite, half delirious with bewilderment and terror, fled to the apartment of her sister, but as she was fleeing through the hall she met another Huguenot gentleman chased by the assassins, and he was struck down dead at her feet.

When the morning dawned a spectacle was witnessed such as even the streets of blood-renowned Paris have seldom presented. It was the Sabbath appropriated in the Romish Church to the feast of St. Bartholomew. The streets resounded with shrieks and clamor. The pavements were covered with gory corpses. Men, women, and children were flying in every direction, wounded and bleeding, pursued by an infuriate mob, riotous with laughter and drunk with blood. The report of guns and pistols was heard in every direction, sometimes in continuous volleys as if platoons of soldiers were firing upon their victims, and the scattered shots incessantly repeated in every section of the city, proved the universality of the massacre. Drunken wretches, besmeared with blood, were swaggering along the streets with ribald jests and demoniac howlings, hunting for the Huguenots. Headless trunks were hanging from the windows, and dissevered heads were spurned like footballs along the pavements. Priests were seen in their sacerdotal robes with elevated crucifixes, mingling with the murderers and urging them, and with most fantastical exclamations encouraging them not to grow weary in their holy work of the extermination of God's enemies. The most distinguished nobles and generals of the court and the camp of Charles, mounted on horseback, with gorgeous retinue rode through the streets, encouraging by voice and arm the indiscriminate massacre. "Let not," exclaimed the king, "one single Huguenot be spared to reproach me hereafter with this deed." For a whole week the massacre continued, and it was computed that from sixty to one hundred thousand Protestants in France were slain. Among these there were above seven hundred of high rank and distinction.

Among the remarkable escapes we will record that of a lad whose name afterwards attained much celebrity. The Baron de Rosny accompanied his son Maximilian, a boy eleven years of age, to Paris, to attend the nuptials of the King of Navarre. Young Maximilian was immedi-

ately placed under the care of the best teachers, and being a very bright and intelligent boy, and mingling with the best society of the court, he became a special favorite of the King of Navarre, who was but a few years his senior, being then but seventeen years of age. The father of Maximilian, suspecting trouble, had warned the King of Navarre of danger, and had retired from Paris; but not apprehending treachery so sanguinary, had left his son behind him. Maximilian was asleep in his collegiate apartment when, three hours after midnight, he was aroused by the ringing of the alarm-bells and the confused cries of the populace. His tutor and his valet de chambre, immediately went out to ascertain the cause of the tumult. They had hardly reached the door when they were shot down. Maximilian, in great bewilderment respecting the cause of the dreadful clamor, was dressing himself, when his landlord came in, pale and agitated, and informed him of the massacre which was going on, and that he had saved his own life by abjuring Protestantism, and espousing the Catholic faith, and begged Maximilian to do the same. The young man did not see fit to follow this advice, but resolved to attempt, in the darkness and confusion of the night, to gain the College of Burgundy, where he had studied, and where he hoped to find protection. The great distance of the college from the house in which he then was, rendered the attempt extremely dangerous. Having disguised himself in a clerical dress, he took a large prayer-book under his arm, and tremblingly issued forth into the streets. The sight which met his eye, in the gloom of that awful night, was enough to appal the stoutest heart. The murderers, frantic with excitement and intoxication, were uttering wild outcries and pursuing in every direction these terrified victims. Women and children, in their night clothes, having just sprung in terror from their beds, were fleeing, covered with wounds and uttering fearful shrieks, from their pursuers. Corpses of the young and of the old, of male and female, were strewn along the streets, and the pavements were slippery with blood. Loud and dreadful outcries were heard from the dwellings, as the work of midnight assassination proceeded, and struggles of desperate violence were witnessed as the murderers attempted to throw their bleeding and dying victims from the high windows of chambers and attics upon the pavement below. The outcries of the pursuers and the pursued, the shrieks of the wounded as blow after blow fell upon them—the incessant reports of muskets and pistols, combined to create a scene of terror such as human eyes have seldom witnessed. In the midst of ten thousand perils, the young man crept along, protected by his priestly garb, and frequently seeing his fellow-Christians shot and stabbed at his very side. Suddenly, in turning a corner, he fell into the midst of a band of the body-guard of the king, whose hands were dripping with blood. They seized him with great roughness, when seeing the prayer-book which was in his hand, they considered it a safe passport, and permitted him to continue on his way, uninjured. Twice again he encountered similar peril, as he was seized by bands of bloody men, and each time he was extricated in the same way.

At length he arrived at the College of Burgundy. And now his danger was increased tenfold. It was a Catholic college. The porter at the gate absolutely refused him admittance. The murderers began to multiply in the streets around him, and to assail him with fierce and threatening questions. Maximilian, at length, by inquiring for La Faye, the President of the College, and by placing a bribe in the hands of a porter, succeeded in obtaining admission. La Faye was a humane man, and strongly attached to his Protestant pupil. Maximilian entered the apartment of the President, and found there two Catholic priests. The priests, as soon as they saw him, insisted upon cutting him down, declaring that the king had commanded that not even infants at the breast should be spared. The good old man, however, resolved, if possible, to save his young friend, and, conducting him privately to a secure chamber, locked him up. Here he remained three days in the deepest suspense, apprehensive every hour that the assassins would break in upon him. A faithful servant of the President brought him his food, but could tell him of nothing but deeds of treachery and blood. At the end of three days the poor boy, who afterwards attained great celebrity as the Duke of Sully, the minister and bosom friend of Henry, was released and protected, though the massacre continued through the provinces of France for more than a week, and it is estimated that not less than eighty thousand Protestants were the victims of this awful butchery.

CONFESSIONS OF A NOVEL READER.

BY ANNIE APSWOOD.

Reader, these Confessions are not mine; I cannot even understand the mingled emotions they depict. I can now scarce believe that the uneventful life of my poor friend afforded such scope for suffering, that so much grief was concealed by that serene countenance. Even now she is before me, small in figure, elegant in dress, but with no conventional mark of the old maid about her—no preciseness, no censoriousness, no peculiar love of animals. Thank heaven! women have now so many resources, that they can be amiable and gentle without the aid of the magic ring. Miss Smith had really nothing but ill-health to distinguish her from the many Miss Smiths who glide through life on a small income. She loved children dearly, from the darling of the nursery to the sturdy brat paddling in the gutter.

I was her constant guest, her favored companion. She was fond of reading, and to her do I owe my introduction to many silent, though dear friends. Our studies took a vast range: we entered the world of fiction; and with her I first mourned for Fergus Mac Ivor, and first wept for Amy Robsart. She delighted in poetry, in Mary Mitford's healthy works, in Miss Austin's highly-finished portraits; in the practical writers of our day; but she shook her head at more sentimental creations. I, of course, was enraptured with L. E. L.'s inspired warblings, and those of her many gifted followers; but Miss Smith restrained my appetite. "Dear Annie," she said, "this is false; it is beautiful, but it is dangerous. Why should these writers, now in the very spring of their existence, declare their conviction in the worthlessness of life? It is ungrateful to the Being who has placed them here with so many flowers round their path. Hope is but Faith modified; a Christian must hope in the deepest trials. Again, dear, I dislike these descriptions of Love: why is that alone to be the all-absorbing passion? Have we not other feelings? Yet here we are taught to cast off all ties, and yield ourselves up to Love alone. The true love, Annie, that binds woman to man's side, that fits her to be his friend, his counsellor, his servant, but not his slave, is a holy passion. Could the ancients have imagined such a feeling, they would not have typified it as a mischievous boy: it is more like Vesta's undying flame—it purifies, it ascends. Love based on reason may flood a woman's heart, and not destroy it. Like the waters of the Nile, it overwhelms but to fertilize; such love may be crossed, be unhappy, but it still brings comfort. How different in these works! Here it is a blasting, searing passion. These imagined wailings have done much evil. We laugh at the young men who shape themselves in Byron's misanthropical leavings: I can only sigh over the girls who brush their hair out of curl, and moan over fancied miseries. Then, when love comes, if he enter a really loving heart, he is a fearful, an overpowering guest; the purest of passions becomes a curse. Take these papers, Annie; read them; and when I die, as soon I must, make them public. My fate may warn others from the rocks where my happiness was wrecked: a false sentiment, and an ill-regulated imagination."

Some years elapsed ere I felt myself enabled to comply with her request; while her memory was yet fresh I could not bear to expose her inmost feelings to a stranger's gaze; and even now I shrink from the task as I should had she bid me yield her body to the surgeon's knife. But I feel that a diseased mind is worse than a pain-torn frame; and some fair victim, who nurses passion till health, hope, and energy sink beneath its pressure, may here find an analogous case, and, warned by example, shake off the vampire which sucks away her life-blood as she succumbs to his deadly, though soothing influence.

My life! what has that been?—a dream; and dare I look back o'er misspent days and wasted hours, and dare I recall years of idolatry and devotion given, not to the Creator, but to the created? My life! 'tis a sad retrospective; my future! in this world I have none. My days are numbered; this ceaseless gnawing pain tells me my night is approaching. Dear Annie, my kind, gentle friend, for your sake I will nerve myself. You are already too prone to romantic reading; let me show you the danger of morbid sensibility.

I need not tell you much of my family history, as mine is rather a chronicle of feelings than events: suffice it to say that I was an only child and lost my father at an early age. My mother had a small annuity, and I was left my present income by an uncle, entering into the entire possession of it on my eighteenth birth-day. I was never pretty; but I believe I may say I was an interesting, lady-like girl, with a fair stock of accomplishments, which, in those days, were less common than now. I was a book-devourer, and especially delighted in romances. An uncommonly retentive memory was well stocked with the puerilities of the works of the day. At sixteen, I was ashamed of my present happiness; I stigmatized myself as unfeeling—soulless—because I had gone through life unscathed—had known no bitter woe, no undying, burning passion. While my mind was in this state, Frederick Stuart came to settle in our little town. He was a young clergyman, and a near connexion of our own. In both characters he was a constant visitor at my mother's, who, naturally deeming me still a child, never dreamed of the danger I was incurring; nor would there have been any, had not my inflamed imagination converted the first agreeable unmarried man I met into a hero; had I not already been pining for a lover, for one on whom I might lavish those emotions I had so admired in my favorite works.

Frederick Stuart! the very name was beautiful; and few failed to admire the young pastor. Tall, handsome, graceful, he was my *beau ideal* of a lover; but his greatest charm was in his voice—so rich, so deep, so melodious, so melting—and now rising with its subject till it became even awe-inspiring; its most careless intonation was music, and all owned its spell. I loved, and I was happy; at least, so I told myself, as I committed my feelings to paper with fatal facility, and fanned a flame which had not arisen spontaneously, but which I had kindled and nursed into life with amazing assiduity.

Frederick was an amiable and talented man, but his virtues were hidden by reserve to all but his dearest friends; and, though relations, we were almost strangers to him. He was ever attentive to my mother, but he seldom spoke to me. He was an ardent admirer of beauty, and I was at the plainest stage of my life: but his inattention could not chill my romantic attachment. I was really too artless to require more than passing notice from him; the slightest attention made me supremely happy; a kind inquiry or a word of praise were treasured as an avowal of love.

I am minute, dear Annie, in describing these feelings; since, though innocent in themselves, they were the source of much future grief—of my present enfeebled state. I gave way to them till they became unconquerable, uncontrollable, and then I was truly wretched. Fierce jealousy and ceaseless anxiety took possession of me. I was ever thinking of Frederick, ever fearing to betray my secret. Were he near I was miserable, because he was more attentive to others than myself; were he away from me, I tortured myself by picturing him with my rivals; or, yielding to the suggestions of hope, I drew bright visions never to be realized. Still, in grief or joy, his figure was prominent in fancy's sketch: my love had become monomania. I do not mean to say that a woman should wait for a positive declaration before she ventures to love; that axiom would be unnatural and ridiculous; but she who yields unresistingly to a fancied prepossession is very wrong, and often lays up a store of misery for herself. Woman should not "unsought be won." Let her who feels an attachment she has no strong reason to believe reciprocal, combat it in every possible manner; let her keep her mind in constant employ; let her work, let her study, let her trust to time, "the great consoler,"—his sway must eventually destroy the impression, unless she, turning against herself, renews the trace, and wars against his soothing, imperceptible influence. Years may elapse ere serenity return, but years must eventually conquer: aid time, then, in his work. This will appear rank heresy to you, my Annie; but widows lose dearly-loved, truly-regretted husbands; their friend, companion, guide, support, the father of their children—a sacred, indissoluble link, and yet these women wed again. Do we question their former faith? Is the love preceding marriage more pure, more holy, than that sworn before God and in his name? Is the first alone enduring and inconsolable? I thought so, and therefore gave myself up without a struggle to my wild passion. I was proud of my chains. I gloried in my despair. But my secret was suspected; I was even afraid that Frederick himself was aware of my weakness. This I had too much womanly feeling to endure; still I could not adopt a uniform line of conduct towards him: at times I was rude, almost impertinent; again affectionate, again cold. This contradictory manner at first annoyed him; but he soon ceased to notice it or me.

Just at this time another person made his appearance in our confined circles: Henry Norton, a young man of good family and education, but small means. Some stinging sneers on my unfortunate attachment, which "a good-natured friend"

had taken care to repeat to me, had wounded me most acutely; and I was determined to show my little world, not only that I had not loved in vain, but that I could be loved; so I lost no opportunity of attracting the new arrival, and soon brought him to my feet. His family and mine were alike pleased, and our engagement was made public. But this fictitious love could not displace Frederick: even when listening to Henry's vows, and forcing myself to return them with simulated warmth, my mind dwelt on Frederick. Henry was kind, affectionate, clever, and gentleman-like; but he wanted heart, he wanted faith. Our protestations were hollow; I was an impostor, he loved but a shadow; his mind was not attuned to mine. I was his superior in intellect, and he felt it; I felt it too. Veneration is essential to woman's love; the feeling is poor and evanescent unless we can look upwards. A woman of high endowments may love a fool, but he will possess some real or fancied quality which she respects—a glamour is cast over her. Titania loved the Athenian clown, she was blind to his deformity; but when her eyes were opened, see how she recoiled from the monster she had caressed. 'Tis an allegory of woman's heart; our strong affections throw a veil over the loved one's defects; we endow him with numerous virtues, look up to and worship him. It was not so with me; I was awake to Henry's faults; I did not respect, I could not love him; and yet I was ready to swear obedience to him, to go through life with him, and hope for a more fervent attachment. Oh, the misery of that struggle! the cold, chilling feeling I endured; my whole aim now, to hide, to quell a fostered passion, to simulate another love! Now that my faith was plighted to another, Frederick's immeasurable superiority was more fully developed; accident daily discovered good actions and noble sacrifices, which more firmly riveted my old, self-imposed chains. Yet I would not discard Henry. I had accepted him from vanity certainly; I now suffered his affection from a sense of duty.

My mother alone was opposed to our engagement; she was not satisfied with Henry's principles; he jested away our distinctions of right and wrong, and in laughing at the *bon-mot* we forgot to criticise the spirit of the phrase. Dear mother! she was too gentle to say much, and I was determined to hide my wounds, if I died in the attempt. Months rolled on; our wedding-day was fixed. There was a rumor, a something whispered about my lover,—what cared I? He came to me, he wept, he acknowledged his sin; he had drank and gamed, and lost every available penny he possessed. I listened, I believed, I forgave,—surely I loved him! I did not; but I could not, would not lose my lover; even then I was not entirely self-deceived. Again he drank and played,—again I aided him to the extent of my power: he left, a disgraced and ruined man. He saw his folly, deplored his infatuation, and returned to that fatal cup. He wrote to me frequently. I was proud of my constancy; I had but him to love, and would not forsake him. I considered the mother who so fondly sheltered me—who wept, felt, trembled with and for me—as nothing, because I had made love a domineering god. I worshipped an idol in Henry; to Frederick I bowed before my own creation. I threw away my many comforts to cling to one whom I knew was but a broken reed.

Luckily for me, I could not part with any portion of my little capital without the consent of my trustees. But my income was at my own disposal; and I ruthlessly curtailed my mother of many comforts, that I might squander my means on a man whom I despised. She never reproached me when I told her Henry had received my last penny; but on hearing fresh proofs of his worthlessness, she forbade our correspondence: it was useless. I degraded myself still more; I made a confidant of a servant; he wrote to me clandestinely—how I loathed myself!—I sickened at the secret which oppressed me; I could not meet my mother's eye; I blushed before my servant. I was no longer a free agent; my very words must be weighed. How often did I find myself on the point of inadvertently betraying all; how did I regret the frank, unreserved communion that had for so many years subsisted between my mother and myself! Had she not trusted so entirely in me she must have discovered my faults. Oh! how my heart smote me when she noticed my failing health, and sympathized so fully in my troubles! I could not confide in her; vanity forbade it. I could not resign Henry. His letters, the poetry, the romance of my misery were now almost essential to me; and yet I loved and dreaded my mother more than ever.

Letter succeeded letter from Henry. Though so criminal, his was an open character. He did not make a systematic harvest of his affection. He told his troubles to me, because that relieved him; but he neither exaggerated nor told all. At last I casually heard that he was in a state of painful destitution; his friends had cast him off; he had no resource; and, in real life, a penniless and unknown straggler has but little chance of finding permission to work. I speak of the [illegible] nil in offices, and live [illegible] a their hands.

While the laborer may find a market for his brawny limbs and well-trained sinews; while the artisan and mechanic will find a work-room, however comfortless; a master, however harsh; a pittance, may be, but still the means of escaping starvation; the rank above can seldom gain that employment on which life itself depends, without most powerful recommendations; and Henry was friendless. His wardrobe had disappeared piecemeal; he was starving. I wrote an appeal to his family; but, fearing their assistance might come too late, I decided upon doing something myself. He had exhausted my purse; I dared not apply to my mother; I blush now, when I reflect on the steps I took. I pledged the few ornaments I could part with, without exciting observation. I dared not again to have recourse to my maid; I carried them myself. May you never know the humiliation I then experienced!

Recent writers have so familiarized us with scenes of this sort, that girls more tenderly nurtured than I had been, would know how to proceed; but I was utterly at a loss. After wandering about the back streets of the neighboring city for some time, I darted into a handsome-looking pawn-shop, and made known my wants. "Not here, miss," said the man, scarce concealing a smile; "we only sell; I must trouble you to go round the corner." I followed his direction instinctively, and turned down a by-way, the back street of a back street. I met Frederick; he stopped and talked most cordially; he fancied I was bound on some charitable errand, and complimented me on braving the dirt and discomfort that surround poverty in towns. I sauntered on; he was still by my side. How I escaped from him I know not; but I now entered the fatal gate that ever stands invitingly open; I was too agitated to notice a number of small closets that lined the passage, but rushing on, found myself before a neat door with knocker and bell. Mechanically I raised the former, and my peal was answered by a smart servant-girl. She stared; again I whispered my demand, beginning to produce my deposit. The girl rudely showed me the entrances I had passed, and muttering—"Such impudence! pretty creatures! a double-knock, too!" slammed the door in my face. This time I went right, and found myself in a little den, which enabled me to make my business known without being visible to any but the shopman; as he turned to speak to me, the door was half-opened, and to my horror I heard Frederick's voice whisper—"Bolt the door, Mary, or you may have an insulting visitor." He had tracked me, but it was too late to recede. I transacted my affair, when a new difficulty arose; my name and address were asked. The man could not avoid perceiving my hesitation. "Ah, you're not used to these things yet, I see; rather green, my dear. You'll know better by-and-by; it's a matter of form. Mary Smith, you said? A very good name for the thing; what address?" I went through all these degrading forms as in a dream, but to this hour I am haunted by the sound of a piano in a room over the shop; the musician was tormenting a favorite song which I had often played to both Henry and Frederick. I have never touched it since.

On leaving this place, a new humiliation awaited me. Frederick was at the door; he took my arm, rather than offered his, and led me on. I was weeping bitterly. "Your mother," he said; "but I need not ask—she is no party to this. Oh! Mary, beware! you are misled by false generosity. I press no questions on you; I have no right to interfere in your private actions; but as your friend, your kinsman, your minister, I have authority to warn you. You are depriving your mother of her right, your confidence; you are wasting your money on one totally unworthy of your sacrifice, since he will make no sacrifice in return; the gold lavished on his vices is so much stolen from the deserving poor who might profit by it. Think of the incalculable good your income might confer if properly directed; think of vices pampered by it at present." "Henry is starving;" I wept. "Then, Mary, give this money to your mother, let her assist him; oh, do not degrade yourself. You have tried him, you clung to him when all cast him off; you have proved the depth of your attachment, and of his unworthiness; punish him now in mercy; then, if he repent, receive the prodigal; kill the fatted calf; but do not, do not, still administer openly to the cravings of a hardened sinner. Your recent visit proves how he has drained your resources. Your mother's income is but small; do not contemplate burdening her with your support. Can you calmly retrench her comforts, and sacrifice her to this friend? You have known and loved him for months only; your mother had been your benefactress from the hour of your birth, and yet you would make her suffer rather than forego the luxury of giving—this is selfishness, Mary."

Much more he said; and when I was calmer I promised not to renew my correspondence with Henry till he was a worthier man, on two conditions: that my mother should never hear of this occurrence, and that Frederick would not only immediately forward the money I had

raised to him, but would personally exert himself to procure his forgiveness from his family, or at least impress on them the necessity and justice of rendering him such assistance as should enable him to raise himself from his present abject state.

Frederick kept his word. We now had many interviews, and each tended more fully to increase my love for him, while they still thought me true to Henry; he, poor fellow, went on—again yielded to temptation—lost money, his own and his employer's. A woman of no character, but large property, who was anxious to regain at least the title of respectability, threw herself in his way—he married her—she paid his debts, but never allowed him to forget he had sold himself her slave. He dragged on a lengthened chain, tied to a woman he despised. Before this news reached me, I was a confirmed invalid, my nervous system completely shaken by anxiety, and the alternations of the many passions I had fostered instead of repressing. The loss of my dear mother was a severe shock; she was my only intimate. I had no near relations; and, wrapped up in my own feelings and their consequences, I had isolated myself from many of my friends; I was alone. Under these trials Frederick was my sole consoler, my guide—do you wonder if my attachment increased? At last he came to announce his approaching marriage; I was his confidant; I who had again dared to hope, and whose love was now worthy of him. He never suspected the agony he caused. In a short time I was compelled to welcome his bride. I almost hated her—but pride taught me again to dissimulate, to receive her calmly, to occupy the position which fell to me as her husband's sole female relative. I was her constant companion, her counsellor among strangers. At last her gentle manners forced me to love her. Against my prejudices, against my will, I became her friend. She talked confidentially to me as to a sister; and once, interrupting herself in a glowing panegyric on Frederick, she suddenly asked how I had escaped loving him. "I know all, dear Mary; my husband has no secrets with me; he told me I was not his first love; he loved you not when he first knew you in your bread-and-butter age—you were so strange, he said; but when he discovered your constant nature, how he regretted your unhappy engagement, and that strong attachment to Mr. Morton which precluded all hope for another. I can only rejoice that it was so; but I must still wonder."

Annie, there was mingled bitterness and soothing in this information. To feel that Frederick had loved me was indeed consolatory; it was gratifying to hear that I was not again misled by vanity when I fancied myself dear to him; but imagine my grief and self-reproach when I found that I had wantonly thrown away that inestimable jewel—a good man's love; that I had sacrificed youth, happiness, health, in the pursuit of a shadow. The world pities me as a nerveless invalid. I blame and despise myself as a self-immolated victim at the shrine of romance. Had my career been earlier checked, my eyes sooner opened, I might now be an active and useful member of society, doing my duty in the sphere God has chosen for me. What am I now? I have no object in life—I have no longer energy to form one. I linger on from day to day, literally cumbering the earth. I could not remain at home after Mrs. Stuart's disclosure. It was conveniently discovered that I required change of air and scene; I travelled for some years—time and occupation have scarred my wounds; but who can give me back the freshness of my youth, the hours wasted in vain wishes and repinings? Who will restore my prostrate spirit? With more blessings than fall to the lot of many, I have tasted more sorrow; it is unavailing that I now see the folly of my past—that I feel I prepared the cup that has poisoned my existence; that knowledge but embitters my lot. I gave way to morbid sentimentality and an absorbing passion; they have disappeared from my heart—what remains? A barren track—a desolate ruin.

Had I really loved Henry I might have obtained an influence over him I never possessed; I might have reclaimed him; I should have given him more than money. Real love has a sanctifying influence; it hallows and purifies all it touches. The counterfeit passion will make great sacrifices, inspire sudden actions, but it exhausts itself, it is not true, it can effectuate no change. Had I loved Henry I should have continued to watch over him even in a foreign land; I might have saved him. He was my sacrifice; I left him, again to secure Frederick.

Annie, be warned; we have our duties in every stage of existence: fulfil them cheerfully. If love steal over you, receive him as a welcome guest; but let him not become your master. Our God "is a jealous God, and will have no other gods but Him;" let us once admit an exclusive passion, and it brings its own punishment, and what punishment can be sorer, than the torments of an ill-regulated and over-excited imagination? Can you wonder at my dread of novel-reading?

THE STORY OF UNA.

BY PROF. JOHN S. HART.

SEE PLATE.

UNA is the heroine of the first and best known of the beautiful allegories of Spenser, which together make up the incomparable Poem of the Fairie Queene. The legend which forms the first book is entitled the Red Cross Knight, or St. George and the Dragon. The poem opens with a scene of extraordinary beauty.

> A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
> Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
> Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
> The cruel marks of many a bloody field.
> * * * * *
> A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
> Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
> Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
> Under a veil that wimpled was full low
> And over all a black stole she did throw;
> As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
> And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
> Seemed in heart some hidden care she had.

The lady is named Una. She is sorrowful, and not without cause. Her father's kingdom lies ravaged by a horrible monster. She has come a long distance to the Court of Gloriana, Queen of Fairy Land, to ask aid. Gloriana has assigned the task of aiding her and destroying the monster to this noble Knight. The Knight (named St. George) has set out on this expedition, and he and the lady, with their strange attendant, are on their way towards her father's dominions, when we first see them "pricking on the plain."

Long before the knight reaches that monster, whose destruction is to be his principal achievement, he may meet with minor adventures, or mishaps—possibly may fall a victim on the way, and never accomplish the object of his mission. In fact, we have hardly time to examine attentively this interesting and curious group, before an adventure occurs, which completely engrosses our attention, and puts an end to further speculation. The heavens are overcast, and a sudden shower of rain obliges the riders to seek shelter in a neighboring grove. So dense is the forest, so thick the foliage overhead in the tops of the trees, (although free from underwood and easy to ride through,) that the rain scarcely penetrated it, and the birds, gay and musical, "seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky." This dense wood proved to be the den of Error—

> An ugly monster plain,
> Half like a serpent horribly displayed,
> But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
> Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

The Champion of Truth, nothing daunted by this formidable shape, boldly commences the assault, and deals her a blow that seems sufficient to put at once an end to her existence. *But mere force and courage are not the only qualities necessary to combat Error.*

Such is St. George's first adventure. Error is slain, and her miserable brood are destroyed. But the Champion of Truth has had a desperate struggle, nor did he finally succeed till faith was added to his force, and courage was tempered with discretion. Happy is he if he does not forget the warning it should give him.

Having overcome this loathsome beast and found their way out of the wood, the party resume their journey. Towards night they fall in with an old man of venerable aspect, a HERMIT to all appearance. They accept the old man's hospitable invitation, and spend the night in his humble cell. This pretended Hermit proves to be a wicked and potent magician, named ARCHIMAGO. His foul machinations commence as soon as the travellers are asleep. He sends one of his Spirits as a messenger to the cave of Morpheus, somewhere in the interior of the earth, to procure a Dream. While the first Spirit is gone to bring a Dream, Archimago by his magic art fashions the other into the shape and appearance of the Lady Una, so like that no one by the eye alone could know the difference.

> And framed of liquid air her tender parts,
> So lively, and so like in all men's sight,
> That weaker sense it could have ravished quite:
> The Maker's self, for all his wondrous wit,

Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seem for Una fit.

Having thus transformed one Spirit, and received by the hands of the other a false Dream, he proceeds with his machinations against his victims. By means of the false Dream, loose imaginations are conveyed to the mind of the sleeping Knight. When the latter awakes, the influence of the foul Dream upon his mind is seconded by the light conduct of what he supposes to be the Lady Una, but which we know to be a false and foul Spirit. St. George, though he penetrates not the devices of the adversary, is yet proof against his assaults. It only grieves him that he is to peril his life for so light a dame.

The night is now nearly spent, and these two wicked Spirits, having failed to taint the pure mind of the Knight, report their ill success to their master, Archimago. Thereupon he tries another scheme, the object of which you will learn from the result. The pretended Una retains her false appearance, and the Dream-Spirit is transformed into the shape and appearance of a gay young *Squire*. Archimago, having everything in readiness, rushes to the apartment of St. George, and wakens him in haste. The Knight, under the guidance of this "bold bad man," is conducted to another apartment, where he sees, as he supposes, the guilt of the Lady Una—a guilt, which he is the more ready to believe because of her light behavior towards himself that same night. He draws his sword upon the guilty couple, but is restrained by Archimago. Disgusted, indignant, the Knight in an evil hour determines to desert the Lady, for whose sake he had undertaken this dangerous enterprize. At earliest dawn, therefore, he calls the Dwarf, and departs with the utmost secrecy and speed.

On leaving Una the Knight first encounters a faithless Saracen, Sansfoy. St. George conquers Sansfoy, the Saracen, and then addresses himself to the richly-dressed lady, his companion. She declares her name to be *Fidessa* (faithful.) She pretends also to be the daughter of an emperor, and betrothed to a young prince, who had died in the flower of his age, leaving her broken-hearted and disconsolate. She was by mishap carried off by this cruel, faithless Sansfoy. Such was her pitiful story. "Pity melts to love." Alas! alas! for our Knight. The fresh flush of victory, the melting of compassion, the supposed faithlessness and levity of the woman who of all the world has been trusted as pure and true—these are not the circumstances which are apt to lead to a well-considered action of the understanding.

St. George and his new acquaintance, Fidessa, journey forth until high noon, when they seek the friendly shelter of two wide-spreading trees. While reposing beneath the shade of these trees, the Knight thinks to please his companion by making a fresh garland for her dainty forehead. For this purpose he plucks a bough. Imagine his horror, when the wounded tree drops blood, and utters a piercing shriek! The apparent tree is an unfotunate knight, Fradubio, and the fellow-tree is his lady-love, both thus changed through the machinations of a wicked sorceress, named Duessa. The miserable Fradubio had been subjected to the power of the hag, and changed into the appearance of a tree, (though retaining the sensations of humanity,) as a penalty for having allowed himself to entertain unworthy sentiments of his lady. For this offence he had been imposed upon by the foul hag Duessa, who had made herself appear in his eyes as an "angel of light;" but chancing upon a time to see her when the charm was off, he found out her real character and appearance.

"A filthy, foul old woman I did view,
That ever to have touched her, I did rue."

Duessa, at last discovered, and finding she could no longer hope to impose upon Fradubio, exerted her magic power to change him and his true lady into these two trees. The male tree, whose bleeding limbs had been torn, ends his tale by exhorting Saint George to caution in regard to appearances, and to beware of falling by the machinations of this false Duessa, who is still abroad in the world. Saint George listens with horror to the words of the bleeding tree, and resolves to take its advice and flee from this dangerous place. On turning to his companion, the pretended Fidessa, he finds her in a swoon. Still unsuspecting, he raises her from the ground, and having reassured her spirits from her feigned fright, he again sets forward on his journey.

It is now near the close of the day succeeding that eventful night at the Hermitage. Leaving Saint George and his companion, whom the reader understands to be none other than the false Duessa herself, to travel for a while together, let us return to the Hermitage and see what became of Una.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside; Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping LION rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection!

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the Virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed Champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

Towards night Una discovers a cottage inhabited by an old woman named Corceca, (superstition,) and her daughter Abessa, (ignorance.) Into this cottage or hut Una enters with her lion.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternal night; naught could she say;
But sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare;
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did require.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

During the night, a guilty accomplice of Corceca, a bold, blustering fellow, called Kirkrapine, comes to the cottage and commences his pranks, but receives his quietus from the paw of our honest friend Leo. *Power is of right the guardian of innocence.* The following day the noble beast continues to protect the noble lady. During this day she sees not far off a noble knight approaching. His shield bears the well-remembered emblem, and on a nearer approach, she sees it is indeed her own dear knight, Saint George. Such at least the lady supposes him to be, although the reader knows it to be the false Archimago, dressed and framed to appear like the Red-Cross Knight. *The subtle magician, who in regard to the person of a lover, can deceive a woman's eyes, will not lack words to deceive her wit.* Poor Una! She receives good and sufficient reasons for her lover's temporary absence, and she is too, too happy at his return, to refuse belief to that which satisfies her heart, if not her head.

Supposing, therefore, that she had in truth found her own good knight, she goes on to recount her adventures since their separation. But soon a new foe appears. Bold and cruel Sansloy, brother of the Sansfoy who had been slain, meets and attacks them. The encounter is very much like that between Sansfoy and the real Saint George, except in its result. The false Saint George is unhorsed, and Sansloy is about to slay him, when removing the visor, behold, to the amazement both of the Saracen and the lady, a wrinkled, feeble old man—Archimago, stripped of all disguise. Una has hardly time to rejoice at her escape from this fearful danger, before a new and more imminent one stares her in the face—that, namely, of falling into the hands of this rude and lawless unbeliever! Sansloy leaves the old magician to die or recover, as it might happen, and directs his ill-boding attentions to his beauteous prize. Taking her rudely from her palfrey, he is attacked by the brave and faithful lion. But mere honesty and simple-minded courage are not always a match for bold and practised villany. The glittering Damascus blade drinks the heart's-blood of the noble beast, and the lady is at the mercy of an insulting and godless foe. But the thought of sin or disloyalty hath not yet entered her pure breast, and the reader never for one moment entertains a doubt about her safety.

The fortunes of St. George are various and disastrous, and he does not escape the snares of his subtle foes, nor regain his faithful Una, until the appearance of the great Hero of the whole Poem, Prince Arthur. This knight excels all other knights in magnificence. His majestic but youthful person, his heroic and knightly bearing, his matchless armor, his princely qualities, are topics suited to the genius of Spenser. The reader finds himself in a perfect blaze of splendor. It is a brightness not devoid of heat. The imagination becomes not only dazzled, but warmed. The whole picture, indeed, is like one of those magnificent cathedrals of the olden time, in which the mind of the devout worshipper, faint with the endless multiplicity of ever-increasing wonders, finds relief at last in that ultimate and only resting-place of human thought, the heavens to which the ever-springing Gothic arch doth point. I will not spoil Spenser's description of Prince Arthur by extracts. It should be read entire, and in its connexion, or not at all.

This noble person extricates the parties from their difficulties. The adventure of Prince Arthur occupies about eight hundred and fifty lines, and forms one of the connecting links between the first book and those which follow. It is something like the intervention of a comet within the bounds of our solar system, where it lingers awhile, and then flies away into different and distant systems with which we are not yet acquainted.

After Arthur has taken his departure, Saint George and Una resume their journey. While travelling together, enjoying sweet discourse, they meet something well suited to excite in the strongest degree their curiosity and their sympathy.

The Knight, having gone through a variety of preparatory adventures, having learned equally his power and his weakness, having put to the trial both his lady-love and the weapons which he bare in her defence, he is now ready to enter upon his principal adventure. The description of this adventure, containing the destruction of the monster, the release of the parents, and the betrothal of the lady to her chosen and deserving Knight, occupy the eleventh and twelfth Cantos. This adventure surpasses in magnificence all the previous ones, as much as Prince Arthur surpassed the Knight of Saint George, or any common Knight. I cannot do justice to it without quoting more than would be expedient. I leave, therefore, the whole adventure to the reader's imagination.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

Lo! the day in twilight hushes,
  Lone repose sits on the hill;
The tired stream in mellowed gushes
  Falls beside the distant mill;
Like a bride the white cloud blushes,—
  Heaven is saying, "Peace—be still."

Mark the forest dark and pensive,
  And the flowers that meekly grow;
Are *they* ever apprehensive
  Heaven will not its dews bestow?
Man, doubt not His love extensive,
  Dew-like shed on all below.

Star by star from heaven sallies,
  Day before the night retreats;
Softly, in the cultured valleys,
  Zephyr kisses all she meets;
Scorns the city's reeking alleys,
  And its hot and crowded streets.

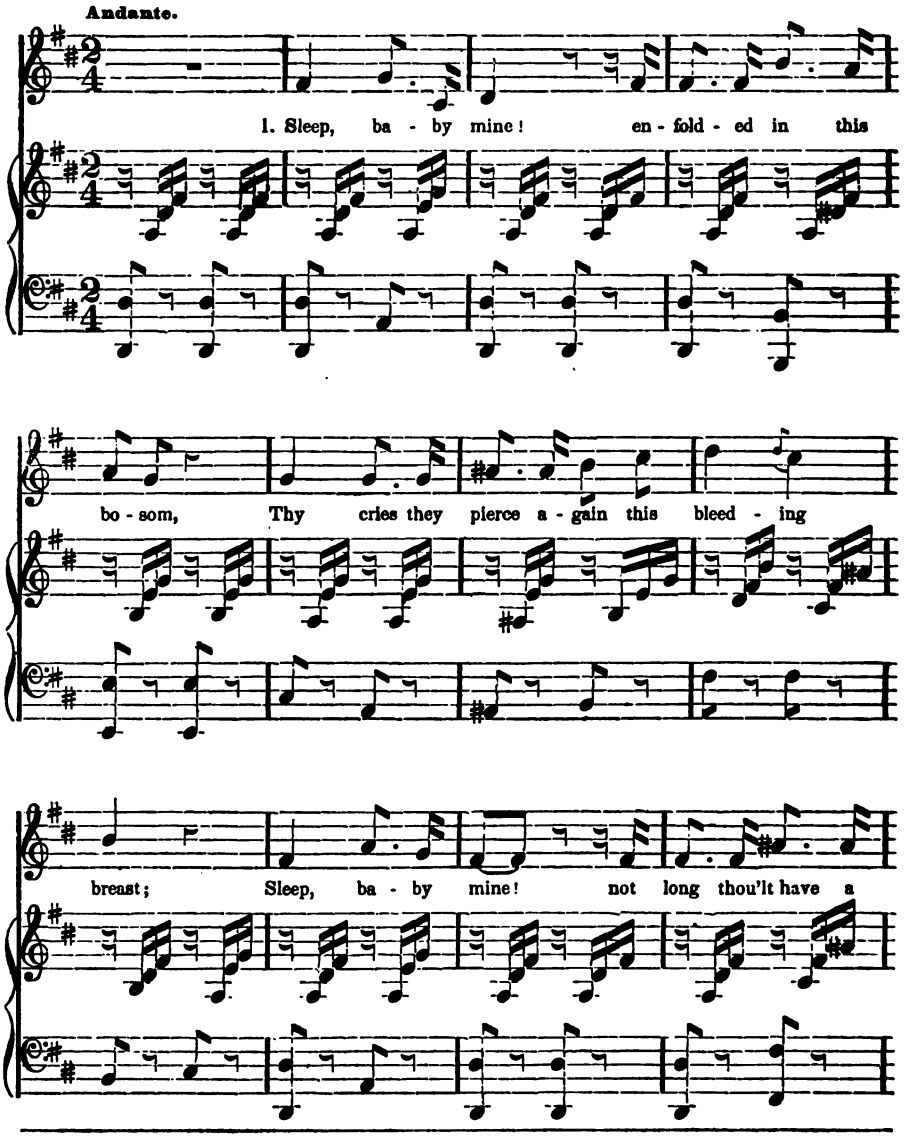
O, those hours, when, gentle-hearted,
  Lone, at eve, a boy I strayed!
Then I thought the soul departed
  Dwelling where the eye surveyed!
In my heart strange feelings started
  Of all things which God had made.

Passions high, and wild, and vicious,
  Rage not at this peaceful hour;
Come, O spell of love delicious,
  Make this heart thy happy bower;
Drive away each thought pernicious,
  Let it own thy tranquil power.

Lo! the day in twilight hushes,
  Notes of peace our borders fill;
By the stream where shoot the rushes,
  Hear the lonely warbler's trill;
Sweetly now the landscape flushes,—
  Heaven is saying, "Peace—be still."

THE CONVICT'S LULLABY.*

WORDS BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE. MUSIC BY TELFORD.



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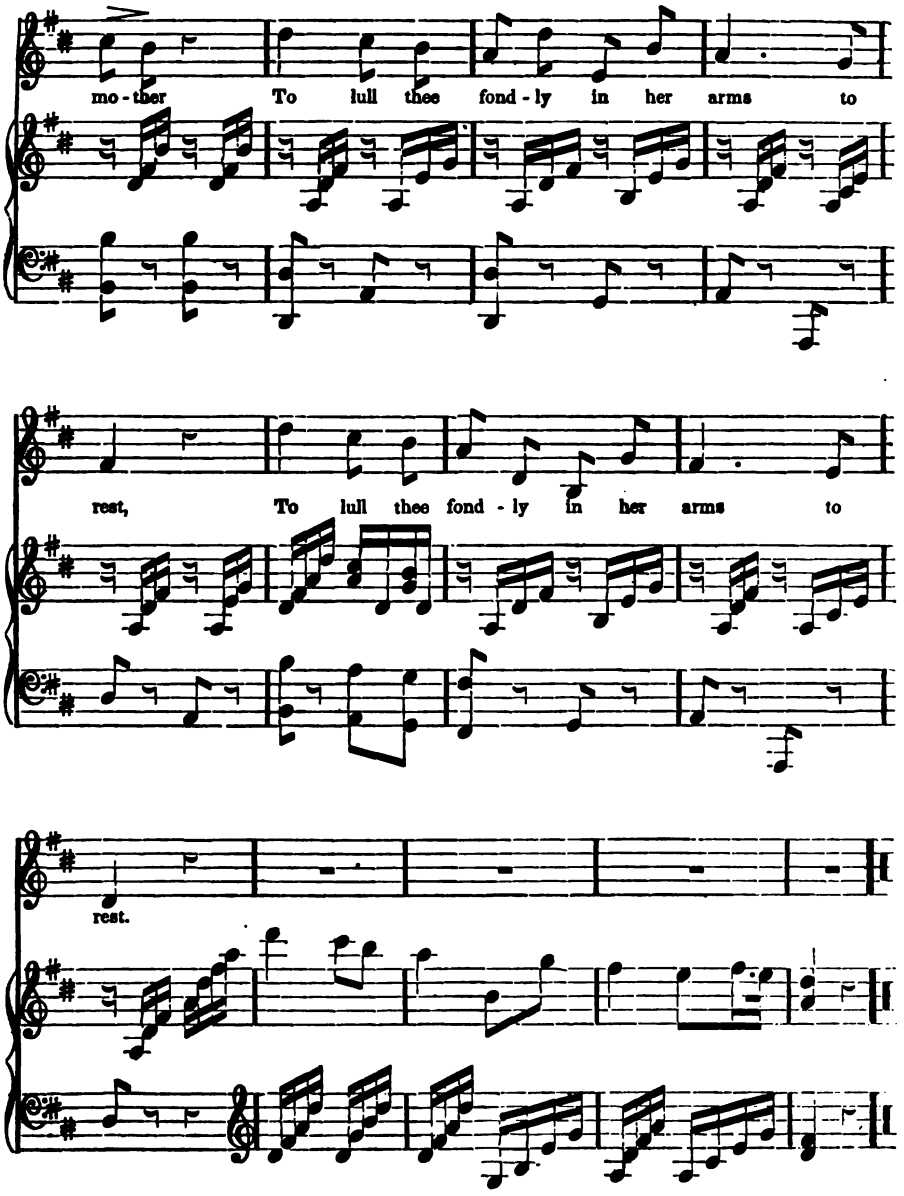


II.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be?
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy?

III.

Sleep, baby mine! to-morrow I must leave thee,
And I would snatch an interval of rest;
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee,
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

THE PASSING BELL.

"As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound.—If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours."—YOUNG.

OH! hark! 'tis the sound of the passing-bell!
List, list, to its sonorous peal,
Of Futurity's state, what fearful thoughts
Its sepulchral tones reveal.
Prepare for the moment—ye cannot tell
When mournful may echo your passing-bell.

Repose ye in grandeur—in gilded state—
With unbounded wealth at command,
These fade from your view, when you wing your flight
To that undiscovered land!
'Tis borne on the breeze, and its tones foretell
The solemn and sorrowful passing-bell.

Remember, ye proud, that inhabit this earth,
How transient, how fleeting, how vain,
Are the titles and honors, the pomp and the state,
That fill up your earthly train!
You cannot avert it—you cannot dispel,
The tones of the sorrowful passing-bell.

And ye that abide in Nature's green homes,
With peace and contentment blest,
Dost hear the forebodings from yonder tower,
That tells of thy final rest!
When life's labor is over, and broken the spell,
For thee shall toll sadly the passing-bell.

In the serried streets of the busy town,
Where mingle the grave and the gay,
The measured tones of the death-knell calls
Our thoughts to that parting day,
When we, like the flow'rets once fresh and green
Shall wither, and fade from Life's fitful scene.

The passing-bell—a kind herald of good—
Proclaims to youth in its bloom;
To declining age, the peasant and prince,
The approach of their final doom!
Oh! heed the summons! what a sacred spell
Is the sound of the sorrowful passing-bell.

THE STRANGER'S HOME.

BY JOANNE F. BESSAC.

LAND of the free! my own beloved land!
Why from all climes do strangers seek thy shore?
Why still press myriad feet unto thy strand,
As if thy soil life's tree immortal bore?
Where'er its starry folds thy banner spreads,
Earth's countless nations haste as to a shrine;
And place their all beneath its sacred shade,
And gladly shout this blessed land is mine!
Samartia's sons from Scythian rule do flee,
With limbs unshackled thy fair soil to tread;
And from Italia's sunny clime they come,
Nor mourn the regal skies that o'er them spread.
From where Helvetia's mountain ramparts stand,
They hasten hither, and the strain they sung
Amid the glorious Alps, is sounding now
The quiet vales of the New World among—
From where Madeira sleeps amid the wave
They come—nor pause their treasures thence to bring.
Why is it that all leave their father's graves,
And all their heart's wealth to the wild wind fling?
Is it that thou art free, my native land?
Freer than all the realms of earth beside—
From the Pacific's to th' Atlantic's wave,
The unconquer'd eagle spreads his pinions wide
'Tis not for this, though thou art nobly free,
That myriad feet do press thy verdant sod:
But that through all thy mighty realm they find
Elsewhere unfound, FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD

PAINTED BY J. COOPER, R.A.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE OF KING WILLIAM 3rd

"And every Shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn, in the dale."

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE STUDENT.

BY PRES. WHITE, D. D., WABASH COLLEGE, IND.

The student will never think of keeping on his present intellectual costume. His growing stature should burst out of those garments, that fitted his early intellect and his incipient scholarship. He should never be found, like deer-herds, forever upon the same old stamping-ground. Overleaping all familiar enclosures, he will push, if he have the true spirit within him, into untraveled pathways, into uncultivated regions.

I desire to suggest a few explicit words to such as aspire to an education, in order to their best success in mental attainment; they shall be few, and I trust practical. I begin by exhorting you to study with a *spirit of self-dependence*.

Independence of mind does not forbid the reception from past generations, and from the present time, of all existing knowledge. It forbids receiving it passively as a hollow in a rock receiveth the rains, itself just as hard and sterile as before. It requires it to be received as the warm, mellow soil receives the showers of heaven, to be made itself more prurient of a rich vegetation. It requires it to be received as the physical frame receives the air, to imbibe from it a vital element for its whole circulation, just as the same frame receives nutritious food into its canals, to be elaborated, absorbed, assimilated into solid accretions for itself. You need not ride in every man's vehicle. But in one of your own, you may combine and use every improvement which human invention has suggested. So far as is practicable, let into your mind every light that has shone out from all previous generations. But be not content, like the insensate moon, to send back from a cold surface the same unchanged rays, which you had before received. Let them shine into and through your own spirit, and then emerge, collected, warmed, colored by the medium through which they have passed, and all ready to blaze in a focus at any chosen point. In your struggles after intellectual advancement, make no attempts at balloon ascensions, by means of borrowed gas; you will be quickly down again to the point from whence you went up. Go up, like the eagle, on your own wings.

Independent-mindedness is specially important in the settlement of those permanent and practical opinions, by which all the accomplishments of life are effected.

Receive nothing among your dogmas with a mask on, nothing in gold leaf and varnish. Tear off all disguises, tap heart-currents, and learn what constitutes the real nature and hidden life of what is offered to you. Hear all opinions, but construct your own faith; know the skill of all mental artists, but give temper and edge to your own armor. Admit no man's nostrum certificates. Throw all compounds that are hawked abroad into the crucible; subject them to the most searching analyses. This independent studying is altogether essential to your intellectual progress. Unless you strike ahead, and, self-depending, push your own pathway, you will spend half of life in threading out the by-ways and crossways, and backways, and crooked ways, and hedged ways of other intellects. Project, survey, grub, grade, rail-lay your own road! and then move away despite all obstructions.

The treasures of wisdom already accumulated are surpassingly rich—they are immense. Drink deep out of them, but forget not that *new sources* are open to you. Draw out of these. Besides picking up the coin floating upon the thoroughfares of literature, go down to the gold-beds underlaying large territories. Bring up the virgin ore!

Study *intensely*. Feeble efforts of mind construct a habit of debilities, of faint, nerveless exertions, which eventually render spirit and power impracticable. A man may accustom himself to slight and gentle muscular action until the panoply of the old Roman soldier would crush him. So a man may softly, untaskingly read, and think, and compose, until, under intense and powerful intellections, his mind would hopelessly sink. Gird up the loins to bold stretches of thought, to strong invention: make ponderous strokes: utter deep under-tones, that shall shake earth and air! Count no ocean too deep to sound, no literary country too remote to penetrate! Intensely think, intensely read, intensely write. Let every plea at the Bar, every argument before the people, every sermon to a congregation, every human malady, task all your powers, receive the

deepest attention of your minds, the application of their utmost capacity. Whatever is worth your intellectual effort at all, is worth the very best possible exertion. The rains wear away a stone, by drop after drop, through centuries and cycles of centuries. But you have not time for such a dull, slow, almost unending operation. Send your drill by daring, vigorous blows through the granite, lime rock, graywacke: explode it to fragments: lay it up into the noble temple. The meek, diffident stars may hide themselves and sleep, the moment the sun comes forth into the sky; radiate *you* a light intense enough to shine in the very face of the sovereign orb! By vast struggles constantly made—by high accomplishments constantly attained, not only is immense power gained, immense work done, but man's inherent efficiencies are learned so as to augment achievement ever afterward. Away with these cold, feeble, divergent intellectualities. Convergent, concentrated intensities are the demand of the times, the duty of all the professions and spheres of life. Dissociated, dispersed, imbecile mental exertions in the great scene of life before you, are but as the fine rain to turn round the pondrous wheel.

If in other periods desultory and faint mental exertions availed for the purposes of society, now the tide of human things is too high and overpowering to be governed, guided, or assisted by any but the most condensed and determined action of educated minds.

Let me also suggest, in order to your best literary advancement, that your inquiries be pursued with great *interest and vivacity.*

Some men inertly dream instead of studying; sit and endure a book instead of communing joyously with its thoughts; coldly speculate on truth instead of drinking it in like thirsty men, as if they could never drink enough; to a logical, luminous argument and a glorious strain of eloquence, respond with a formal phlegmatic respect, instead of being carried captive, instead of an enthusiasm, sparkling and thrilling through the whole being. Truth, in and of itself, is too beautiful and brilliant; its various manifestations in literature, art, science, and religion too elevated and valuable to be thus frigidly regarded. In all its characters and aspects, it has not only great loveliness, lustre, and importance, but these qualities are unchanging and unwaning. If it ever appear shorn, and veiled, and unimportant, it is only appearance. The eye of the observer is at fault: he looks through hazy obstructions, or discolored lenses. Provided you have a perception clear, piercing, strong, and a heart of sensibility truly appreciative, truth will unfold to you sublime and illustrious forms and great riches. To your researches she will freely unravel deep intricacies, open full treasures of practical wisdom, reveal profound and momentous doctrines! Let this fact, that truth, however undervalued and neglected, is still a precious pearl, and has surpassing beauty and importance, infuse into all your inquiries after knowledge a warm and irrepressible interest. It is in enchanted regions that you walk, while making your intellectual explorations. The facts, philosophies, divinities, humanities, duties, interests, destinies, revealed there, provide matter of excitement and gratification sufficient for all the finite and infinite, created and uncreated mind existing.

There is another charm attending the progress in search of knowledge, which ought to excite a great enthusiasm.

All truth lies enfolded in a system; is a grand scheme of affiliations; instead of being a congeries of isolations, is a vast complexure and whole, constituted of innumerable integrals attracted, arranged, bound together. Every part is involved inseparably with every other part. Whatever truth you have reached in any portion of your researches, is within the immense series. It was not a few pebbles which Newton had picked up on the shore of knowledge dropped, as that remark was, by the great Philosopher himself. Not a few pebbles was it which he had gathered! He had broken within the immense circumference, where, like the material universe, all knowledge is found in the form of systematized systems, and had traversed a few of its contiguous segments. He had followed truth through a few of her affinities and associations, and struck and partially illustrated some of the great permeating principles which create those affinities and associations.

Human knowledge, being thus regarded as an immense complication of truths correllated, involved, harmonized, dependent, influenced, influential, no one department of inquiry, no one item of knowledge on which you may fall, should be deemed insignificant. Its connections and dependencies may give it importance unmeasurable! That thought, which seemed to you so incidental, so trivial, is to all other thoughts allied. It may be but a few steps distant from one of those splendid conceptions, which discover new worlds, mark eras, awake the civilization of ages and hemispheres. There is many an every-day truth, which so runs through philosophies, and religions, and governments, and human enterprises, as eventually to change the face of all human society. Thus linked, related, telegraphic, great is truth, the matter of your study, the il-

lumination of your way, the instrument of your power. Enter joyously, vivaciously, with the intensest interest, upon all your intellectual inquiries. Study, if you study at all, as if conscious you were walking amid gems and pearls; gems and pearls too brilliant and precious to be any of them left ungathered.

I have said much of the highly intellectual character of the spheres of life now opened before you. These same spheres of life have another interest—I refer to the eminent *moral qualities*, which they also demand and may be made to cultivate.

In respect to a pure, sound heart as a qualification for the services of life, I cannot speak too earnestly. In addition to intellectual, all the best moral qualities are indispensable to the highest accomplishment in every sphere of human action, physical or mental, secular or religious. Indispensable are they in order with the best success to drive the wheels of industry, to hoist the sails of enterprise, to hasten the car of improvement, to hold the balances of justice, to battle for the rights of humanity, to pour abroad the irrigations of benevolence, to stop the tide of sin, to push the advances of knowledge, to multiply the victories of truth, to augment the fruits of righteousness.

God has no scene of action for a man of unsound heart. Society, therefore, should have none. In all human occupations, incorruptible integrity augments mental ability; secures its right application; reconciles to difficulty; overcomes obstacles; inspires enterprise; invigorates resolves; begets confidence; cleanses intention; exalts motive; consecrates example; pleases Heaven.

Be it so that corrupt men are often successful and gain admiration; so does the sycamore on our low river banks for a time shoot out boughs and foliage upon a thin shell over a vast hollowness; so does the oak vine entwine and thicken itself upon a dry, dead trunk, until it appear a beautiful shaft of luxuriant green.

Value that healthy success, and that human and heavenly approval, which are based upon a good heart and crystal intentions. When inspired by a true veneration for all righteousness, when filled with a sincere love of all truth, when prompted to all practicable service by a hearty wish for the good of every fellow-man, it is a glorious thing to live! As there is no optimism here in our world; as everything is to be better; as for man and society there is a higher condition; as now the tide is grandly upward, it is blessed and great to consecrate and contribute yourselves to this vast upheaving of all human things! O! it is Godlike to image your own spirit large and sanctified in the spirit of other men; to send pure and lofty aspirations breathing and warm out of your own heart to beat and thrill in the heart of a contemporary generation. He has been called a benefactor of his race, who has made two spires of grass to grow, where but one grew before. How much nobler a thing will it be for you in the moral vineyard of the world to rear out of the soil new and numerous, and fruitful plants of righteousness!

He would be counted worthy of all praise, who, to save fleets of vessels from destruction, should hang out an ever-lighted transparency over some recently elevated rocks lying right in the pathway of the world's commerce. It is a loftier and holier vocation to hang out lights to the wayfarers of the world, to save them from being engulfed in waves, and depths, and destructions infinite and eternal.

SONG.

There is a joy in outward things,
  That comes not near the heart;
There is a pleasant smile in which
  The spirit takes no part.
Bring not to me that surface joy;
  I care not for that brilliant smile;
Thou must not cheat me to be gay,
  And thou be sad the while.
    Canst thou be sad while love is ours,
      And faith points out the way
    To regions where all earthly clouds
      Are lost in perfect day!

Thou didst not take me for thy love
  Through happy days alone.
Are we not wed for weal or woe?
  Am I not all thine own?
Then let me share each new-found grief;
  Bring all thy pains, thy sins, to me;
They are my heritage, and come
  By right of love for thee.
    By right of love I claim from thee
      My portion of thy pain;
    And love's transmitting power shall turn
      Darkness to light again.

MONKS AND MONASTERIES.

BY PROF. SAMUEL M. HOPKINS.

Monks and monasteries belong so exclusively to the old world and the olden time, that it is difficult to produce them before the mind as they were in the palmy days of their prosperity. The monastic establishments which still remain in some parts of Europe are but monasteries "of shreds and patches," miserable, shriveled representatives of the monasteries of the middle ages. One would like to know from some vivid authentic description what a convent was in its prime, "when the cloisters were filled with devout servants of the rule of St. Benedict," when the abbot governed like a Lord with despotic authority from which there lay no appeal, and the fruits of broad acres were gathered by the labors of the Brethren into the cellar and the larder of the establishment. All this belonged to a state of things which happily has passed, or is fast passing away before the light of a better civilization; yet the mistaken piety which led such multitudes to seek the retirement of the monk's cell as a means to the more acceptable service of God, spread itself over so wide a space in history, and exercised so potent an influence, both for good and evil, that everything pertaining to it is matter of legitimate curiosity.

It is well known that among the famous monasteries of the Cistercian Order, none was so famous as that of Clairvaux in France, founded and governed by the great St. Bernard.

Near the beginning of the twelfth century, Bernard, then a very young man, together with near a score of recruits converted by his zeal, joined the new and feeble congregation of reformed monks at Citeaux. His signal devotion and eloquence soon gave eclat to the convent, and novices began to flock to it for admission. Citeaux became too strait for them; and two years after his own profession, Bernard led out a colony to found a new monastery, of which he, a small, pale young man, emaciated by fasting and vigils, was appointed abbot. The site fixed upon was a valley in the county of Champagne, something more than a hundred miles south-east of Paris. The ground had been given to the abbot of Citeaux by Count William of Champagne on his setting off for the crusades. It was a wild, sequestered region, in the midst of extensive forests; and on this account a favorite haunt of bandits. Its ill reputation had given it the name of Vallis Absinthialis, or Bitter-dale. On being transferred to holy personages, it was rebaptized Claravallis, or Fairvale.

Wild as the spot was, the monks could perceive that it possessed great natural capabilities; and their yet unbroken energy soon subdued and improved it, till the desert blossomed like a garden.

Of this monastery, in the days of its greatest outward prosperity, we have a considerably full description remaining. It is found among the works of Bernard, though by an anonymous and later hand. The gossiping, good-natured manner of the writer, with his rather elaborate attempts at ornament and pleasantry, set before us the picture of a perfectly well-fed, easy, and contented monk, seen through the vista of six hundred years. Indeed, a monk must have been a very unreasonable animal if he was other than contented when supplied with plenty to eat and drink, taxed with light labor, and surrounded by all the pleasant sights and sounds spoken of in the ensuing description.

If you would know the situation and appearance of Clairvaux (our friend proceeds), the account that follows will serve as a mirror in which you may behold it at a glance. The abbey stands in a level area, between two ridges of hills, which converge to an angle in its front. One of these acclivities is admirably adapted to the cultivation of fruit-trees, and the other to the vine. So our basket is replenished from the right hand, and our cup from the left. The sides and summits of these hills, elevated and quiet, afford a most agreeable field of labor for the monks in the various processes of vine and fruit culture. There are thickets to be cleared away. Brushwood is to be collected, and bound in bundles for the fire. Weeds, stumps, and undergrowth are to be extirpated; and the wild vines which

burden the branches, or strangle the roots of the trees, are to be removed; that nothing may hinder the sturdy oak from tossing its head toward the stars, the flexile ash from shooting upward, and the spreading beech-tree from branching forth its arms on all sides.

In the rear of the monastery extends a broad plain, an ample portion of which is enclosed within the abbey wall. Within this, grow a large number of fruit-trees of different kinds, furnishing repast and shelter to the inmates of the convent. Just within this grove, stands the Infirmary, or that portion of the building devoted to the aged, feeble, and convalescent Brethren; inviting them forth to wander in its avenues, or repose beneath its shade. The sick man sits upon the verdant turf, and while the dog-star raging, bakes the thirsty earth elsewhere, he is solaced with the cool retreat, and snuffs with returning vigor the sweet scent of the herbage. The verdure of the groves, and the exuberant beauty of the hanging fruit, gives a feast to the eye, while the ear is charmed with the sweet notes of feathered songsters; so that he may truly say, in the words of the spouse, "I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Thus for one affliction the Divine mercy provides numerous solaces; while the pure sky smiles above, and the earth breathes odors around, and we drink in pleasure with all the senses at once.

Where the orchard terminates, begins the garden; divided into beds, or, I might say, into islands, by the streamlets that flow between. For though the water may seem slumbering, it glides on with a gentle current. Here also is furnished to the Infirm Brethren a most pleasing spectacle, when they seat themselves on the margin of the clear stream, and watch the sportive tribes below floating in the glassy wave, or clearing it together in a phalanx. The water, thus conducted through the garden, serves both for irrigation and the breeding of fish; and is fed with unexhausted supplies from the river Alba (Aube). This famous and noble stream, taking its course through the abbey grounds, leaves everywhere, by its faithful service, a blessing behind it; submitting to divide its forces and labor for the good of man as it flows onward. Pouring half its volume through an artificial winding channel cut by the labor of the Brethren, it meanders by the abbey as if to salute the inmates, and apologize for having come in *part* only, for want of a broader bed. And here at its first introduction it lays vigorous hold of the mill-wheel, and busies itself in preparing our bread. Careful and troubled about many things like Martha, it at the same time drives round the ponderous stone, and agitates the sieve which separates the finer from the coarser flour.

Flowing hence, it pours itself in an adjoining building, into the brewer's caldron, and consents to undergo the operation of boiling in order to furnish potations to the Brethren; if perchance a sterile harvest has ill repaid the labors of the vine-dresser, and the daughter of the barley-field must supply the place of the grape. Even with this it does not get its discharge from service; but the fullers, whose shop stands next, invite the stream to enter their premises; reasonably insisting that as in the mill and brewery it has been providing for the wants of the inner man, it should also lend a hand in providing for the comfort of the outer. To this modest request the obliging river makes no objection; but laying hold of the fulling wheel, and alternately elevating and depressing the huge pestles, or, if you choose, mallets, or, better still, wooden legs, (which designation best suits the saltatory business of the fullers,) it relieves the Brethren of a most wearisome labor, and (if I may be pardoned a joke) bears the penance due to their sins.

Gracious God! what consolations dost Thou furnish Thy poor servants! What alleviations of the toil that would otherwise overwhelm them with fatigue! For how many burdened horses must stoop their backs, and how many strong arms weary their muscles to accomplish the labor which this sympathizing river gaily performs! And when all is ended, it asks nothing for its labor which it has labored under the sun, except to be permitted to flow freely on its way; and, indeed, having whirled around so many rapid wheels, it takes its departure, so broken into foam, that one would think it had itself been ground, and rendered softer in the process.

Leaving the fullers' shop, the stream next enters the tannery, and there applies itself with laborious industry to the care of the Brethren's soles* (calceamenta); and thence distributing itself into numerous branches, it flows with a busy assiduity through various offices and rooms, everywhere asking what work they have for it to do, and applying itself without hesitation to the manifold occupations of cooking, sifting, turning, washing, sprinkling, and ironing. Finally, to complete the entire round of its good works, and leave nothing to be done after it, it condescends to the office of scavenger, sweeps away all filth and refuse, and leaves everything clean behind it.

And now, having energetically accomplished

* It is acknowledged that this poor pun is not to be credited to the author; but it is so much in his manner that he could hardly have missed it, had there been any suitable Latin sound conveying the double idea.

whatever it undertook, the water hurries along to rejoin its parent stream, and carry, as it were, the thanks of Clairvaux for the generous assistance lent, and so pouring back into the main channel the supply that had been diverted for our use, gives stimulus and momentum to the debilitated river.

Having witnessed the meeting of the parted waters, let us return to the channels and ducts we have left behind, which, being fed from the river, are conducted in various directions around to fertilize the fields. This furnishes a sure and ample provision against the droughts of summer; our meadows having no need of the borrowed distillations of the clouds, while fed by the kindness of the bountiful river These streamlets or trenches, having performed their ministry, are absorbed in the stream that emitted them, and thus the entire Alba, reunited, flows downward to its destination.

But as we have now conducted it at considerable length on its way, and it returneth (as Solomon says) to its own place, let *us* return to whence we set out, and skip with a rapid description over the broad level of the meadows. The varied beauties of this spot comprise much that is adapted to relieve the wearied mind and solace anxious grief; the smiling landscape, the verdant lawn, the fragrant mead, enkindling devotion in those who seek the Lord, and leading us to the contemplation of those heavenly joys for which we sigh. As we behold the beauty and scent the fragrance of the flowers, the meadows rehearse to us stories of ancient days. We think of the fragrance of Jacob's garments, which was likened to that of a fruitful field, and of the glory of Solomon, who, with all his wealth and wisdom, was not to be compared to the lilies. Thus, while we perform the labors of the field, our souls are refreshed by the suggestion of hidden mysteries.

This meadow is watered by the Alba flowing through the midst of it, and sendeth its roots unto the moisture; therefore it shall not fear when heat cometh. Its extent, moreover, is such that when the sun has dried the shorn and grassy fleece into hay, it suffices to weary the whole convent for twice ten days. Nor is the labor of haying left simply to the monks, but employs an immense number of hands beside, both novices, and such as are lent and hired. The river divides this meadow into two farms; standing as arbiter between them, and allotting to the dwellers on either side their respective shares of labor. The farm-houses you might suppose to be monasteries rather than the habitation of converts; *were it not that implements* of rustic labor, yokes, ploughs, &c., betrayed the occupation of the tenants, or perchance the absence of books. For as to the buildings themselves, such is their situation, their beauty and extent, that they might be taken for a populous convent of monks.

In that part of the meadow which approaches nearest the wall, the dry land has been converted into a liquid lake, and where the sweating mower formerly swung his scythe, there the waterman-brother (frater aquarius), seated on his lively wooden horse, spurs him with his light oar over the glassy plain, and directs his course whither he will. Beneath is extended the entangling net, and the barbed and baited hook to catch unwary nibblers; a caution to us to shun ensnaring pleasures which must be bought with pain; a sad certainty of which none can be ignorant save such as have either never sinned, or never repented. May God keep us far from those haunts of pleasure, by whose portal Death stands in waiting! which, according to the sage Boethius, tempt us as spilt honey tempts the flying bee—to entangle him fatally in its glutinous embrace. The banks of the pond are secured from washing away by the intertwining roots of shrubs and vines. The river flowing by at a short distance serves as a feeder; constantly furnishing fresh supplies through a narrow inlet. A corresponding outlet at the opposite end carries off the excess to rejoin the stream, and thus the water is always kept at the same level.

This highly ambitious and flowery description of the charms of Clairvaux (which perhaps may have been intended, like the above-mentioned hook, to catch unwary novices) closes with a profuse eulogy of a certain fountain, which the good monk thanks for the refreshment and solace it had often afforded him. Not only had it many a time quenched his thirst, but it had condescended even to wash his hands and feet, and he apologizes for mentioning it last, when, in gratitude for all its favors, he should have given it the post of honor. It was a *modest* fountain, for it flowed a long ways under ground (as most other fountains do, I suppose), winding hither and thither, as if reluctant to expose itself to the broad stare of daylight, and finally only consents to appear under the cover of an arbor. It had the distinguishing characteristic of a good fountain, that it burst forth opposite the rising sun, so as to partake of the first rosy influences of the morning; and finally, it was a very *pious* fountain, apparently having no other object in life than to minister comfort to the Brethren; for soon after quitting the monastery, it loses itself in the valley below and disappears.

We have here a very pleasant picture certainly

of the externals of monastic life in the thirteenth century; of the local habitation and belongings of a Cistercian community. These good Brethren had an eye to the picturesque as well as to the substantial. They must have not only rich hills and gushing streams, and smiling meadows, but well-filled bins and larders, and well-stocked fish-ponds. The Brethren could not be expected to serve God for naught. Occasional voluntary abstinence was no doubt good, but it was good also to have on hand plenty of the warm and ripe daughter of the grape and of the barley-field, to treat resolution, and make glad the heart saddened by penance. When monks got to be so very comfortable, planted down in the sunniest spots of France, with groves of fruit-trees enclosing their convent, and the vine hanging her rich clusters by their windows, and a most accommodating river to do all their heavy and dirty work, it is no wonder they grew luxurious and lazy. A modicum of labor sufficed for the abundant supply of their wants, and a cellar bountifully stored with the fat and the sweet was not favorable to devotion. All abbots, moreover, were not like Bernard; rigid, holy, mortified men, trampling the flesh under their feet. Monks grown luxurious and lazy would not love such abbots, nor choose them. Discipline would be relaxed, either willingly, or perforce. The superior would grow indulgent, or if not, the monks would grow mutinous. Work and pray, they would *not*, according to the rigidity of the old Cistercian rule; and so matters rapidly went from bad to worse. Of a convent in such a decayed state of discipline and otherwise damaged, the reader may find a description in the old monkish chronicle that forms the basis of Mr. Carlyle's speculations in "Past and Present."

"Yet more; round many a convent's blazing fire,
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a nun,
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher.
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
Whose votive burden is, 'Our kingdom's here.'"

WORDSWORTH.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

'O death in life! the days that are no more!"—TENNYSON'S "Princess."

Do you remember the time when we two wandered
Through the old woods—as evening's balmy air bedewed
The darkened glades, on antique things we pondered,
The ruined fane—the sunken cross—with flowers bestrewed?

We were together—and we only thought of sorrow,
As passing clouds upon a distant pathway glance—
The present sunshine joy imparting—for the morrow
Promised a sweet return of the illusive trance.

Now seek those mellow autumn shades again—no more
Shall poesy design, or fancy freely trace
Fond records of a hallowed past—the dream is o'er—
And desolation reigns supreme within the place.

Dark shadows gather round—yet thou art not alone,
In dreams I seek with thee those haunted woods again—
Trace each green pathway—rest beside the mossy stone—
Our mournful hearts' meet offering on ruined fane.

LEAF-FALL.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But, should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak—
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields."

"To everything there is a season;" and, in its season, fitness and beauty. How beautiful and lovely to a refined mind is the opening spring! What a pure and exquisite gratification is felt, when the chilling blasts of winter have given place to the balmy breezes from the south, when "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle [dove] is heard in our land!"

To one who for months has been shut up in the crowded city, where everything exhibits the hand of man, and God is seen only in the nocturnal heavens, "afar off" and not at hand—how refreshing is it to breathe the pure air, and, with enraptured vision, to drink in the verdant and floral beauties of fields and forests, and winding streamlets, with their shady banks! More especially if the coming spring has found us on the couch of languishing, and disease has for weeks with relentless hand shut us out from all communion with the beautiful earth, while in the meantime all Nature has put on its verdant robes and gay attire—how inexpresibly pleasing, then, to rise from the bed of sickness, and go forth to revel in the glories of the full-blown spring! Never shall I forget my own experience after such a visitation of disease at the commencement of the season of flowers and fruits. As I gazed on the charming landscape, it seemed more like the work of enchantment than the course of Nature. I thought of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; a fairy palace had risen before me—the work, as it were, of a single night. Never before had I fully appreciated, if even then, the beauties of spring. Every flower, however simple, had its charms. Every leaf almost excited my delighted attention, and the tardy bud had its attractions too.

The Leaf!—How much do we owe to the Leaf! What is it, that, through the long months of spring, and summer, and early autumn, clothes the earth and the forests with that delicate verdure that is so grateful to the eye and heart? It is the leaf, in forms and shades almost infinitely diversified, that gives the earth its raiment, and clothes the landscape with such attractions. Beneath the burning midsummer sky, how grateful the grove's umbrageous retreat, or the shade of a wide-spread tree! It is the leaf to which we owe this refreshment.

The use of the leaf ends not here. The varied products of the vegetable world would be unknown were it not for the leaf. What the lungs are to animal life, the leaf is to vegetable. It is this, by which the dependent plant imbibes, in seasons of drought, the needful moisture, and by which, at all times, it inhales the light and air without which it could not subsist or live; without a plentiful supply of which, it could not grow, nor its flower unfold, nor its fruit be formed and matured.

How useful is the leaf! What a valuable servant to man! God has made it very beautiful, and admirably adapted it to the comfort and sustenance of man. When you take up the most fragile leaf, therefore, and look upon its cuticle, its pores, its cellular structure, its nerves, and

veins, and arteries, all admirably arranged, and, in its very construction, perceive that the leaf has a God, fail not to lift your heart to the Great Giver of all good, and praise him for the humble leaf.

"To everything there is a season," and everything is beautiful in its season. The leaf has its season, and, in its season, is a beautiful object. But seasons have their limit, and their beautiful things an end. As the cool of the year comes on, go forth into the wayside, the park, or the forest, and the leaf is under your foot. Its beauty is gone, its life extinguished. It is a faded, withered, crumbling wreck. It returns to dust. Lift up your eye, and on every tree you behold the marks of decay. The verdure is passing from the leaf, the chilling breath of autumn has dried up its moisture, it fades, it withers, it falls. A few days more, and the forest will be dismantled; and, as you seek it again, the bare branches above, and the rustling leaf below, will affectingly remind you that "the fashion of this world passeth away." In the saddened aspect of the departing season, a voice will be heard addressing itself to the heart, and reminding you that "we all do fade as a leaf;" that "all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man is as the flower of grass."

True, and as affecting as it is true: "We all do fade as a leaf." A lovely infant was reposing in the arms of a fond mother. It was her only one. She pressed it to her bosom, and imprinted kiss after kiss on its sweet face. She laid it down and went to the house of God. On her return, she pressed its throbbing head, now burning with fever, to her breast for the last time. On the morrow, the shroud, the coffin, and the frail flower with which—fitting emblems!—it was decked for the grave, told the sad tale. "We all do fade as a leaf."

Just as she was blooming into womanhood, one of the children of the covenant was enfeebled by disease. A slight cough—"only a slight cough"—had gradually undermined the citadel of life, and laid her helpless on the bed of languishing. The bloom departed, and her pale, attenuated face told too plainly that the destroyer was near. Not long before, her faithful and pious mother had breathed her last breath on that same bed. The daughter prepared to follow her to a world where the fields are ever green, and the leaf does not fade. She sought for her departing spirit the grace of salvation, and was enabled to trust in a Redeemer's blood before she closed her eyes upon the world. Among those who came to mourn at her burial was a lovely sister, the youthful and beloved wife of a young husband, and the mother of a sweet babe. She returned to her habitation, and shortly after could leave it no more. Gradually she faded away, and, with calm and holy resignation, breathed out her redeemed spirit into the hands of that Saviour in whom she had put all her trust. At leaf-fall she went down to the grave, and followed her sainted mother and sister to the land of perennial verdure. Yes, yes—"we all do fade as a leaf."

One of the little ones of a young physician, watched and cared-for with all the solicitude of parental love, and favored with the best of medical skill, lay extended, a few months since, on the bed of death. Within three days from the hour of its departure, the youthful mother, in all her loveliness, withered and died. A month or two more, and her infant, a sweet babe just budding into life, and an only son, followed his mother and sister into the spirit-world. Scarcely had the tomb closed upon its remains, ere the bereaved husband and father, full of grace and honor, a ruling-elder in the house of God, beloved and wept by a large circle of friends and kindred, was welcomed to a place among the elders round about the throne above. Father, mother, son and daughter, all that was mortal of them, called to sleep the long, last sleep of death within two short months! Truly, truly—"We all do fade as a leaf."

And so it is, week after week, day after day. Now I am kneeling by the side of a couch on which is extended the form of some idolized child, or adored parent, or endeared brother or sister, husband or wife; and then, I am commending the bereaved survivors, in the solemn funeral service, to the compassion of a gracious God and Saviour. Hundreds of my fellow-travelers have I thus attended, within these few years, in the last stage of their mortal pilgrimage. Many a beloved parishioner, many an interesting youth, whose very countenance I can now recall, and with whose religious history I have been familiar, have I accompanied down to the banks of the river. It seems but yesterday that we were taking sweet counsel together, and bowing at the altar of God in the endeared sanctuary. But they faded away as a leaf, and I see them no more.

"Who has not lost a friend?" Who can look back over the fatal scenes of the summer of 1849, and say of his friends and kindred that with him began the season—"They are all here!" Alas, alas, the destroyer has left his mark. Few have wholly escaped.

> "Our eyes have seen the rosy light
> Of youth's soft cheek decay;
> And fate descend, in sudden night,
> On manhood's middle day."

The dear delight of your eyes and heart, so chear-

ished once and so prized, the object of deepest interest on the earth, has faded, it may be, like the autumnal leaf, has withered away and departed, leaving you to endure the cold blasts of winter and its cheerless desolation alone. Alas—"We all do fade as a leaf"

And is it so? Do we all fade as a leaf? Then let us learn to set a proper estimate on life. "I never dreamed," said a youthful, broken-hearted widow, "that my husband would be taken from me in youth, or in middle life. I expected to see him live to be an old man, and go gradually down to the grave. I never thought that I should live to close his eyes." So says many a fond wife whose endeared husband still lives. The mother, too, expects that her dear child will live to be a solace to her declining years, and to pillow her head as she sinks into her last sleep. The child fades like a leaf and the mother lives. "What is your life? it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." What it was in that faded leaf, such it is in you and me. Just so brittle is the thread that holds us up from the grave; just so fleeting our days; just so feeble our hold on life. Like the flower we bloom, and as quickly fade; cut down like the grass, we wither away.

> "So fades the lovely blooming flower,
> Frail smiling solace of an hour:
> So soon our transient comforts fly,
> And pleasure only blooms to die."

Why, then, should we set our hearts on these fleeting vapors? Why embark the heart's full treasure in such earthen vessels? Why invest our whole stock in trade in such a venture? If the bark is wrecked, what becomes of your treasure? Your all is gone. You have nothing left—nothing to live for—nothing to interest you on earth. Life becomes a burden—not easily borne, nor easily laid aside. And, oh! how much greater the folly of those who set their hearts on glittering gold! The momentary pleasures of appetite are not to be named. We share them with the brutes.

Let me reason with you for a moment, while the leaf is falling at our feet. How long will it be, think you, before your leaf shall wither? Already, perhaps, the bloom has left your face. You are not what you were. That recent sickness was but a premonition—the early leaf-fall, that tells of the coming frosts of winter. You have the sentence of death within yourself. Disease has found its way into your frame, and sapped the foundations of your health and strength. So it is with me, and so with you. Every seated pain; every new form of pain; your watchings by night; your pulmonary irritations by day, all remind you that the time is short. The pale face, too, of that dear friend, whose lifeless form lay shrouded and coffined for the grave, told too plainly the affecting truth—"We all do fade as a leaf."

You may not apprehend a speedy termination of that life which all Scripture and experience declare to be "but a vapor." You are hale and hearty. You feel no infirmity of body. Why should you be afraid? Ah! your very want of apprehension may be one of the premonitory symptoms. You may go forth to-day into the garden of flowers, and the splendor of the dahlia may greet and gratify you in its numberless varieties, presenting a vivid and pleasing contrast to the deep green of its rich and healthful foliage. To-morrow, it may be, that green leaf has gathered, blackness, those splendid blossoms are blighted, and all that splendor blasted. A sudden and severe frost has intervened, and one short night puts an end to the season of bloom. So have I often seen it, not only in my own garden of flowers, but in the garden of the Lord, among the plants of grace.

The leaf accomplishes the purpose for which it was created, and then it fades and withers away. But many, who never, perhaps, bestowed a passing thought on the humble leaf—that silent and truthful monitor—have yet the whole work of life to do. Be admonished, ye loiterers! and receive the lesson of the season. Could nothing but death arouse you? Was it needful that this valued friend, the endeared idol, should be torn from you, before you waked out of sleep? Let the admonition be effectual. Sleep no more. Work "while it is day. The night cometh in which no man can work."

Yes, "we all do fade as a leaf." Ere the forest is wholly bared by the approaching frosts, many a leaf will fade and fall. Ere the winter has fully set in, how many fading cheeks will rest on "the lap of earth!" Soon it will be said of this one and that—"She is gone!" Gone! but whither? Happy will you be, if your sorrows do but lead you to seek consolations in the religion, in the love of Jesus, the friend of sinners—the never-failing friend. Then, with the dear friends that have gone before you, transplanted in a better soil, you shall bloom for ever in the paradise of God, where your leaf shall not wither—where it shall never fade.

> "It matters little at what hour o' the day
> The righteous falls asleep; death cannot come
> To him untimely who is fit to die;
> The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
> The briefer life, the easier immortality."

THE EXILE.

(I. KINGS, XI., 14-22.)

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

I.

In the festive hall is an Exile seen,
With the Monarch of Egypt and his Queen.

His wife and child are by his side,
Dear as his dearest hope and pride.

A thousand lights along the board,
Glitter o'er haughty Prince and Lord.

From crypts long sealed, the red wine old,
Sparkles in jeweled cups of gold.

Odors and music, sweet and strange,
Blend in the banquet's distant range.

Maidens in white, with roses crowned,
Merrily trip the graceful round.

Climbing the pillars, and all between,
Hang wreaths of flowers and boughs of green.

All that can please the eye or ear,
Smell, taste, or touch, (at once) is gathered there.

All but the Exile's heart is gay,
That sick, and sad, and far away!

II.

The passing joys around him seen,
But vagaries of a waking dream!

The vanities that meet his eye,
A strange, unreal, mockery!

A pageant on enchanted land,
Erected by some fairy wand.

A mist that rises with the sun,
To meet his rays and be undone.

He is thinking now of Edom's hills,
And memory sad his bosom fills.

Anon he thinks of his murdered sire,
And his rapid blood is molten fire!

He thinks of Midian's pleasant plain,
And thus becomes himself again.

He thinks of her sweet, sad face who nursed
His infant years, and the fountains burst.

He sees no sight, he hears no sound,
He is lost for a moment to all around.

A scalding tear from either eye,
Trickles down slow and silently.

III.

"Tears at a banquet! Hadad, WAKE!"
The voice of Pharaoh in thunder spake.

"A talent of Ophir's gold to know
The thought that has crossed thy fancy now.

O'er thee! and here! how strange a thing,
That sorrow should flap her raven wing!

The only wife more fair than thine,
Through Egypt's spacious realm, is mine!

A nobler stripling than thy son,
A father's eye ne'er looked upon!

Next to these old mysterious walls,
Thy palace boasts the proudest halls.

Lackest thou riches or honor still?
Friend, brother, son, have all thy will!

The morn shall see thee richer grown,
New circlets added to thy crown,
All thou canst have, except the throne!"

IV.

Down Hadad's manly cheeks again
The gushing tear-drops pour like rain.

From the king he turns, and meets the eye
Of the gentle star of his destiny.

That look along his bosom-chords,
Smote louder, deeper far than words.

O could she look within, and prove
His sorrow is not want of love!

Like swelling surges of the sea
His bosom heaves in agony.

In vain he strives to give it rest—
The truth at length is thus confest.

"None but an Exile's heart can know,
What yearnings fill my bosom now.

Add what you may, no spot on earth
So dear as that which gave me birth.

Tho' 'mid a Paradise I roam,
My natal country still is home.

Wife, children, riches, friends, nor fame
Can quench the sacred altar-flame.

Nothing I lack for love or pride,
But missing HOME, lack all beside!

With this last gift crown all the rest,
Bid me depart, and make me blest."

V.

Hadad! a kindred heart with thine,
I fain would hope, has long been mine.

I ask no more than earth has given,
Yet this I feel—*Earth is not heaven.*

When will the joyful angels come,
And bear my exiled spirit home!

TO MY CHILD.

WHO, with young morning's beam, bursts on my sight,
With golden locks, and eyes all sparkling bright?
Oh! lovely harbinger of day and light!
'Tis thee, my darling child!

And who, when evening's shade falls o'er each flower,
Steals to my side within the scented bower,
Like angel sent to bless the hallow'd hour?
'Tis thee, mine own sweet child!

And when through shadowy woods I lonely roam,
To list the distant cascade's fitful moan,
Whose silvery voice recalls my steps to home?
'Tis thine, my gentle child!

And as I wander by the sea-girt shore,
And thoughts on thoughts, like waves, come rolling o'er,
Whose image do they bear for evermore?
Thine, thine! my beauteous child!

Or if on mossy bank I calm recline,
And all my thoughts to nature's world resign,
Who gently comes and twines his hand in mine?
'Tis thee, my loving child!

When from this world retires the god of light,
And darkness takes the loved ones from our sight,
Whose roseate lips press mine in sweet—"Good night?"
Thine, thine, my own dear child!

And as I kneel my Maker's throne before,
And all my gratitude's deep thanks outpour,
For whom do I eternal gifts implore?
For thee, for thee, my child!

And when my soul shall wing its flight to God,
Released from pain, and sorrow's chastening rod,
Whose hand shall lay my head beneath the sod?
Thine, thine, my weeping child!

THE MOTHER OF JOHN NEWTON.

BY PROF. H. B. HACKETT, NEWTON THEO. SEM.

If it were inquired of us, whose influence upon the world's destiny has, in our opinion, already been, and will hereafter be felt as deeply, perhaps, as that of any mere human being who has ever lived, instead of naming any one who has sat upon a throne, or has counseled kings, or has fought battles, or has been eloquent, or learned, that person, our answer would be, is a certain female, whose ancestral name we have been able by no research to discover, the period of whose birth happened, as we find it incidentally mentioned, on the 11th of July, 1732. And who, the reader perhaps is ready to ask, was this unknown but wonderful woman? What page of history has recorded her deeds? What city, like the wife of Themistocles, did she rule, by ruling in the heart of her husband? Or what monarch, like the favorites of the second Charles of England, or Louis the Fifteenth of France, did she captivate by her charms and compel to lay his sceptre at her feet? The obscure woman to whom we refer as having exercised so unparalleled an influence on the destinies of the human race, employed no such arts as these. The MOTHER OF JOHN NEWTON discharged faithfully her obligations as a Christian parent. This is the most that we know respecting her. The consequences arising from this faithfulness may not be greater, probably they are not greater than those which stand connected with many other cases of an equally strict discharge of duty. It is not often, however, that the history of this connection is laid open so fully to the inspection of human eyes; and we therefore ask attention to it as an instructive illustration of the benefits which a single pious female may bestow upon the world.

That the conversion of her son was owing, under God, to the prayers and instruction of Mrs. Newton, it is impossible to doubt. He was but seven years of age at the period of her death; and yet retained so strong an impression of her character, that a course of the most unrestrained abandonment to sin could not wholly efface her image from his mind. It followed him amid all the scenes of profligacy into which he plunged, and imposed upon him a restraint, from which he could at no time altogether escape, and which in the end proved the means of his recovery to a life of piety and usefulness.

It is unnecessary to pass the life of this remarkable man in minute review before us. He was more than forty years, it is well known, one of the most laborious and successful preachers of the Gospel that have in modern times blessed the church. There are few men, who have been instrumental of turning so many souls to God, as were converted by the personal efforts of his ministry. This, however, was but one of his departments of action. He served the cause of the Redeemer with equal effect, perhaps, in other ways. What writings of a religious nature are more widely circulated than many of the productions of Newton, or are superior to them in the excellence of their tendency? He possessed also talents for conversation, which enabled him to diffuse over the very extended sphere of his acquaintance an influence, which was the acknowledged cause, in a multitude of cases, of the most happy results. All the benefits now arising from these and similar labors of Newton, we are to set down, in accordance with the view which we are taking, to the faithfulness of his mother.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and trace briefly some of the consequences of the life of this devoted man, as they are seen flowing in particular channels. We shall select only the more conspicuous cases. There can be no doubt that we are indebted mainly to the agency of Newton for all the important services which the celebrated Dr. Buchanan has rendered to the church and the world. It was at a time when the future author of the "Christian Researches in Asia" was in a state, not of utter indifference, indeed, yet of great looseness of views in regard to religion, and still worse indecision of conduct, that he for the first time heard the preaching of this eminent minister of Christ. It awakened his already excited mind still more deeply. He embraced the earliest opportunity of a personal interview with the preacher, and was soon after this not only established in the belief and practice of Christian principles, but preparing, by a course of

academical study, to urge the obligation of these principles also upon others. Every reader of religious biography is familiar with the leading events in the life of this distinguished man. He was appointed, on completing his studies, it is well known, to an important station in India, where he not only exerted upon the English population such an influence as a minister of acknowledged talents and piety must always exert, but undertook and accomplished measures for the improvement of the moral condition of the natives, which deserve to be ranked, and, as their effects are more and more developed, will be ranked, among the noblest achievements of Christian philanthropy. All this train of important consequences, therefore, we must refer also to the piety of the woman who, through the medium of her son, was the occasion of their taking place.

The influence which Newton exerted upon Dr. Scott, author of the Commentary, if not absolutely decisive in bringing him to embrace evangelical views of the truth, without doubt contributed greatly to this result. At the time of Newton's settlement in his vicinity, he was such a stranger to the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel, that, according to his own confession at a subsequent period, he "held them in sovereign contempt: spoke of them with derision, and declaimed publicly" against those who believed them, "as persons full of bigotry, enthusiasm, and spiritual pride." His first suspicions, that possibly he might be himself in error, while those were right, whom he was despising as bigoted fanatics, were awakened by an incident, placing his own negligence as a minister in painful contrast with the faithfulness of a man who, in point of abilities, as well as religious sentiments, was an object of his deepest scorn. This occurrence led the way in the first place to a personal interview, and then to a correspondence of some length on the topics respecting which the parties disagreed. The fears of Scott in regard to the correctness of his opinions, which led him to seek this intercourse, were greatly strengthened in the progress of it. The arguments of his friend, enforced as they were by a spirit of the most affectionate kindness and a life of singular devotedness to God, at length won their way to his heart, prevailing against the most inveterate prejudices, and what was still more difficult, an overweening conceit of his own superiority. In short, it is impossible, we think, to read the history of his religious inquiries, as related by himself in his "Force of Truth," without being convinced, that his recovery from Socinianism was effected, humanly speaking, by the prayers, the example, and the instructions of Newton. In making this remark, we are merely assenting to the declared opinion of Scott himself. He was accustomed to speak of Newton and feel toward him as his spiritual father.

Here, then, is another well-ascertained instance of conversion, to be placed among the fruits of the labors of that humble woman, whose influence upon the world we are considering. But think of it as the conversion of such a man! It was not that of a common person, but of a professed minister of the Gospel, whose extraordinary capacity for doing good or evil was thus rescued from the service of heresy, and secured to the cause of truth, not only undiminished, but vastly augmented by the excitements of Christian principle. Let the reader think of him as an indefatigable minister of Christ, during the greater portion of a life extended to the term of more than sixty years, and, for a considerable part of this time, preacher to a large congregation in the metropolis of England,—as the active promoter of every feasible scheme for the advancement of the temporal and spiritual interests of men, and, be it specially noted, regarding as feasible what more timid spirits would shrink from as rashness, and even madness itself,—as the author of a Commentary on the Scriptures, almost unequaled in the excellence of its practical tendency, and absolutely unequaled in the extent of its circulation,—as the author, too, of numerous published writings, always pervaded by a rich vein of good sense and sound piety, and sometimes characterized by masculine energy, and even originality of thought,—let the reader think of him, also, in his more private relations, moving in a sphere which enabled him to diffuse far and wide the influence of a most devoted life, and the head of a family, with which great numbers were at different times connected, and of which no one, his biographer informs us, could be long a member, without imbibing his spirit and giving hopeful evidence of piety,—let the reader, we say, call to mind such an outline of the history of Scott, and he may then form some, though still very inadequate idea, of his serviceableness to the church and the world. All these benefits, then, are to be set down as remote consequences of the fidelity with which the mother of Newton discharged her duty to her son.

The intimacy which existed between Newton and Cowper should not be passed over in this connection. The religious principles of the poet were undoubtedly fixed before he made the acquaintance of his clerical friend. Still, the influence exerted upon him from this source was of the most salutary kind. It was the means of

cherishing and maturing his piety, and of giving it a depth and fervor, which it might not have acquired in any other way. The decidedly evangelical cast which stamps the poetry of Cowper with so precious a value in the estimation of the Christian reader, might have been, we will not say, wholly wanting, but certainly much less marked than it is, had it not been for the prayers, the letters, and the heavenly counsels of Newton. At any rate, it is well known that many of the finest religious hymns in the language, which express the feelings of the pious heart, with unrivaled beauty as well as truth, and which are beyond price, as useful aids to devotion, owe their origin altogether to the connection of which we are speaking. In short, it is not too much to say, that if the productions of Cowper have any value, as affording an earnest of the sanctified literature which we trust will not only abound, but be exclusively relished in the days of millennial glory,—if they are precious, as evincing the compatibility of eminent genius and devotion,—if they may be appealed to with honest pride by the believer, as an illustration of their own sentiment, that

> "Piety has found
> Friends in the friends of science; and true prayer
> Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews,"—

if the poems of Cowper possess these and similar merits, it is not too much to assert, we think, that we are indebted for the invaluable treasure quite as much to the curate as we are to the poet of Olney. Let this fact, then, be taken into account, in estimating the extent of maternal influence in the case to which we are attending.

We will now turn to another of those streams of moral influence which, in all probability, have emanated from Newton. There is good reason for believing that the prayers of this holy man were the means of converting the late *illustrious Wilberforce*. It is chiefly upon the authority of a passage contained in the Rev. Mr. Scott's sermon, preached in the native place of Wilberforce, on occasion of his death, that we rest the statement that the conversion of this distinguished orator and Christian was owing, under God, to the instrumentality of Newton. It is the following: "At twelve years of age, Wilberforce attended a school in the neighborhood of London, residing with a pious uncle and aunt; the latter of whom, on some occasion, introduced him to the notice of the beloved and venerable John Newton. When, nearly fifteen years after, altered views and revived impressions led him again to seek the acquaintance of that excellent man, Mr. Newton surprised and affected him much, by telling him, that from the time of the early introduction just alluded to, he had not failed constantly to pray for him."

This is certainly a remarkable incident. We know of nothing in the circumstances of the acquaintance which should have awakened such an interest for a child seen but a few moments, and afterward not heard of perhaps for many years; and can account for the fact that such an interest was awakened, only by referring it to the special agency of the Holy Spirit; and if so, who can resist the conviction, that the design in all this was to prepare the way for at length bringing into the kingdom of Christ the youth for whom such incessant prayer was offered? And then, still further, who can believe that a man of the apostolic faith of Newton would be suffered to urge a specific request at the throne of mercy, for so many years, without being heard and accepted? Even this view of the case would be satisfactory.

In view of the statements, it will not be thought unwarranted, we trust, to consider Newton as having been, in the hands of God, the chief instrument of the conversion of Wilberforce. And what event, it is almost needless to ask, has occurred for centuries, fraught with consequences of greater magnitude to the interests of mankind? When has the individual lived, who has exercised a more decided influence on the destinies of the world? Who, since the days of the gifted Paul, has consecrated nobler powers to the cause of his Redeemer, and left more monuments of the energy of his talents, and the disinterestedness of his zeal? His work on Practical Religion alone has probably conferred greater benefits on the age, than all the labors of almost any other man now living. His efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery place him, by universal consent, among the most distinguished benefactors of his race. And how much the benevolent institutions of England owe to the charities of his princely fortune, and the appeals of his glowing eloquence, everybody knows, that has been at all conversant with the religious proceedings of that country for the last fifty years.

Let us notice one case of conversion effected through the instrumentality of Wilberforce, not only highly important in its effects on the church, but peculiarly interesting in the circumstances which produced it. The case referred to is that of the Rev. Legh Richmond. He had entered the ministry, it would seem, with very defective views of its solemn nature, his motives altogether worldly and selfish, and an entire stranger to the spiritual, humbling, self-denying doctrines of the Gospel. Soon after his entrance upon the sacred office in this state of mind, Wilberforce's treatise on "Practical Christianity" was put into his

hands, with the request that he would give it an attentive reading. The impression which the perusal made on his mind is thus described by himself. Speaking of the baptism of one of his children, by the name of Wilberforce, he says,—"I feel it to be a debt of gratitude, which I owe to God and to man, to take this affecting opportunity of stating, that to the unsought and unexpected introduction of Mr. Wilberforce's book on 'Practical Christianity,' I owe, through God's mercy, the first sacred impression which I ever received as to the spiritual nature of the Gospel system, the vital character of personal religion, the corruption of the human heart, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. As a young minister, recently ordained, I had commenced my labors too much in the spirit of the world. The scriptural principles stated in the 'Practical View' convinced me of my error; led me to the study of the Scriptures with an earnestness to which I had hitherto been a stranger; humbled my heart, and brought me to seek the love and blessing of that Saviour, who alone can afford a peace which the world cannot give. I know too well what has passed within my heart, for now a long period of time, not to feel and confess, that to this incident I was indebted, originally, for those solid views of Christianity, on which I rest my hope for time and eternity."

We need not speak at length of the character and services of the man who was thus converted to the truth. The church can display few names of brighter lustre than the name of Richmond. It would have stood high, even upon the records of the apostolic age itself. As to his own times, not many certainly have adorned them with the splendor of greater talents, or blessed them with the fruit of a more enlarged and efficient philanthropy. He would have endeared himself to the hearts of the pious forever, had he done nothing more than to write "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Negro Servant," and "The Young Cottager." What multitudes, even during the brief period that they have been in circulation, have these "simple annals of the poor" made wise and rich unto eternal life! How many have been penetrated and subdued by the sweet voice of piety, that speaks from these pages, who would never have listened to bolder and more direct appeals! Scarcely a month or a day passes which does not illustrate the power of these tracts to convert the souls of men. Who that considers this, and considers still further, that having been extensively translated, they possess and exert the same power in many other languages besides our own, and that they will continue to affect thus the human mind, so long as the world itself endures, can fully estimate the extent of the benefit, which their author has bestowed on mankind? To the sum, therefore, which has been already computed, of the advantages resulting to the world from the influence of Mrs. Newton, we must add still further all the beneficial results of the lives of Wilberforce and Richmond.

It is unnecessary to extend our illustrations at greater length. Those that have been given, if not the most striking which a more extensive acquaintance with biography, and a closer insight into the connection of events, would have furnished, are still sufficient, we think, to sustain the remark, that this woman, of whom we have been speaking, has left as deep *visible* traces of her existence upon the face of human affairs, as almost any uninspired person that has yet appeared in our world. Is it not so? Suppose, then, that all which she has done for our race were at this moment undone; suppose that every particle of the moral influence, created by her having lived, and which has entered by so many forms of diffusion into the piety of the age, were at this moment annihilated, what consequences of disaster in heaven and on earth would ensue!

We would commend the consideration of this case to all parents, indeed, but especially to Christian mothers. Let them remember, that it is their hand which fixes the impress of character, not only upon their own children, but in a greater or less degree upon all whom they in their turn shall influence. What a thought! How full at once of admonition and encouragement! How does it become them, in view of it, both to tremble and rejoice!

The mother who sees that she has been the instrument of the rescue of a single child from the power of sin, will feel, that even for such a result she would not have ceased her exertions one moment sooner, that she would not have shed a single tear, or offered a single prayer the less. There would be sufficient excitement to effort merely in the prospect of such an issue. But she need not, she *may* not, thus limit her views. Who can prove that the case of the mother of Newton is peculiar at all in any other way, than that it happens to be better known to us than most cases of this nature? For ourselves, we are at issue with any one who thinks otherwise; and we therefore say, that the mother, who has the training of but a single mind, wields a power such as the Infinite Controller rarely places in human hands; and that if faithful to the charge, she may hope to be blessed as the means of saving not only her own offspring, but through them a countless multitude of others.

HENRY IV. KING OF FRANCE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

While the city of Paris was still enveloped in the darkness of night, and the air was filled with the shrieks of the Protestants, Henry was taken by a number of soldiers, and about two hours before the dawn of day, was led over the dead bodies of his friends into the presence of the king. Frenzied with the excitements of the scene, the weak-minded and contemptible, but bloodthirsty monster, received him with a countenance inflamed with fury. With oaths and imprecations he ordered him to abandon a religion which, he affirmed, that the Protestants had assumed only as a cloak for their rebellion. With the most violent gesticulation and threats, he declared that he would no longer submit to be contradicted by his subjects, but they should revere him as the image of God. Henry, who was a Protestant from considerations of state policy, rather than from political principle, yielded to that necessity by which alone he could save his life, and even sent an edict into his dominions, by which the exercise of any religion except that of Rome was forbidden. Whatever allowances charity may induce us to make for the youthful monarch, thus yielding, with the sword at his throat, and his mutilated friends bleeding at his feet, he would surely have shown a more imperial spirit had he nobly resolved to brave death rather than surrender to one whom, in heart, he could not but despise.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Henry was for some time a prisoner at the court of France; he lived in splendor, and was surrounded with all regal luxury; but chains were thrown around him which, though gilded, were so strong that he could not break them. It was the policy of Catharine—a policy so diabolical that one would hardly think that it could dwell in a female soul—to enervate, by vice, all those whose talents and energies she feared. With this intent, she surrounded her court with every possible allurement to sinful indulgence. The annals of royalty have never recorded scenes of more repulsive profligacy than at this time reigned in the palaces of France. Henry did not escape from the ordeal unscathed. It would have been almost a miracle had he done so. Catharine brought in all the resources of her wealth, and devoted all her powers to allure Henry into those licentious habits which should enfeeble his body and demoralize his soul. Still, though Henry was wounded in the strife, the natural nobility of his spirit led him to loathe the tainted atmosphere he was compelled to breathe, so different from the purity to which he was accustomed in the court of his noble and Christian mother.

In less than two years from this time the miserable Charles IX. died, and his brother Henry ascended the throne. The young King of Navarre was still a prisoner in Paris. The chamber where the dying monarch engaged in the struggle with the king of terrors presented an appalling spectacle of remorse and terror. The wretched monarch would start and shriek in his fevered dreams, as his murdered victims, drenched in gore, gathered around his bedside to point him out to the demons who were commissioned to bear him to unceasing torments. His wan and haggard cheek, his frenzied eye, his sepulchral and tremulous voice, proclaimed that the undying worm had commenced its gnawings. Week after week, month after month, the dying monarch lay stretched on beds of down, and under purple canopies, in the endurance of all the torture which the human soul, while enshrined in its earthly tenement, has capacity to endure. He was hated by his subjects. He had not one single friend in whom he could repose the slightest confidence. The muttering thunder of rising rebellion and anarchy was heard in every section of his kingdom. No pen can describe the darkness and gloom, which, in folds of daily increasing density, settled down around the wretched monarch, till his guilty heart ceased to beat.

The situation of the young King of Navarre was at this time as far from honorable as man can easily occupy. His wife surrendered herself, without any restraint, to shameless profligacy. He was compelled, or rather felt compelled, to disguise all his feelings and principles, to issue edicts for the government of his subjects in Navarre, which his soul abhorred, and to mingle with forced smiles

and courtesy in the revels of a court, where he was detained a prisoner. The warning of a pious mother still rang in his ears. Letters from Jeanne d'Albret to her son are still extant, breathing the most sacred spirit of maternal solicitude.

Henry, the brother of Charles, at the time of that monarch's death, was King of Poland. He immediately was proclaimed King of France, with the title of Henry III. The Poles were so unwilling to part with their monarch, that Henry was under the necessity of escaping by night, to prevent being imprisoned by his own guards. In darkness and disguise, with one or two faithful attendants, he took flight, and by unfrequented and circuitous ways, succeeded in reaching his own dominions. Henry had hardly seated himself upon the throne, when he was smitten with a mysterious disease, which he attributed to poison, administered by his brother. For some time his life was despaired of, and he called the King of Navarre to his bedside, and entreated him to try by the sword to gain the crown, that the brother whom he hated might be thrust aside. Many of the highest nobility in the realm were ready to rally around Henry of Navarre, and a strong party was gradually forming to support his claims. The king, however, to the surprise of all, slowly recovered. Impiety, violence, and licentiousness, now ran riot in the court of France. The scenes of depravity which were witnessed no pen can describe. The polluted Catharine and her polluted offspring reveled in orgies which Pandemonium could hardly rival. The queen-mother and the children plotted against each other's lives, and assassination was the unhesitating mode of getting rid of a rival. The young King of Navarre was in the most imminent danger. Many plots were formed to take his life, and at last perils so thickened around him, that he resolved to attempt flight at every hazard. On the pretence of engaging in a hunting-party, he contrived, with a few friends, to separate himself from the group, in eager and clamorous pursuit after the hounds, and turning his horse's head toward his own dominions, he plunged the spurs into his side, and mounting a fresh horse as often as the one he rode gave out beneath him, he stopped not for refreshment or repose, till he was sixty miles from Paris. Then he was met by an escort of his own soldiers, and leisurely traveled to the kingdom of Navarre.

The Catholics, apprehensive that upon the death of Henry III. the Protestants would rally around the King of Navarre, and elevate him to the throne, formed a league to place the crown upon the brow of the Duke of Guise, brother of the French king. Between the two parties war soon broke out, and for several years there were assassinations, skirmishes, and occasional battles, in all parts of France. Upon the death of Catharine, Henry was left to the feeble resource of his own mind, and was soon so entirely bewildered and overwhelmed by the difficulties in which he was involved, that he was constrained to call Henry of Navarre to his aid, and throw himself into his arms. Civil war now rioted through France with tenfold fury. Soon Henry fell by the hand of an assassin, after surrendering all his rights to the throne to the King of Navarre. Then came the fearful and protracted struggle called "The War of the Succession." France was deluged with blood, and misery ran riot through her smouldering villages and sacked cities. The Duke of Guise had been assassinated, and the Duke of Mayenne was proclaimed king, by a party consisting of the most resolute Catholics of the kingdom, whether nobles or commons. The claims of Henry of Navarre were advocated by the Protestants and by the more moderate of the Catholics. The two parties met, for a decisive battle, on the plains of Ivry, on the 14th of March, 1590. Poets, and painters, and historians, have vied in their attempts to transmit to posterity a description of this celebrated conflict, in which the troops of the King of Navarre were victorious.

The struggle continued for three years, and yet there seemed to be no approach toward a lasting peace. While the King of Navarre was a Protestant, and the great majority of his subjects Catholics, it seemed impossible that he should place the crown upon his brow, and keep it there, without a constant conflict. It gradually became evident that Henry must either espouse the Catholic faith, or relinquish all hopes of taking his permanent seat upon the throne of France. Under these circumstances he was induced to examine the arguments in favor and against Protestantism. He professed to apply his mind with great candor to all the arguments which the controversy had called forth. He was assured that would he but espouse the Catholic faith, all the Catholics would immediately rally around his standard; and that the Protestants would continue to support him, as they would be assured of his sympathy; and they only asked for toleration. The struggle with Henry was a serious one. His own elevation to power, the tranquillity of the kingdom and the prosperity of the Protestants, in the most imploring tones, seemed to invite him to the change. Pride of character—for he made no pretence of being guided by religious principle—induced him to shrink from the imputation of a renegade. Ambition conquered

in the conflict, and he publicly announced his intention of professing the Catholic faith.

On the 25th of July, 1793, the king, in all the pomp of royalty, and surrounded by all the gorgeous paraphernalia of the hierarchy of Rome, entered the venerable church of St. Dennis. A countless multitude surrounded and thronged the building. The Archbishop of Bourges, with a numerous retinue of Catholic ecclesiastics, were assembled to receive the illustrious convert.

"Who are you?" inquired the bishop, as the monarch with his attendants entered the cathedral.

"I am the king," was the reply.

"What is your request?" rejoined the archbishop.

"To be received," rejoined the king, "into the pale of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion."

"Do you truly desire this?" asked the bishop.

"I truly do," the king replied.

Then, kneeling down, he uttered the following oath: "I protest and swear, in the presence of Almighty God, to live and die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Religion; to protect and defend it against all its enemies, at the hazard of my blood and life, renouncing all heresies contrary to it."

Upon the announcement of this change, almost immediately every sword was sheathed, and Catholics and Protestants alike acquiesced in the coronation of Henry IV.; which event took place with great pomp, on the 27th of February, 1594. Navarre became thus attached to the French monarchy, from which it has never since been dissevered. Thus the house of Valois passed away, and the house of Bourbon commenced its reign. But a short time after this, the famous edict of Nantes was promulgated, granting ample liberty of conscience, the privilege of worshiping God in accordance with their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities. The Protestants were content, the Catholics were content, and France was in repose.

And now Henry commenced a career of magnanimous devotion to the interests of France, which has rendered his name one of the most illustrious in the annals of kings. He recovered from those frailties into which he had been plunged by the strong temptations of his youth, and consecrating all the energies of his strong mind and generous heart to the welfare of his empire, elevated France to a rank of power and glory which she had never attained before. In attestation of his glowing love for the country over which he reigned so regally, his memorable prayer upon the eve of a battle has often been quoted. "Oh Lord, if this day thou meanest to trouble me for my sins, I bow my head to the stroke of thy justice; spare not the guilty; but, Lord, by thy holy mercy, have pity on this poor realm, and strike not the flock for the faults of the shepherd." There are few who have not heard his famous remark, that "if God granted him the ordinary term of human life, he hoped to see France in such a condition that every peasant in it should be able to have a fowl in pot upon Sundays."

Henry remained upon the throne, almost idolized by his subjects, and admired by all Europe, for about twelve years. He obtained a divorce from his shameless wife, and contracted a second marriage with Mary de Medicis. Arrangements were made, on a most magnificent scale, for the coronation of the new queen. On the 13th of May, 1610, the gorgeous procession left the Louvre for the pageant which attracted the eyes of all Europe; and Henry was then upon the pinnacle of earthly grandeur and power. The next day he entered his carriage, to visit his prime minister, Sully, who was sick. As he rode through the streets, his way was obstructed by a hay-cart, and the passage became clogged. The crowd, ever ebbing and flowing through the streets of Paris, pressed by the royal carriage. The king was seated in the back part of the coach, and as the day was unusually fine, the curtains were drawn, and Henry reclined in his seat, serenely looking upon the scene around him. The attendants guarding the royal coach were a little scattered in the endeavors to remove the obstruction, when a man with haggard cheeks and disheveled hair, enveloped in a cloak, stepped from the crowd, and suddenly rising upon the spoke of the wheel, he plunged a dagger into the bosom of the king. "I am wounded," cried the king. The assassin repeated the blow, when the knife pierced the heart of the monarch, and instantaneous death ensued.

Many of the remarks of the king have been transmitted to posterity, as illustrative of his character. Some one, remarking upon the early period at which his hair turned gray, the king observed, "It was the wind of adversity continually blowing in my face which changed it." To a person asking him to pardon his nephew, who had committed an assassination, he replied, "I am sorry that I cannot grant your request; it becomes you well to act the uncle, and it becomes me well to act the king. I excuse your petition; do you excuse my refusal." The name of Henri Quatre is never pronounced in France but with profound respect. Few have ever more worthily occupied a throne.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

Of all the sights calculated to stir up solemn emotion which I have yet seen—and in the last ten years I have seen not a few sublime ones, moral or physical—I scarcely hesitate to say that the most remarkable is a funeral at sea. Now and then one lights upon such an announcement in the newspaper obituaries, "On such a date, So-and-So, at sea;" and it breaks the routine. There is something thrilling about it; one does not need to ask where he was buried. At intervals, too, you realize the thing more forcibly amongst the mural tablets of a family, in a green cemetery, where death seems to have hit a sharper stroke than usual, sweeping away one individual far out into the circle of the homeless waters. The Resurrection and Life appear visibly forth-shadowed in the ever-springing grass and herbs. But there is a tomb which can neither be consecrated nor adorned with prettiness; and there the wide, wide agony of bereavement has room to go forth, weltering and reveling amongst more unmanageable images, till the soul itself is almost overwhelmed, and rises again and again, dripping with the coldness of despair, in its attempt only to find the dead.

From various causes, indeed, deaths at sea, requiring ocean sepulture, irrespective of common disaster, seem to have become, in latter times, more unfrequent. For my own part, I have only witnessed the incident on one occasion, but I never wish to see it again. It was a ship of considerable size, deeply laden, with a crew of about thirty, and a few passengers. She was homeward bound, and on the verge of the tropical latitudes, passing once more into the longer twilights and brisker skies of the north-western Atlantic, whose mighty ridges, driven by a strong breeze from the east, were substituted for the lazy, sullen, blue undulations of the line, where the full-waisted middle of the globe appears to be distended into solemn repose under the full flood of vertical light, and you only cross it by convulsive gulps of air, as in an exhausted receiver. All on board were well and hearty; the breeze, as usual, gave new spirits to both passengers and crew. In the evening our quarter-deck was a lively scene of walking, gossiping, looking out at the sea, and up at the clouds, watching for a sail on the horizon, or noticing the birds and the flying-fish, whose habits were brought into play around the vessel. Leaving the good ship to do her best—and she did it with a flying fore-foot hissing above the white spray, every stitch of canvas drawing—each one addressed himself to making the most out of general circumstances. The very essence of quiet comfort transpired in the sight of a couple of idle gentlemen smoking beside the lee-bulwarks, their heads together, outside, talking after dinner, while every now and then some huge wave from under the counter rose with its luminous bells and sparkles up beneath their very eyes. The ladies had their seats and their work below the roundhouse roof; the captain, the mate, and myself, leant on the green capstan-cover, and "yarned" away at leisure, with scarce any interruption from the trim aloft; while far forward could be seen the feet and trowsers of the men through the opening under the matted foot of the foresail, as it lifted gently up and down. They sat enjoying the mere privilege of dog-watch rest as much as any one; or a pair of older seamen paced the forecastle in converse, glancing over the side at intervals, with full satisfaction as to what the old craft was making.

The breeze, however, gradually freshened to a gale; her upper spars began to look more naked and white against the lowering foreground, into which the scud drove like an upper region of troubled ocean; till below, also, the canvas was gathered up along the spread of the yards; there was no shelter from the angry eye of the gale, drawing a-head, except her shortened topsails in the middle, strained and blown out with wind, and slanted to meet it. The moonlight, at night, was diffused all over the sky upon a complete veil of clouds, and soaked through it with that faint, cream colored, uncertain tone, which merely served to show the form of the sea, rising up into it in enormous ridges, and the motion of the ship rolling uneasily to windward before she descended a dark hollow. She could no longer lie her course, and was at length cast round till the wind came on her quarter, when, with a reef shaken out and main-course again let down, she careened to the opposite side, and went plunging away to the westward. The gale still increased, and I had, for some time before going below to dinner, watched the deep bend of the main-tack, with its two huge blocks slacked off, so as to rise high near the starboard fore-shrouds, which was strain-

ing the canvas, struggling hard to be let go, and making the ship go more heavily through, while its groaning could be distinguished beneath the sound of the gale. As I went down the companion I heard the mate's voice call out, "Clew up and furl the mainsail!" The man at the helm, I found afterward, let her come up in the wind a little too much, as the hands let go the tack and began to clew it up. There was a tremendous clap; the two large blocks came smash again and again upon the rigging; a white sea broke over the weather-bulwarks with a blow like that of a hundred fore-hammers, washed aft, and came weltering round the cuddy skylight, part of it actually leaping down the stair after me from step to step. The dishes in the cabin, though too well secured to slip, emptied a good deal of their contents into the passengers' laps; ladies and gentlemen fell upon each other, and the captain swore at the helmsman, as the ship rolled easily away upon the next wave. A more serious accident, however, had occurred on deck; one of the watch had been struck about the ear by the clew-blocks of the mainsail in their furious recoil, and he was carried below to his hammock, dreadfully injured. There was a ship's surgeon, who immediately attended to him; but he never spoke again, except to ask at first for water, and died next morning watch.

The poor fellow was buried the afternoon following his death, as there is a general prejudice against keeping a dead body. The weather was still wild and threatening, the ship drove heavily to leeward on the large, leaden-colored masses of water, with main-staysail, and close-reefed topsails, and spanker set. I noticed that the men did not talk of their late comrade, but seemed uneasy till the solemn load should be withdrawn; and although I believe none of them would have been afraid of the elements face to face, yet, in that mood, every pitch of the vessel was probably regarded by them as supernaturally stiff and unbuoyant: the clouds gathering to westward late in the day, wore an aspect more ominous than clouds of themselves could put on. The body was brought up from the half-deck, rigidly sewed into the hammock, which never more should swing below to the motion of the breeze; a couple of large shot at the feet inside; it was laid on a wooden grating across the spars, which were fastened to the lee-bulwarks of the gangway. I observed that some more familiar messmate had attached to the canvas envelopment a front-label from the seaman's hat, with the name of the vessel in bright letters; and also a rudely-painted scrap of tarpaulin, bearing the name of the deceased, "Robert Wilkes, aged 47." It was a token of rough care which, under the circumstances, appeared affecting.

The passengers stood in a group beneath the quarter-deck, every one doing the best to attend, in spite of the unfavorable weather; while the crew were gathered in a half-circle, beyond the captain and officers, to hear him read the service. The gale had somewhat lulled at the time, and it was clearer to the east; but to westward, in the obscure approach of sunset, a host of mighty clouds were rolled up from the dark-blue horizon, till their rounded and many-figured summits, standing out in relief against an empty space of sky, were tinted with a lurid and brassy glow. The unbroken wave-tops on that side caught a gleam of light as they rose, that brought out in more vivid contrast the huge shadows of their liquid blackness on the other, wrinkled and freckled with foam, while the spray showered now and then into the hollows, and a gray gull or two, with expanded wings, was seen dipping aslant in the atmosphere beyond. The leaves of the prayer-book fluttered as the captain tried to keep his place, and all waited at intervals for a weather-roll that would allow him to resume. At another time the mainyard would have been respectfully backed till the moment of burial, but this could not be conveniently done on the present occasion. The chief parts only of the burial service were read; and, indeed, to omit these, in their solemn appropriateness, because of a mere gale of wind, would have been felt unworthy of brave seamen or good shipmates; nevertheless, all were glad when the captain reached the close. At that minute the ship sank in a trough, the voice of the blast seemed to be stilled on deck, though whistling loudly through the upper spars and rigging. A thrill of awful emotion passed into one's spirit, as the sad and impressive ceremony went on. As the words broke from the captain's lips, "We commit his body to the deep," the ship rose high upon a vast wave, the voice of the captain blew away to leeward, but he made a sign with his hand to the men: the end of the grating flew up, and shooting from her uplifted side, feet foremost, the body, wrapped within its hammock, plunged far down into the long, yeasty sweep of the element below. The pale waters closed bubbling over, and it seemed as if at that instant a mighty hand threw upon it into the abyss, like the symbolic shower of earth, a green surge from the abundance of ocean, with a weltering plash far different from the rattle on a coffin-lid; next moment it had swelled noiselessly up above our mainyard, and with heads uncovered did we listen in the hollow to the remainder of the service. The captain closed the book. "Keep her

away, my lad!" he shouted through his hand to the man at the wheel. "A bit of a pull on the weather mainbrace, men!" said he, again; and in a short time the wind was found to have changed a point or two, so that one reef was shaken out of the topsails, and the ship, driven more swiftly, rose and fell less upon the seas, whose direction coincided more with hers.

At night, in the first watch, I was on deck for more than an hour before going to bed; the moon was out again, and it was somewhat of a "white gale" from the south-east; that is, one with a clear sky to windward, often some of the most violent, and generally from a north-easterly quarter. A long, low bank of cloud lay to the west, brightened by moonlight, but appearing to look solemnly over the heaving outline of waters, like the heads of strange mourners, pale-faced, with dark-hooded garments, leaning over a sepulchral boundary. The seamen now seemed to talk together of their lost messmate, or else to be disinclined for usual conversation. All "poor Bob's" good points now came out; he was the best hand at a "Turk's-head knot" in the ship, or a weather-earing, or a song of a Saturday night, they said.

There was even speculation about his future prospects in another world, which most of the sailors seemed to think secured by his good qualities, while some thought it best to leave it to the superior Powers. One curious-looking old fellow gave it as his opinion, corroborated by general nautical tradition, that the souls of seamen buried at sea, continued to watch over their living comrades in the shape of stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens; and Bob's lot, he stoutly upheld, would be the same as others.

"Well, mate," said the fine-looking, elderly sailor, in reply to this heathen notion, "to my thinking, that's all a yarn for the marines. Why, don't ye mind the song of *Tom Bowling*, that Bob used to sing hisself of a Saturday night, with the grog-can in his fist?" And it was at once striking and affecting to notice the tone of half-restrained emotion with which the old sailor repeated the words of Dibdin,

> "What though his body 's under hatches,
> His soul has gone aloft!"

Against this authoritative quotation there was on standing; all appeared satisfied, with the exception of the grim old propounder of a theory once a good deal prevalent amongst tars of the old school; and, as with one consent, the whole subject was dropped.

I had a short talk afterward with the sailor who had alluded to the song of *Tom Bowling;* he was the *chum* of the dead man, and it was he who had affixed his name to the remains. He said that the poor fellow had always had a great dread of being buried at sea, having twice or thrice been nearly drowned during his many voyages.

"Many's the hammock, sir," said he, "I've seen launched over the side; but I think I never felt so much at seeing a corp hove o'board, out of its nat'ral ailment like, as I did with regard to a young girl that we buried out o' the homeward-bound India fleet once. 'Twas nigh five-an'-twenty year gone, of a dead calm; we were thirty and more large craft, under convoy of a frigate and line-o'-battle ship. The girl was with her father, and a young gentleman as was to have married her, I reckon; but she looked so pale and delicate-like, as shewed she never would get the better of the East India sun. The calms lasted in the Horse Latitudes longer nor I remember to ha' seen afore or since; there was a want o' water aboard 'most every ship, and fever afloat. 'Twas terrible hot, too, and I dare say if we'd had but a good breeze in time, 't would ha' kept her up till we hove in sight of land, at the least; and then they'd have carried her ashore. Hows'ever, one hot, stifling sort of an afternoon, she died; and the next one all the ships' boats was got out, with the union-jack hoisted astarn in the gig where she was, and half-mast high in the Indiaman's rigging. We pulled out on the smooth, blue water, to a stretch clear of the ships, for five or six o' them had got stuck together, starn and broadside, with but a hundred fadom or two betwixt the nearest; and the rest looked all round on the sea-line, heading to every point o' the compass. The friends of the girl was in the gig, and the chaplain read the sarvice; you could hear it, you would say, for a mile round every way. The sun was setting along the sulky blue water, all of long, lazy lines, and the light came as red as blood behind the black hulls, and upon the yards, and through the sails, a'most. In the midst of the sarvice we lowered the coffin slowly down; it had nothing on it but some white ribbons, and a name painted, but the wood was only stained oak-color. We watched it go down, and down, till it looked green; then some white bells came up, the father gave a groan, but the young man stood up straight and grim, with the sun falling on his bare brow; the chaplain read on to the end, then the Indiaman fired three guns, and we out oars and pulled back. 'Tis like a seaman, sir, to go down in the deep till all hands be called aloft, but to my mind it don't suit them as is reared ashore, more 'specially when they're young and fair, an' their friends would like to see the grass over their grave!"

ONWARD!

Onward! onward! ever onward!
  Pressing till the goal be won,
Workmen all in life's great seed-field,
  Laboring till set of sun;
Digging, delving, weeds uprooting,
  Planting in the good and true,
Making fertile barren places—
  Such the work we have to do;
Darkness comes, when no man worketh;
  Lo, the shadows steal apace
O'er the landscape! Up, my brothers!
  We must win or *lose* the race!
Lag not, faint not, though before ye
  All is sterile, dark, and drear;
'Tis to cultivate such regions
  God has form'd and placed us here.

Onward! onward! ever onward,
  Pressing with a joyful hope,
And a faith as firm and steadfast
  As o'erhead the azure cope;
And an energy untiring,
  And a love that hath no bound,
But embraceth *all* God's creatures,
  In what guise soever found!
With an earnestness of purpose,
  And a heartiness of will,
That will surely lead to conquest,
  If not exercised for ill.
Conquest, without blood-stain'd laurels,
  Widows' cries, and orphans' tears,
And the memories that imbitter
  All life's springs in after years.

Onward! onward! ever onward
  Flow the rivers, sweep the tides;
All is change, and all is motion,
  Nothing steadfast here abides.
It was never meant for slumber,
  This great moving world of ours—
Never meant for lying dormant,
  All man's high and holy powers.
Listen to the greatest Teacher
  Ever mortal ears have heard—
To the voice that to all ages
  Speaketh aye the living Word—
What, in the dread hour of judgment,
  Will the inquisition be?—
"Where's the loan, and where the talent,
  Wherewith God hath trusted thee?"

Onward! onward! ever onward!
  List the song the angels sing—
"Work ye out your own salvation,
  Labor for God's glorying!"
Tarry not amid the darkness,
  Seek no rest upon the way;
Climb the hill, and stem the torrent,
  Helping all whom help you may.
Honor to the sturdy smiters—
  Honor to the stout of heart;
Not in warfare with his fellows—
  This is not the Christian's part—
But against the powers of evil,
  Ignorance, and wretchedness,
They should ever fight, and struggle,
  As they, toiling, onward press!

"MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS."

The world may prize its peerless gold,
  And deem its gems divine,
But there are treasures manifold
  Where bud and blossom shine.

Who will not own the blissful thrill
  The simple daisy yields?
By sunny stream or rippling rill
  Slow winding through the fields.

I would not change bright fancy's dower
  For all the wealth of kings;
To me the presence of a flower
  The purest pleasure brings.

O'erspread thy brow with glittering gems,
  Thy form in ermine robe—
And grasp the costly diadems,
  The sceptres of the globe:

But if thou hast not sterling worth,
  Which good men most adore,
Thy throne shall be a mound of earth;
  Thou, common man,—no more.

But if the majesty of mind,
  With virtue, thou dost own,
Then princely art thou of thy kind,
  And fit to grace a throne.

And though may blow an adverse wind,
  And fade thy glittering store,
Still great art thou in heart and mind,
  And rich for evermore!

EXPERIENCES OF A CITY MISSIONARY.

It seems strange, yet it is true, that in crowded cities, where men are gathered together by thousands, there is more of loneliness and mystery than in country villages, where cottages are sparsely sprinkled beside each other, and where the scanty population is, in fact, much divided. In the rural districts, however, the history and genealogy of neighbors are as well known to each other as if they formed members of one family, and the every-day concerns and routine of each other's life constitute the common gossip. This general supervision, although it is not at all admissible in etiquette, conduces to preserve a jealousy and circumspection of behavior in the country population that in some respects is favorable to propriety of conduct. In the cities, however, the facilities for such a supervision seem totally to prevent it. Pent close in their city-homes, and busied with the concerns of active indoor-labor, men have few opportunities of meeting each other, and neighbors have scarcely facilities for extending their acquaintance beyond their immediate dwellings. Twenty years ago few of the mysteries of city life were ever revealed, save when some poor culprit was dragged from his obscurity to suffer for some horrid deed. Then society would catch a glimpse of the dark world of crime, that lived, and moved, and had its being down below the world of common life. Home Missionary Societies have within these fifteen years lifted the veil from city life, however, and have sadly laid bare the dark records of suffering, sorrow, and crime which they have painfully gathered before the eyes of the world, not to chide it, but to warn it of its duty.

In 1834 the Home Missionary Society of Philadelphia had its origin in the pious endeavors of three young men to reform the profane and immoral boatmen who followed their profession on the Schuylkill. The noble effort succeeded, and those who had so generously engaged in it sought new spheres of activity, and obtained new allies, until the Home Missionary Society became an institution of America. The following facts and incidents are rescripts of the experiences of the missionaries. They are published in order to awaken, if possible, a deeper interest in those beneficent societies, and to illustrate the condition of those among whom their agents labor. These illustrations of necessity sometimes assume a fictitious form, but which, we are assured, are mainly true. The facts are unquestionable.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

PAGE I.—THE GAMESTER.

The first page of the book of life opens with a view of a gambling-house in New Orleans. There is a mixed assemblage of men, on whose distorted features could be read whole volumes of crime and passion. I counted thirty persons, besides those whose business it was to set the gambling machine in operation. The table was covered with money, upon which the excited wretches gazed with nervous earnestness, and as chance or fraud, perhaps both, operated against them, the deep volcanoes of the soul burst out in wild exclamations, intermingled with oaths and curses. A true picture of hell is a gambling-house!

One old man, whose gray hairs hung wildly about his neck, grasped dollar after dollar, as it turned up to his number, and the ghastly smile told how it soothed the anguish of his mind. He won, but there were those who lost; what a picture did their countenances convey of the passions that reigned within! Eyes distended, lips compressed, the nervous tremor, all showed that the spirit of gambling was doing its horrid work. One young man there was, who more particularly attracted my attention, for in him I recognized a fellow-boarder. He lost, but his countenance gave no indication of it; he smiled, but the close observer might have discerned a sudden twitch of the lower lip, and nervous action of the arm, which plainly told that all was not calm within. The book of life opened for him dark, and the page was blotted with the tears of an absent parent.

PAGE II.—THE ROBBERY.

It was in a large boarding-house; the view from the balcony was beautiful; it opened out upon the Mississippi, whose dark waters rolled along toward the ocean, in all the grandeur and glory of the "father of waters." Myriads of steamboats floated along, laden with the riches of the "upper land," and the huge ships freighted for Europe gave goodly evidence that this indeed was the "emporium of the West." This page of the book of life opened beautiful and bright, and,

as I gazed upon it, I wished in my heart that it might be eternal!

While I stood gazing, my thoughts, carried off on the wings of imagination, were rioting in the anticipations of the future.

"What is thought?
Imagination's vast and shoreless sea,
Which shifting light and darkness play athwart
In rapid change; inscrutable and free,
A mirror where we find forms of all things that be."

A friend approached me, upon whose countenance a shadow of grief rested and hid the sunshine of his heart. So great a change struck me, and I inquired the cause. "I have been robbed," he replied; "robbed of my watch, and two hundred dollars in cash." At that moment the young man of the gambling-house came up; I caught his eye, it quailed beneath my glance—was it guilt?

"Robbed, did you say?" taking up the words of my friend; "how very strange! I too lost my watch—a valuable lever, the gift of my mother. We have a thief in the house."

I gazed at him intently as he spoke, and calmly observed, "*Yes, and a gambler too!*"

His face flushed, then grew pale as death, his lips quivered, and he hastily left us.

"Look after that man, Sandford. He rooms with you, does he not?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Mark me, Sandford—that man is the robber!"

"He a robber! Why, he is the son of a Virginia planter. Why suspect him?"

"Simply because I study the pages of the book of life."

The first and second chapter of his eventful career are written and stereotyped on the eternal tablets.

PAGE III.—THE FORGERY.

It was in another city, a vast, populous, commercial city, that I found myself busily engaged, and for a while neglected the book of life. I read men as they appear in the great mass. The pages were with trade and traffic, and in the hurry and confusion of my vocation I lost sight of individuality. But a circumstance occurred which brought up immediately before me one of the actors on life's stage. Extensive forgeries had been committed, and so ingeniously, too, that the rogue had already realized from the brokers upward of forty thousand dollars. These drafts were purported to have been drawn by a large cotton house in New Orleans, on their agent in New York. When I first heard the circumstance and the name of the firm in the Crescent city, I was struck with the curious coincidence that associated my gambling acquaintance with the forgery. The name by which he was known in that city was Morton, and the drafts, I ascertained, were made payable to Mortimer. True, the similarity in name was not in itself sufficiently striking, but what strengthened my suspicion was the fact, that the gentleman alluded to in the second page as being robbed, was a clerk in the very house by whom the drafts were said to be drawn. Satisfied in my own mind of the truth of my own surmises, I immediately started off to the broker to get a sight of one of the drafts. Just as I reached the corner of the street in which his office was located, who should I meet but the object of my suspicions. He was followed by a black man carrying a heavy trunk. As soon as he saw me he changed color, and passed rapidly on, with head averted, purposely to avoid me. "He is guilty," I exclaimed, "and has filled the third page of the book of life."

PAGE IV.—THE MURDER.

It was in a wild part of the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1837, where the huge mountains rise up almost perpendicular, and seem as if they were playing hide-and-seek with the clouds. I was there for the benefit of my health, as were also some thirty or forty others. We enjoyed our time most delightfully, hunting and fishing occupying two thirds of it. Then we made up parties for sailing; and when the moon poured down its silvery rays upon the water, we sang to the wild notes of music, which gave to the scene a romantic tone, and which found a corresponding chord to vibrate upon in every heart. I shall never forget my visit to the mountains of Pennsylvania. In a place so remote from the infectious vices of a populous city, it was to be expected that the people were virtuous and happy. Nor had there occurred aught to disturb the tranquillity which prevailed there, until the second week after our arrival.

One morning the body of a young girl was found on the bank, or rather the margin of a small stream which washed the base of the mountain, near the town. It was recognized as being the daughter of a poor woman who mangled for the boarders of the hotel. "How did this fearful accident occur?" was in every mouth; "ah, here are marks of violence, and evidence of foul play." Suspicion soon rested upon a young man who had been seen lurking in the neighborhood, and whose sudden disappearance gave rise to the report that he must be the murderer. On her person was found a piece of paper with

the words, evidently written in haste, "Meet me at eight—at the usual place." Signed M.

I saw the paper; the letter M staggered me; there was something in its appearance that attracted my attention; it seemed to speak. A mysterious feeling crept over me as I gazed, and mentally exclaimed, "It is Morton!" I turned the piece of paper over, examined it closely; it was evidently written on the back of a letter. Ah! what do I see? On a portion of the address, these letters were visible, "timer;" part of the post mark was on it, and I could plainly decipher—"eans, La."

It required no key, it was plain the letter was post-marked New Orleans, and directed to "Mortimer!" Strange! Murder completed the fourth page of the book of life!

PAGE V.—THE EXECUTION.

The fifth page presents a view of the gallows. The scenery around it differed from any that I had ever gazed upon before. On the right rolled the waters of the Susquehanna, on the left arose the blue mountains, covered with the mighty oaks, those old forest trees, whose ages could alone be reckoned by the wood-rangers; for they bore the impress of centuries. An immense multitude had assembled to witness the execution of a hardened criminal, one convicted of committing a most horrible murder. It was a fearful sight to gaze upon. The scaffold was erected at a point of the forest known as the Cross-roads; it was a rude constructed thing, but firm. The clouds were gathering in dark folds above us, but ever and anon the sun would dart forth its rays, and, striking the dark shade of the trees, gave to that portion of the scene a supernatural appearance of brightness. Around and about the gallows stood the anxious spectators; there was a mingled look of pity and defiance to feeling on each countenance, which gave to the uplifted faces of the thousands an unearthly if not fiendish expression. At last the culprit ascended the ladder, followed by the hangman; the rope was arranged, a solemn silence reigned among the vast crowd—not a sound was heard—respiration itself was *suspended!* The clouds had passed away; a sickly ray of light shone for a while upon the awful preparations. Again it ceased to shine; the clouds gathered in fearful blackness, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and a breeze, which swelled to a mighty wind, swept down from the mountain. At that moment the unhappy man raised his head from his heaving breast, and gazed around with a wild and maniac stare—I started—the action attracted his attention, our eyes met, and the next moment he was launched into eternity! It was Morton! The fifth page of the book of life is completed!

I'M WEARY OF THE WORLD.

O WHAT a world! of it I'm weary,
Its very gayety is dreary;
Its very hope begets despair:
Its very carelessness is care.
Its friendship's ever changeful mood,
Its love, that rarely leads to good;
Its spites, that canker every flower:
Its tempests, that incessant lour.

O what a world! its soulless aim,
Its empty pride, ambition, fame;
Its sad, o'ercasting truths, which damp
The flame of expectation's lamp,
Quenching the ardor of the heart,
That darkly dim, on life doth start,
To grope through ways which should be bright,
Which terminate in starless night.

O what a world! its clouded sun,
Its streams, that ever turbid run;
Its chill experience, that sheds
A hoar-frost o'er the fragrant beds
Of summer flowers, to nip their bloom,
Ere autumn gathers for her tomb
All that is lovely to the eye,
And grateful to the breast, to die.

O what a world!—yet HERE the Will,
Which never erred, hath placed us still;
Then, let us bide the just decree,
And humbly bow to destiny,
By disappointment purified,
And, nearer to those saints allied
Who WEPT as we,—yet who did rise,
The WAITED for, in Paradise.

THE THIRD WILLIAM.

SEE PLATE.

THE "fortunate escape" so strikingly sketched by the masterly pencil of Cooper, was no less fortunate for the cause of constitutional freedom in England, and, it may be said, in the world, than for the illustrious prince who reaped the benefit of it. Principles often become embodied. There are frequent junctures in the history of nations, where the success of principles which possess the eternal vitality of truth and justice, seems to depend upon the frail tenure of a single life. The deeds and the character of men acquire an importance when associated with the fate of a noble cause, altogether superior to what would attach to them by the force of their own virtues. We reverence the truth identified with their success more than the personal qualities which sustained that truth. It is peculiarly so with the hero of the great revolution of 1688. It was the fortune of the Prince of Orange to be called to the rescue of the noblest of causes, at a period of intense interest. Without the exercise of any great qualities, either of generalship or statesmanship, he succeeded in averting dangers which were probably more imminent and more threatening to the liberty and religion of England than any that ever brooded over that people. The triumph of principles so dear to humanity could not fail to reflect its lustre upon the name of the hero identified with them. William's has accordingly become one of the loftiest names in British annals—a fame cheaply won, yet not undeserved.

It was at the battle of the Boyne, the struggle which completed the overthrow of James, that William, reconnoitering his troops, became exposed to the fire of the enemy's field-pieces, which had been purposely planted against his person. The shot was sudden and fearfully well aimed, for one of his suite, together with two horses, were killed by his side. A ball rebounding, also grazed the shoulder of the king, very nearly deciding the destinies of England. It was this particular scene the artist attempted to reproduce.

In the resplendent page of Macaulay, William appears a far abler and better man than history has usually assigned him. With this historian he appears to be a favorite character; and it is impossible to trace in the light which Macaulay's industry has shed upon his actions, the close connection which the results of the revolution bore to the king's foresight, prudence and energy, without feeling that his was the master-mind of the whole movement. Those of our readers who have not perused Macaulay's recent work will perceive in the following masterly sketch of the person and character of William, the splendid traits of authorship that have given such great and just popularity to that production.

"At the time of his arrival in England William was in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and in mind he was older than other men of the same age. Indeed, it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counselors. Sculptors, painters, and medallists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity; and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivaling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humored man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers.

"Nature had largely endowed William with the qualities of a great ruler, and education had developed those qualities in no common degree. With strong natural sense and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy, then supreme in the United Provinces. The common people, fondly attached during a century to his house, indicated whenever they saw him, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they regarded him as their rightful head. The able and experienced ministers of the Republic, mortal enemies of his name, came every day to pay their feigned civilities to him, and to observe

the progress of his mind. The first movements of his ambition were carefully watched; every unguarded word uttered by him was noted down; nor had he near him any adviser on whose judgment reliance could be placed. He was scarcely fifteen years old when all the domestics who were attached to his interest, or who enjoyed any share of his confidence, were removed from under his roof by the jealous government. He remonstrated with energy beyond his years, but in vain. Vigilant observers saw the tears more than once rise in the eyes of the young state prisoner. His health, naturally delicate, sank for a time under the emotions which his desolate situation had produced. Such situations bewilder and unnerve the weak, but call forth all the strength of the strong. Surrounded by snares in which an ordinary youth would have perished, William learned to tread at once warily and firmly. Long before he reached manhood he knew how to keep secrets, how to baffle curiosity by dry and guarded answers, how to conceal all passions under the same show of grave tranquillity. Meanwhile, he made little proficiency in fashionable or literary accomplishments. The manners of the Dutch nobility of that age wanted the grace which was found in the highest perfection among the gentlemen of France, and which, in an inferior degree, embellished the court of England; and his manners were altogether Dutch. Even his countrymen thought him blunt. To foreigners he often seemed churlish. In his intercourse with the world in general, he appeared ignorant or negligent of those arts which double the value of a favor and take away the sting of a refusal. He was little interested in letters or science. The discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the poems of Dryden and Boileau, were unknown to him. Dramatic performances tired him; and he was glad to turn away from the stage and to talk about public affairs while Orestes was raving, or while Tartuffe was pressing Elvira's hand. He had, indeed, some talent for sarcasm, and not seldom employed, quite unconsciously, a natural rhetoric, quaint, indeed, but vigorous and original. He did not, however, in the least affect the character of a wit or of an orator. His attention had been confined to those studies which form strenuous and sagacious men of business. From a child he listened with interest when high questions of alliance, finance, and war were discussed. Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a horn-work. Of languages, by the help of a memory singularly powerful, he learned as much as was necessary to enable him to comprehend and answer without assistance everything that was said to him, and every letter which he received. The Dutch was his own tongue. He understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He spoke and wrote French, English, and German, inelegantly, it is true, and inexactly, but fluently and intelligibly. No qualification could be more important to a man whose life was to be passed in organizing great alliances, and in commanding armies assembled from different countries.

"One class of philosophical questions had been forced on his attention by circumstances, and seems to have interested him more than might have been expected from his general character. Among the Protestants of the United Provinces, as among the Protestants of our island, there were two great religious parties which almost exactly coincided with two great political parties. The chiefs of the municipal obligarchy were Arminians, and were commonly regarded by the multitude as little better than Papists. The princes of Orange had generally been the patrons of the Calvinistic divinity, and owed no small part of their popularity to their zeal for the doctrines of election and final perseverance, a zeal not always enlightened by knowledge or tempered by humanity. William had been carefully instructed from a child in the theological system to which his family was attached, and regarded that system with even more than the partiality which men generally feel for an hereditary faith. He had ruminated on the great enigmas which had been discussed in the Synod of Dort, and had found in the austere and inflexible logic of the Genevese school something which suited his intellect and his temper. That example of intolerance, indeed, which some of his predecessors had set, he never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions where it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation or by silence. His theological opinions, however, were even more decided than those of his ancestors. The tenet of predestination was the keystone of his religion. He even declared that if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief in a superintending Providence, and must become a mere epicurean. Except in this single instance, all the sap of his vigorous mind was early drawn away from the speculative to the practical. The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of great affairs ripened in him at a time of life when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. Since O
world had seen no such instance
statesmanship. Skillful diplom

prised to hear the weighty observations which at seventeen the prince made on public affairs, and still more surprised to see the lad, in situations in which he might have been expected to betray strong passion, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen he sat among the fathers of the Commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty coalition; and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age.

"His personal tastes were those rather of a warrior than of a statesman; but he, like his great-grandfather, the silent prince who founded the Batavian commonwealth, occupies a far higher place among statesmen than among warriors. The event of battles, indeed, is not an unfailing test of the abilities of a commander; and it would be peculiarly unjust to apply this test to William; for it was his fortune to be almost always opposed to captains who were consummate masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own; yet there is reason to believe that he was by no means equal, as a general in the field, to some who ranked far below him in intellectual powers. To those whom he trusted he spoke on this subject with the magnanimous frankness of a man who had done great things, and who could well afford to acknowledge some deficiencies. He had never, he said, served an apprenticeship to the military profession. He had been placed, while still a boy, at the head of an army. Among his officers there had been none competent to instruct him. His own blunders and their consequences had been his only lessons. 'I would give,' he once exclaimed, 'a good part of my estates to have served a few campaigns under the Prince of Condé before I had to command against him.' It is not improbable that the circumstance which prevented William from obtaining any eminent dexterity in strategy may have been favorable to the general vigor of his intellect. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they entitled him to be called a great man. No disaster could for one moment deprive him of his firmness or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvelous celerity that, before his enemies had sung the Te Deum, he was again ready for conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier without disgrace through a campaign, is possessed, or might, under proper training, be acquired, by the great majority of men; but courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war, by wounds, by painful and depressing maladies, by raging seas, by the imminent and constant risk of assassination, a risk which has shaken very strong nerves, a risk which severely tried even the adamantine fortitude of Cromwell; yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared.

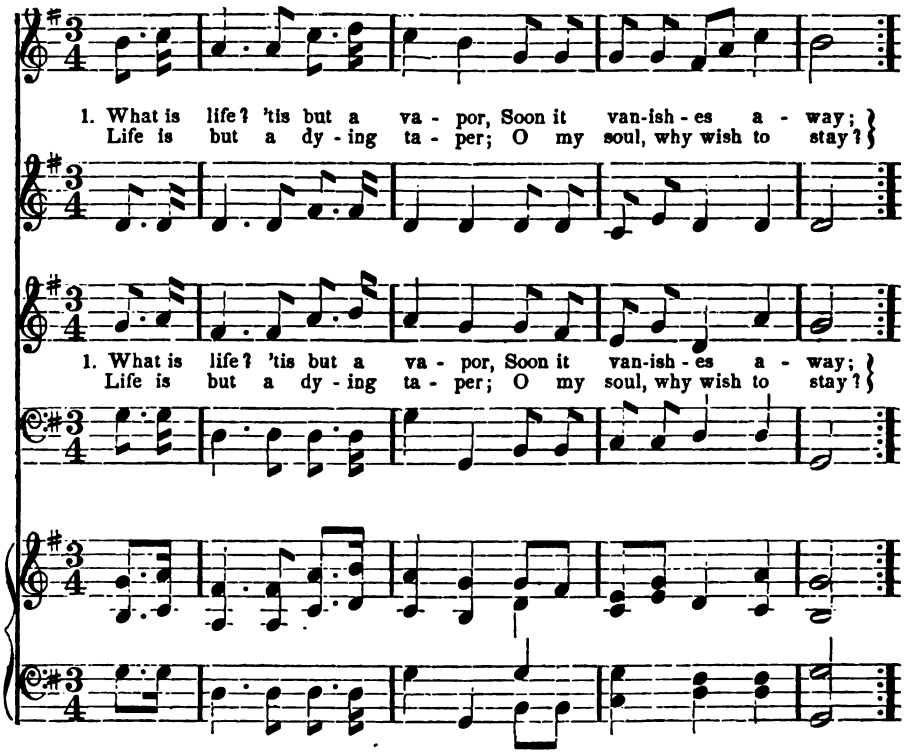
"The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small-pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible that his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body."

THE SABBATH.

Oh! with what rapturous and delightsome charms
The Sabbath breaks upon the longing sense!
The great and good their gratulations pour,
And nature walketh to the general praise,—
[illegible]aters of the ambient groves
[illegible] higher and sublimer note
above, beneath, around,
Beam with delight unspeakable, and tell,
In accents sweet as poet's cadences,
It is the season of halcyon rest.
But oh! it breathes a grander eloquence
Than ever ministered to things of earth,
Which bids the spirit bowed with toil and care,
Seek the calm haven of eternal rest.

WHAT IS LIFE.*

COMPOSED BY W. B. BRADBURY, Esq.



2.

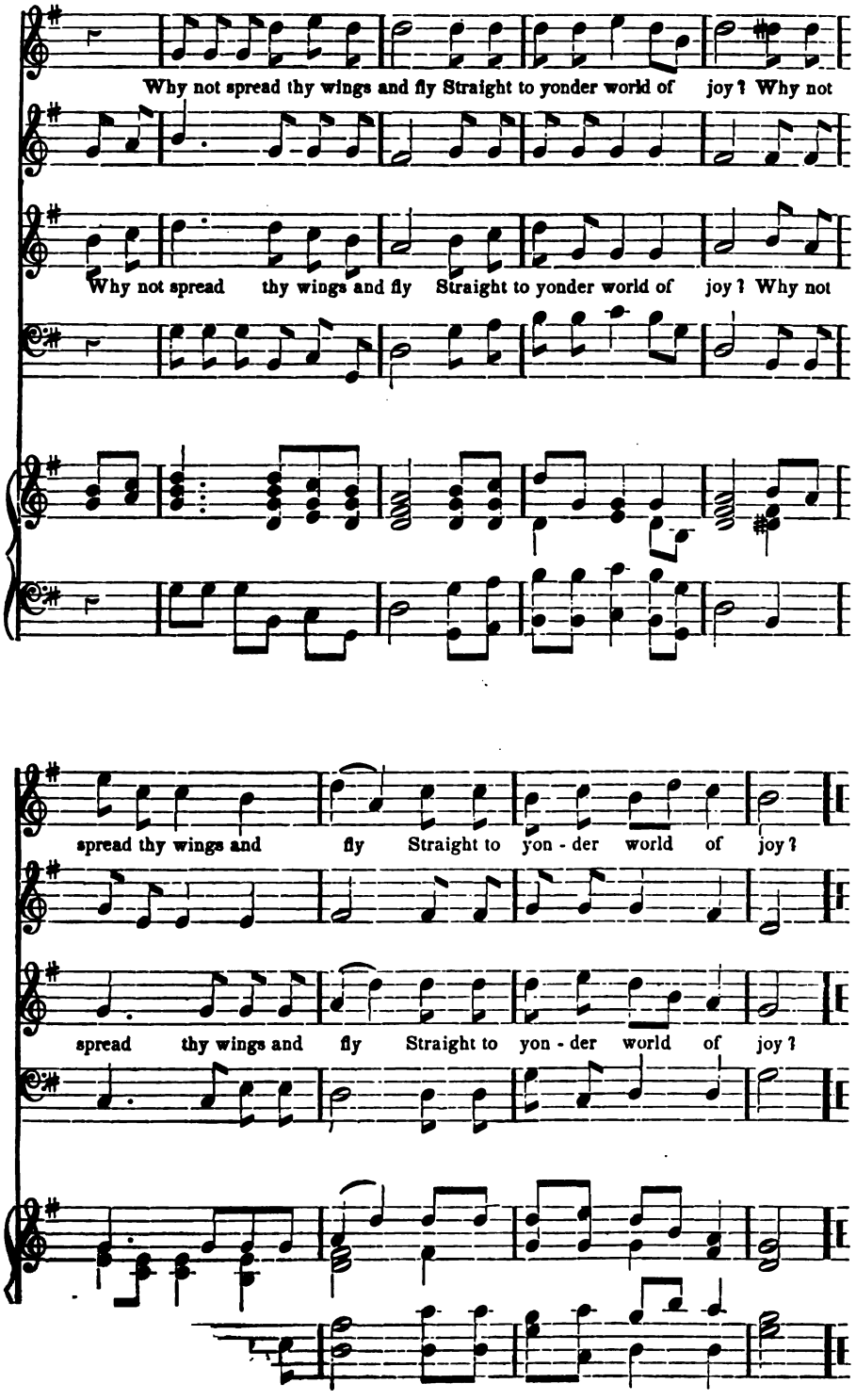
See that glory—how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3

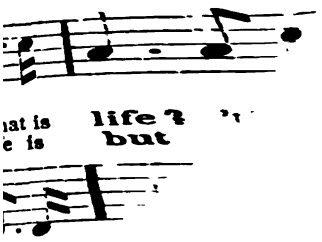
Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

* This delicate and graceful composition, arranged as a sacred piece for four voices, is [illegible] sohn Collection," under the title of "Millington"—the recent admirable work of M[illegible] and is here inserted by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Newman & Co.

WHAT IS LIFE.


Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not
Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not
spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy?
spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy?

TALE."



—NO. I.

[illegible] nymph, and bring with thee
[illegible] jollity,
[illegible] smiles, and wanton wiles,
[illegible] becks, and wreathed smiles,
[illegible] mag on Hebe's cheek,
[illegible] live in dimple sleek;
[illegible] wrinkled Care derides,
[illegible] laughter, holding both his sides.
[illegible] and trip it as you go,
[illegible] light fantastic toe;
[illegible] thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasure free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

SYMPATHY.

Never sweeter—never dearer—
Seems the world and all it holds,
Than when loving hearts see clearer
All that "Sympathy" unfolds!
Every thought, and look, and feeling—
Every passion we can name
Still a second-self revealing!
Still another—yet the same!

WHAT

[illegible] at is life?
[illegible] e is but

[illegible] burn bright!
[illegible] devotion
[illegible] with light!
[illegible] and parting,
[illegible] is thrown,
[illegible] are starting
[illegible] with our own.

BOOK NOTICES.

'd *States.* By Sir
, two Parts. Harper

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The Little Savage. By the late Captain Marryatt. Harper & Brothers.

This is written in the vein of the charming little story of Masterman Ready, a work which exemplified a truthfulness and naïveté almost equal to the incomparable Defoe. Since the Robinson Crusoe, we doubt if any writer has succeeded so well in painting the peculiar experiences of solitary and savage life so powerfully as Marryatt. The moral lessons of the present little work are admirable, and the interest which attaches to it, of the most engrossing kind. Young readers will devour it, and old ones will not rise from it without serious reflections on many of the most practical and important duties of life.

"EVERY SHEPHERD TELLS HIS TALE."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.—NO. I.

SEE PLATE.

One of the most beautiful of the exquisite group of pictures which constitute the inimitable L'Allegro, of Milton, has been very successfully realized in the accompanying plate. A quiet and peaceful spirit suffuses itself over the scene, and the design and execution of the piece are in fine harmony with the idea of the poem. The poem itself forms its most fitting counterpart. We present, accordingly, that part of it which the artist has seized upon as the theme of his graceful composition. At a future time we may present another equally beautiful illustration of the same poem, and with it the remainder of the poem. However frequently perused, we are confident no one will greet its reappearance with any other feeling than gratification.

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore;
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Or whether (as some sages sing)
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasure free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

SYMPATHY.

Oh, to see one's own emotion
Make another's cheek burn bright!
Oh, to mark one's own devotion
Fill another's eye with light!
Tears are types of woe and parting,
But o'er *woe* a charm is thrown,
When from other eyes are starting
Tears that mingle with our own.

Never sweeter—never dearer—
Seems the world and all it holds
Than when loving hearts see clearer
All that "Sympathy" unfolds!
Every thought, and look, and feeling
Every passion we can name
Still a second-self revealing!
Still another—yet the same!

BOOK NOTICES.

Second Visit to the United States. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. In two Parts. Harper & Brothers.

The principal object of this visit was to extend and complete the geological examination of this country, undertaken by this distinguished scholar in 1835. His tour extended, therefore, over the whole country, and was of such a nature as to bring the traveler into contact with the better classes of the community, and with that variety of political and religious character, which is best adapted to give a fair view of the country as it is. The intelligent candor, and the habits of observation of the man of science, are also present to improve the opportunity thus afforded. The result is one of the most comprehensive, candid, and really true representations of our country ever made. It will do us incalculable good abroad, in correcting erroneous impressions, and in presenting a just view of things among us.

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This is written in the vein of the charming little story of Masterman Ready, a work which so enchanted a world. Young and old alike enjoyed the pleasant tales of the Swiss Family Robinson. We think it very likely this work will be as well as possessing the peculiar attractiveness of military and naval life as powerfully as Ready did. The main incidents of the present little work are admirable, and the natural, simple, attractive way of the most engaging kind. Young readers will devour it, and old ones will not find it a bad one. Some reflections on many of the most prominent and important duties of life

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POETRY OF LOVE,
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PLEASURES OF HOPE,
LANGUAGE OF LOVE,
HEART'S EASE,
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AFFECTION'S GIFT,
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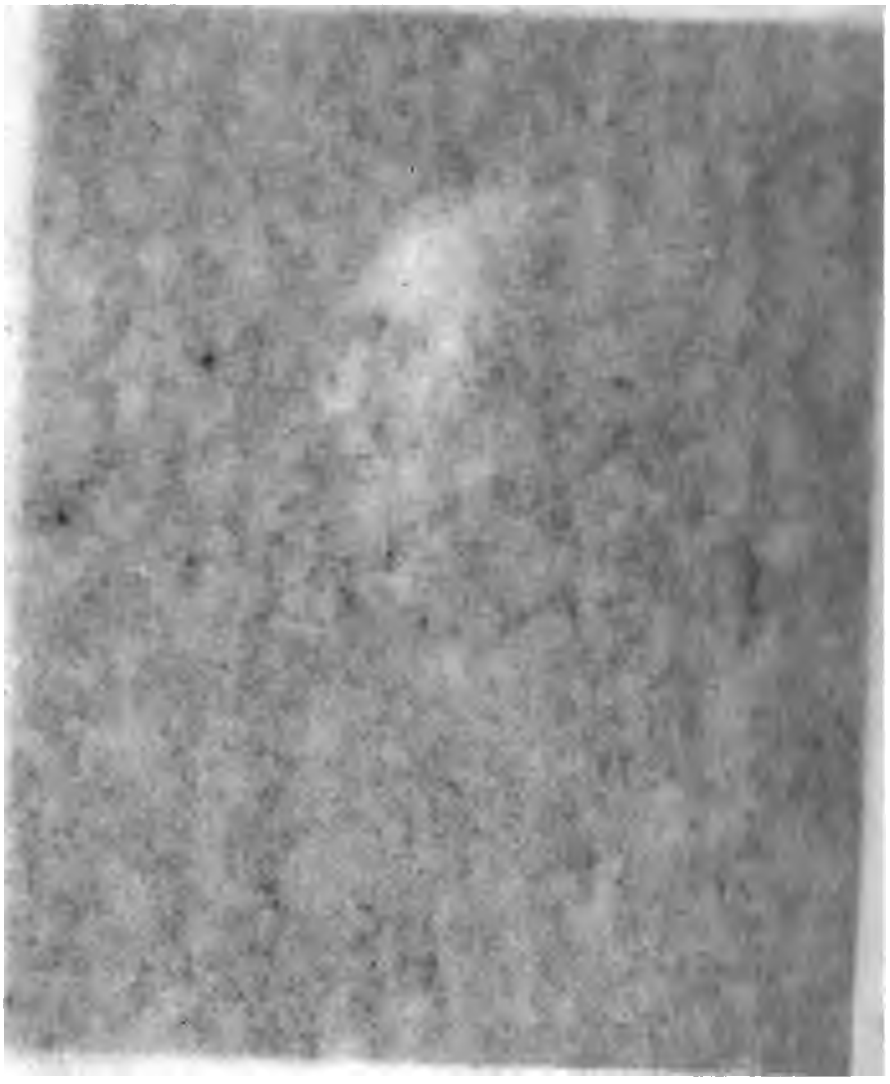

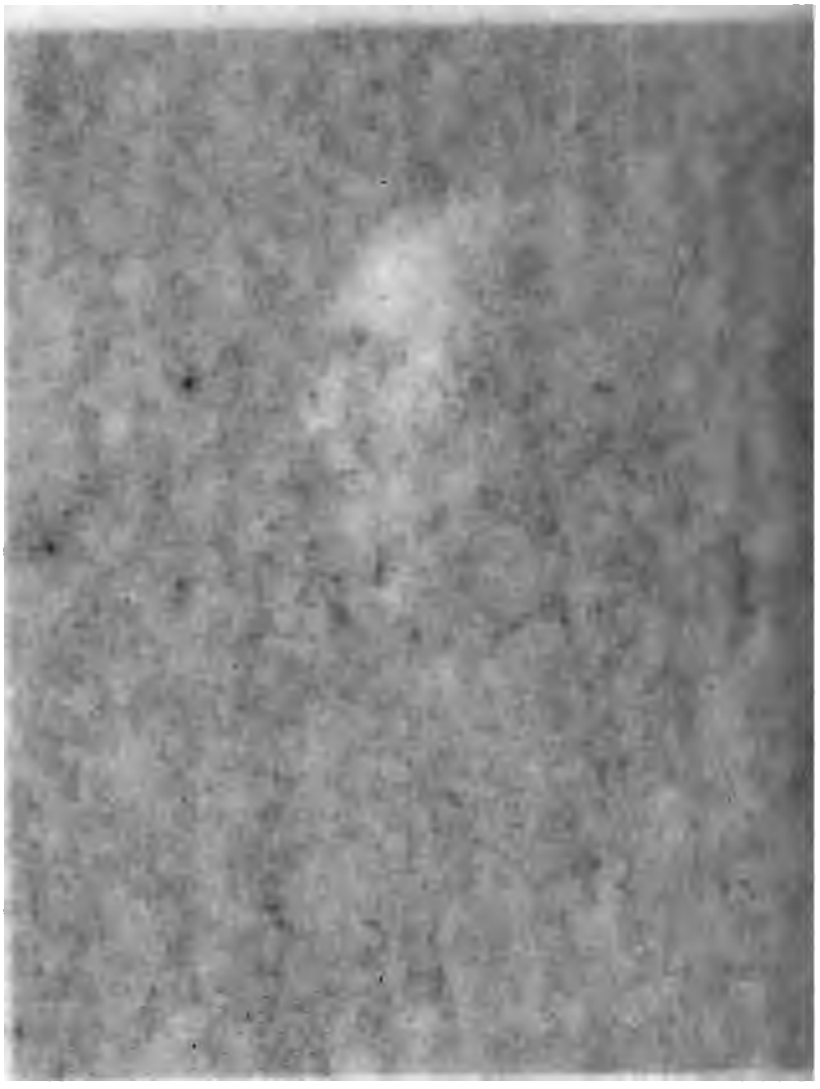

"From betwixt two aged oaks
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met."
—Milton's L'Allegro

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

From Christianity woman has derived her moral and social influence. To it she owes her very existence as a social being. The mind of woman, which the legislators and sages of antiquity had doomed to eternal inferiority and imbecility, Christianity has developed. The Gospel of Christ, in the person of its great Founder, has descended into this neglected mine, which wise men regarded as not worth the working, and brought up a priceless gem, flashing with the light of intelligence, and glowing with the lively hues of Christian graces.

Christianity has been the restorer of woman's plundered rights. It has furnished the brightest jewels in her present crown of honor. Her previous degradation accounts, in part at least, for the instability of early civilization. It is impossible for society to be permanently elevated where woman is debased and servile. Wherever females are regarded as inferior beings, society contains, within itself, the elements of its own dissolution. It is impossible that institutions and usages, which trample upon the very instincts of our nature, and violate the revealed law of God, should be crowned with ultimate success.

The family is a divine institution. The duties and rights of its respective members are plainly indicated by the laws of our physical constitution. They are more fully prescribed by the Word of God. In the infancy of the world, the family and the state were intimately associated. Both society and government naturally grew out of the divinely constituted relations of the family. The first human pair were not "isolated savages," as they have been termed by groveling infidels, nor was the natural state of mankind a state of warfare, as the philosopher of Malmesbury would have us believe. Admitting what revelation clearly teaches, that the first human pair were intelligent, civilized beings, united by God, "in the bands of holy wedlock," we have then a foundation sufficiently broad for the whole social fabric to rest upon. We need not resort to "a state of nature," (technically so called,) nor to a "social compact," for the origin of government, nor to "necessity" for the origin of society. The family contained the elements of both. An enlarged family is a society. The regulations adopted by a father, for the management of his household, constitutes a government. Upon this natural foundation "*the state*" is based; from these simple relations an endless variety of political institutions has arisen

Though the family and "the state" are so closely united in their origin, still we must not confound their relations. The rights and the duties of the father and the magistrate, the son and the subject, are, by no means, identical. "The state and the family differ, not only in size, but in the essentials of their constitution. At the same time, however, it is undeniable that there have been stages in the history of humanity, when the ideas of state and family were closely interwoven and almost blended together. They were mixed in the patriarch; they were continued when the family grew into a tribe; they were not always formally separated when the tribe became a nation." A more enlightened philosophy has distinguished these analogous relations, and defined the duties and rights of the father and the magistrate. The government of the family is based upon mutual affection and sympathy; the government of the state upon mutual justice and political equality. Still, the family is the nursery of all those virtues which adorn the state. "Patriotism, as all languages testify, springs from the hearth." The good father makes the good magistrate. The son, "who has borne the yoke in his youth," makes the exemplary citizen; while the enlightened and cultivated mother and sister give to society its highest dignity, and to home its fondest endearments. Whatever interrupts the harmony of domestic life or disturbs its divinely-appointed relations, poisons the very wellsprings of society, and introduces disease into its political organization. The tyrannical father is not a safe depository of delegated power. The disobedient son early learns to contemn the wholesome restraints of law; and before his maturity, often becomes a hardened culprit. The uneducated, undisciplined daughter is often the disgrace of her family and the reproach of her sex. In a word, *the condition of the family is the true index of the condition of society.* Where domestic happiness is most fully enjoyed, there society is most matured and civilization most advanced.

The family obtains a higher importance as so-

ciety improves and woman assumes the true position for which she is so admirably adapted by the laws of her physiological and mental constitution. Among savage nations the condition of woman is always degraded and servile. This is one of the most odious features of barbarism, and one of the most difficult to eradicate. No system of religion recognizes woman as the companion and equal of man, except Christianity, and under no other system can she enjoy her inalienable rights. Society may change in its external aspect, may exhibit the glitter of wealth, the refinements of taste, the embellishments of art, or the more valuable attainments of science and literature, and yet the mind of woman remain undeveloped, her taste uncultivated, and her person enslaved. But wherever Christianity enters, woman is free. The Gospel, like a kind angel, opens her prison doors, and bids her walk abroad and enjoy the sunlight of reason and breathe the invigorating air of intellectual freedom.

A survey of the different epochs that mark the history of the world would demonstrate most conclusively that the elevation of the female sex is intimately associated with the elevation of our race; that *the condition of women, in any age, is a true index of the condition of society*, and that the progress of human civilization has only kept pace with the progress of female education. We can, then, scarcely estimate too highly the advantages that would result to our own country, from a more thorough system of female education. Much has been done, within the last fifty years, to elevate the standard of female education. If the list of studies taught in our female academies now, be compared with the requisitions of that period, they will be found to be vastly superior. President Dwight, in remarking upon this subject, in his day, says: "It is owing to the innate good sense of the women of this country, that they are not absolute idiots. I would not give a farthing to have a daughter of mine go to many of the schools of our country. Observe the state of our schools for females, and compare them with the colleges for males. The end kept in view, in the education of males, is to make them *useful*; in that of females, to make them *admired*. Men will pay any sum to have their daughters taught to manage their feet in dancing, to daub over a few pictures, to play a few tunes upon the piano, to be admired by a few silly young men. I cannot speak of this subject," adds the venerable president, "*without indignation*." Though many institutions have been established within the last half century for the education of girls, and great efforts have been made to elevate the standard of scholarship, still not a tithe of what ought to be done, and what the best good of society requires to be done, has yet been accomplished. The romantic ideas of the dark ages have not wholly disappeared. The chivalrous notion still prevails in refined society, that men need *knowledge*, but women *accomplishments*, for success in life. Consequently, boys, in a course of education, are confined to the severe discipline of the languages and mathematics, while girls, after obtaining a superficial knowledge of the elementary branches of an English education, are confined to music, drawing, and other similar accomplishments, accompanied, perhaps, with a slight smattering of French. I would by no means object to the cultivation of those elegant branches of female education, but I would not have them substituted for that intellectual training, without which even these are useless.

The question here occurs, What is the best course of discipline for female minds? I answer, *precisely* that which is best for the development *of any mind*. Females have the same mental powers as the males, and these require the same discipline in order to their complete, symmetrical development. To meet the difficulties of life, the female needs the same acumen of intellect, the same maturity of judgment and refinement of taste as the male; and whatever is valuable as a mental discipline for the one, is equally so for the other. There is no way to acquire intellectual strength, but by vigorous intellectual exercise. The mind can be matured only by hard study, patient and protracted study, discriminating study, incessant study. Mind expands only by *patient thought*. This cannot be secured by attention to mere accomplishments. A severer discipline is needed, if women would have *strong* minds, *cultivated* minds, *mature* minds; if they would acquire an intellectual strength and soundness of judgment, which will enable them to meet with fortitude the stern realities of life. If females are confined to the merely ornamental branches of education, they are, by that very process, doomed to everlasting mediocrity, if not to inferiority. Whatever is essential to the education of the male mind, is equally essential to the development of the female mind. But, says an objector, would you fit females for the pulpit, the bar, and the halls of legislation? By no means. I would only prepare them for the faithful and intelligent discharge of those duties which the God of Nature has assigned to them. In their own appropriate sphere they will find abundant use for all the acumen, all the sound judgment and cultivated taste, which the most thorough mental discipline can give. It does not follow, because profound learning in the dark ages, and to a con-

siderable extent even in the present era of light, has been the exclusive possession of professional men, that none but professional men ought to be educated. It is time that "the benefit of the clergy" should be extended even to women, and that distinction in learning should no longer be the peculiar privilege of "learned clerks."

A well-cultivated, well-stored mind, is an inestimable treasure in *any* station of life. It is as useful and as necessary in the domestic circle as in the public walks of life. The only right which I would claim for woman in our country is the right to be *thoroughly* educated. That doctrine which teaches the *identity* of the duties and rights of the sexes, seems to me subversive of the first principles of human society—violating the express laws of nature and revelation. Rights and duties are relative terms. Our rights and duties in a great measure grow out of the relations in which God has placed us. The duties of the mother can never become the duties of the father; nor the duties of the sister those of the brother. Neither can the rights of the mother become those of the father. The father and mother sustain unchangeable and inalienable relations to their children. The duties and rights resulting from these relations are peculiar and immutable, *not interchangeable* and reciprocal. It is impossible, from the very constitution of the sexes, that it should be otherwise. It is evident that the same God who ordained that woman should be "the mother of all living," ordained that she should be the nurse, the teacher, and guide of her infant offspring. Her most important duties, therefore, must be *domestic*, connected with the home of her children. She cannot engage in those public duties which require long absence from home; much less in those long, protracted investigations, which belong to the secluded scholar.

It is our duty "to glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his." It is a woman's duty to honor God *according to the laws of her being*. Her appropriate duties are plainly indicated by her organization. The remarks of Mr. Lieber on this point are pertinent. "She is framed and constituted more delicately, and in consequence of this marked difference of organization, has advantages and disadvantages compared with the male sex; differences which are of elementary and last importance for the obtaining of those ends for which man and mankind are planted on this globe, and from which, likewise, different positions, callings, duties and spheres of activity result. The woman is fitter for all those actions which must be impelled chiefly by affection; hence, she is more fit to foster and educate the young, and to mature in turn their hearts with affection; she is more disposed to cling to a protector, and far readier to bring sacrifices; she graces society, and—sentiment, being one of the spheres in which she is most active, and chastity, her first virtue and honor—she is the chief agent in infusing delicacy, gentleness, taste, decorum, and correctness of morals, so far as they depend upon continency, into society at large."

The sphere of duties and influence here presented is sufficiently enlarged and important for the exercise of the mightiest intellect. If, however, laides are qualified by native talent and education to control the public mind, *let them employ the pen*. I think facts will warrant the assertion that no individual in Great Britain, during the reign of George III., exerted so extensive, and so salutary a moral influence upon all classes of citizens, from the king to the meanest beggar in the realm, as Hannah More. She is a lady of whom her sex may justly be proud. The world has produced very few of the other sex, who might not bow with respectful deference before her splendid genius. I close my remarks wih a quotation from her pen. "But *they* little understand the true interests of woman, who would lift her from the appointed duties of her allotted station, to fill, with fantastic dignity, a loftier, but less appropriate niche. Nor do they understand her true happiness, who seek to annihilate distinctions from which she derives advantage, and to attempt innovations, which would depreciate her real value. The most elaborate definition of idea rights, and the most hardy measures for attaining them, are of less value in the eyes of a truly amiable woman, than that meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

MERCY AND FORGIVENESS.

Nor one, though much alike, and in their end
  Nearly allied as hunger is to thirst,
  Are Mercy and Forgiveness. While the first
The power possessed to punish doth suspend,
Through pity of their weakness who offend;
  The other is, of gentler nature, nurst
  By love and consciousness, that they are curst
Of Heaven who pardon not an erring friend!
The one has attributes of majesty;
  A sister of the universal Powers
That rule the world and thunder in the sky.
  The other, crowned with humbler grace, is ours
To rule the motions of our lip and eye,
  And quench the flame of wrath ere it devours.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY UPON PUBLIC MORALS.

BY REV. S. S. CUTTING.

CHRISTIANITY does much toward moulding the moral feeling of communities, by the exemplifications of individual and social morality which it furnishes in its professors. We are aware, that this may be denied by the scornful skeptic, who sneeringly points us to Smithfield, and the slaughtered Huguenots; but as it is not for the skeptic that we are writing, we shall only reply, in passing, that in these enormities Christianity had no agency. There is not among her doctrines nor duties one word, which, by any possible construction, can be forced into an apology for deeds so dishonorable to her name. She retired from these scenes of cruelty and wept, or remained, not to light the fagot, but, like an angel of mercy, to cheer the sufferer. Nor shall we stop, either to disprove the aspersions which are cast upon professing Christians of the present day, or to estimate the exact amount of influence which the improved morality of the regenerated world exerts. We are content to refer to the emphatic declaration of him who pronounced his disciples "the salt of the earth." In all the defections of the nominal church, there has been no period, when there were not a few, at least, who retained their savor, and to whom this original appellation belonged. In the midst of the densest darkness such individuals have been lights;—shining the more brightly for the gloom that was around them;—and they could not but enlighten. So is it now. The highest standard of social morality is in the church; and we venture to say, that everywhere the morality which is *without* the church is proportional to the elevation of the morality *within*. This, then, is one mode by which Christianity stamps her image on communities.

But in every period of her history she has also proved herself the benefactress of society, and has thus secured authority and obedience. She has awakened and developed the nobler ideas of our nature. She has encouraged industry; she has ennobled and sanctioned justice; she has fostered letters; the arts and science, freedom, peace, and civilization are her daughters. She claims their maternity, and they acknowledge it. In her right hand is wisdom, and in her left, riches and honor. She has thus conferred whatever blessings exalt and distinguish enlightened life; and society, with all its ingratitude and irreverence, cannot cast off her influence.

Moreover, her precepts appeal, for their rectitude and obligation, directly to the conscience. This citadel in the soul, though besieged for six thousand years by the hosts of depravity, has never disowned its allegiance to God. Never. Created under the law of right, conscience still seeks to enforce within us its stern requisitions. When, therefore, Christianity utters her voice in the precepts of her uncompromising yet simple and beautiful morality, she commands reverence. Even infidelity itself stands silent while she speaks, having nothing to answer; or is forced to bestow its reluctant praise.

Thus, by furnishing examples of excellence,—by conferring those blessings which elevate the race,—by stating and enforcing precepts, whose righteousness and obligation are acknowledged by the conscience,—she interfuses her principles through communities. She expels from the moral feeling much that has debased it, and imparts to it somewhat of her own spirit. And since, by a law of our nature, the moral feeling of communities, just as of individuals, must manifest itself in an outward aspect, which shall perfectly exhibit its own character, there will be a proportional improvement of public morals. As men come under the dominion of better principles, they will spontaneously exhibit a better mode of living. In just so far as they are reformed *inwardly*, will they be reformed *outwardly*. The whole face of society, its laws and manners, its commerce, its domestic life, will reveal the kindly influences which preside within the heart. Vices, which have been practiced in day-light, and without rebuke, will retire into darkness, and receive reprobation; and virtues, which have been rare and unhonored, will become numerous and esteemed. The desert, which once in rank abundance yielded noxious and poisonous plants, becomes, under an influence, thus reversed, one wide oasis, beautiful and fragrant.

It may, however, be objected, that Christianity influences multitudes, through whose minds these thoughts have never passed. We admit it; but we insist, that most men act upon principles and reasonings which they never state definitely to

their own minds. Christianity has gained its sway by degrees. It has influenced generation after generation, until its principles have become inwrought in the general moral feeling; and men obey Christianity, without thinking, perhaps, once in their whole lives, that they *are* obeying it. Many an infidel even, who, in the pride of his heart, spurns the Christian religion, and offers his own exemplary life as an argument against its necessity, is indebted for his morality to that Gospel, which he so contemptuously disowns. We recollect a case in point, of an unbeliever, who admitted the excellence of the Christian morals, but disdainfully added, "the Bible contains nothing but the veriest truisms!" Truisms, to be sure!—but not elsewhere found; and it was ingratitude in him to spurn them thus, when they had originated all the morality of his own life! As the fingers of a skillful performer touch without a conscious effort the intended key, so in the great portion of our conduct, we act upon general principles, so deeply fixed within, that we are not conscious of their presence.

The truth of the mode above stated, by which Christian principles attain their authority, we think, may be shown by simple illustrations. Place two individuals, the one a Christian, and the other not, in intimate connection, and separated from the influence of any but each other. The Christian we will suppose to be a man whose spirit, and conversation, and example, indicate an inward life of faith. Make allowance, then, for the counter influence of the other upon him, and for his own frailties,—for the best man is frail. And, after this deduction, it will be found that Christianity, as exemplified in him, will, of necessity, influence for good the morality of the other,—just as the vase of roses will impart somewhat of its own fragrance to everything within the room in which it is placed. When parents instill into the minds of their children the instructions of religion, and add to their instructions the force of a pious spirit and conduct, from the laws of the mind, we may prophesy a happy result. Let a few pious families be introduced into a neighborhood, which is not only without religion, but vicious,—as such neighborhoods always will be,—let them furnish, in their own lives, examples of an elevated morality; let them seek to promote industry, and good order, and learning; and, as their growing influence will authorize, let them urge the uncompromising precepts of the Gospel,—and this development of Christianity, through them, will give a new tone to society, and effect a transformation in the outward character of the place. Now a nation is but a multitude *of individuals*, and families, and neighborhoods, and the laws by which mind is operated upon are universal. Just, therefore, as Christianity develops itself, and effects its influence in private friendships, at the fireside, and in limited communities, so it diffuses its principles through nations;—and nations, in the spirit and forms of law, in the quiet and prosperity of well-defined freedom, in the praise of virtue and rebuke of vice, in the reverence of the Sabbath, and the institutions of religion, exhibit the presiding power, which, through the good works of the regenerated few, has attained an important sway over the public mind.

Regardiug man as placed in a world, in which his outward condition is to be supported and blessed by his toil, Christianity encourages and demands industry. Regarding him as a moral and social being, she inculcates and exemplifies a social morality, whose product is happiness. In the state, her exponent is justice. While she gives authority to law, she makes law kind; and while she demands submission to constituted authority, she makes that submission freedom. Regarding man as an intellectual being, she dictates and encourages learning. She excites and nourishes the love of the beautiful and the true. She leads the disciple to the feet of the Arabian patriarch, to listen to the stern majesty of his song, —to the palace of Israel's king, to enkindle piety, by his wrapt devotions,—to Judea's flower-dressed knolls, to learn the providence of God. The church, in its corruptest days, was the repository of learning. When the imperial city lay at the feet of the barbarian conqueror, "the relics of Greek and Roman literature were collected and preserved by the ministers of religion. The cell of the monk [became] the cradle of refinement and learning. His remote and quiet habitation was the sacred ark where the memorials of the past were treasured, and where knowledge was sheltered in security." Even then, too, as the church was the repository of learning, so was it also, to a great extent, "the willing instrument of its communication." The venerable universities of Europe, whose histories extend back to the middle ages, were, without an exception, founded by the church. And when Christianity laid aside the cowl, and came forth from the cloister, she opened the fountains of learning by the side of the waters of life. Christianity and letters made equal progress. Our own pilgrim fathers consecrated Harvard "to Christ and his church;" and reared that ancient seat of learning which honors Connecticut, almost as soon as they had erected their temples of worship, or even their own dwellings. Over all New-England, by the side of the village church, stands the school house; and over

our wide empire, wherever you behold our colleges, inviting the rich and the poor alike to the walls of learning, you behold, with scarcely an exception, the consecrated work of the disciples of Christ. These are the blessings of Christianity. Standing at the portals of her own temples, she may point to the fields and lawns which industry has created from the desert, and to the distant ocean, where rides the ship which industry has loaded with the commodities of honest commerce,—to the halls of legislation, where freedom demands security for the rights of the governed, and to the tribunals, where justice holds her even scales,—to the universities, whose opened doors invite approach, and where letters and science refine and expand the mind;—she may point to these, and declare, "these are my gifts." Nay, more. She may point to every improvement of advancing civilization, as the product of her beneficence. Poverty, and old age, uttering their grateful voices from the generous almshouse—disease, alleviated at the public hospital—the dumb, recording with grateful heart, and the blind blessing with cheerful voice, the benefits of the asylum,—and the once naked and chained maniac, now sitting clothed and quiet at the retreat,—all utter her praise. And vice, as it hurries away from her presence, and oppression, as it withers at her glance and recedes at her approach, and war, as it gives up its ferocities, and retreats toward its doomed and everlasting exile,—in their very flight, proclaim the improvement in the character and condition of the race which she has effected.

And every step of this advancing improvement has fixed more deeply in the heart a reverence for her authority, and augmented her influence. Where Christianity has accomplished the most perfect development of humanity, and elevated the race to the highest point, there her principles are most thoroughly interwoven in the public mind, and her precepts most strictly obeyed, in the forms of law and in the outward morality. It seems plain, therefore, that her progressive influence is to be further secured, by promoting, yet further, the improvement of man. The church ought still to be the patron of industry, and justice, and learning. While bound to check worldliness, and to warn against regarding this life as the whole, or the best of existence, the church is nevertheless to encourage the improvement of our outward condition, to the extent that the means of improving it are placed, by our beneficent Father, within our reach. The church is bound to seek the diffusion of the blessings of good order and freedom, in itself setting an example of these things, and enjoining them wherever it has influence. It is still to promote the spread of knowledge, by opening, to all classes, the school and the college, and by encouraging discoveries in every yet untrodden field. It is to multiply the generous homes of poverty, and to alleviate and bless the children of affliction. Its history is to be a perpetual comment on the goodness and truth of the Christian faith; written as in the tints of the rainbow on the lowering sky. Under such influences, society will be less earthly,—the race will be elevated. And, taking advantage of the increasing authority of Christianity, the church is to urge on this improvement still further and more rapidly. Rising itself toward heaven, in every succeeding age, it is to raise society with it. And as the race ascends, it will cast off its vices, improving outwardly as it does inwardly, until its morality is not merely the product of Christian influences acting upon communities of regenerated and unregenerated men, but a visible and universal exhibition of an inward and common faith in Christ. Happy spectacle! God speed the day when the world shall present it.

FRIENDS OF OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Oh! the friends of my youthful days,
Where are they now, oh, where?
Fled, as the summer's gladdening rays
When wintry storms appear.

In distant lands some may be found,
Whom fate has severed wide;
Some sleep beneath the grassy mound,
And there in peace abide.

Some lie low on the battle-field,
Who fought for glory's crown,
And loved in country's cause to wield
The sword, and win renown.

Some, perchance, in the ocean deep
Have found a watery grave;
We sigh for them—we mourn and weep
For youthful hearts and brave.

Few are left of the happy throng
That filled our hearts with glee;
Hushed is the soul-enlivening song,
Once sung so merrily.

Oh! the friends of our youthful days,
Where are they now, oh! where!
Fled, as the summer's gladdening rays
When wintry storms appear.

WINFRIED, THE GERMAN APOSTLE.*

AN ORATORIO AFTER THE GERMAN.

BY HERRMAN S. SARONI, ESQ.

WINFRIED, *afterward* BONIFACE.
A Heathen Chief, afterward THEODORE.
The Angel GABRIEL.
Two Christian Women.
Priests of the God Thor.
Chorus of Heathen.
Chorus of Christians.
Chorus of Angels.

PART I.

RECITATIVE.

Win. Here rests my foot at last on German soil,
The cherished land, where once my fathers dwelt,
That still is veil'd in night of superstition,
And to enlighten which is now my mission.

AIR.

Grant, oh Lord, that I accomplish
The task Thou hast imposed on me.
Fill with grace Thy humble servant,
And make him live alone for Thee.
Thou, who for us the cross hast suffered,
Oh fill with strength this trembling breast,
To bear that cross before the people,
And to obtain Thy heav'nly rest.

CHORUS.

Angels. Hail, all hail! thou chosen one of Heaven,
Hail to thee!
Thou, to whom the strength of faith is given,
Hail to thee!
Thou wilt soon shed holy light
O'er the land now veiled in night,
Hail to thee!

RECITATIVE.

Gab. Thou, who art humbly wrapt in pray'r to God,
Who bend'st thy knee before the gracious Lord,
Know that the Father sends thee peace by me:
Naught He creates by thee will e'er decay.

AIR.

Feeble mortal, faith will ever
Strengthen thee thro' fear and pain;
God's support will fail thee never,
He did all thy deeds ordain.
On the mountain, in the valley,
Thou shalt speak thy Lord's command;
Tell that all who round Him rally,
He sustains with mighty hand.

CHORUS.

Win. (*solo*). Oh Lord, be with Thy faithful,
Thou God of grace and love,
And all to Thee devoted—
Oh, bless them from above.

Two Voices. By Thy disciple, whom as guide
Thou graciously hast given,
Show us, oh Lord, the road to Thee,
The road to life and Heav'n.

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* Boniface, known in ecclesiastical history as the Apostle of the Germans, was born in England, about 680, A. D., and received the name of Winfried in baptism. In 710, or thereabouts, the conversion of heathen nations in Europe began to elicit the zeal of the Church. None took a more active part in it than Winfried. Twice he went to Germany, where, in 724, he destroyed the heathen idols, and preached the Gospel. On a third visit to Germany, in 755, he was surprised in his official duties by an armed force, and killed with his followers. His corpse was brought to Fulda, where a monument was erected to him.

The author has chosen the second and third visit to Germany for his Oratorio, thus giving it a dramatic effect, which could not otherwise be well gained. It is designed for Music: the part of the Angel Gabriel to be sung by a female voice, either Contralto or Soprano.

The Oratorio, as a distinct musical form, has until now been confined to England, Germany, and Italy. Its origin dates as far back as the Crusades; though neither form nor contents correspond with the Oratorio of the present day.

The principal composers of this class of music have been men of the first genius. Amongst them, and first of all, belongs the name of the great Palestrina, who was succeeded by such men as Steffani, Aless, Scarlatti, Jomelli, Hasse, Handel, Haydn, Mattheson, Bach, Graun, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Schneider, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and others. If we were to enter into any further analysis of the Oratorio, we should protest against the unmeaning name, which might as well be applied to any place of worship. In former times, the Oratorio was for a long time a mere dramatic representation of religious subjects, connected with music and dance. Next came the so-called Mysteries, which partook of a more lyrical character. The combination of the two forms the basis of our present Oratorio.

All. Oh Lord of grace and pow'r,
Bless Thy disciple's field,
That at no distant hour,
It may a harvest yield.

RECITATIVE.

Win. Oh, listen to the glorious word of God!
Look up to Calvary—behold the cross!
Behold our God, made manifest in flesh!
List to the great Redeemer's word of love!

A Hea. Chief. Thou holy man, it needs no word of thine,
That I, the chief of all these men, should trust thee;
For in the consecrated grove I slept,
When Wodan, yesterday, himself approached me;
A man in strange attire was led by him,
And Wodan spake to me: "Behold, here is
The master, it behooves thee to obey!"
And lo! I recognize in thee the man
Whom in my dreams I saw, and now and aye
I'll follow thee, and yield to thy commands.

Win. Thus do I then baptize thee, in the name
Of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
And to remember still this holy hour,
Be Theodore thy name, the giv'n to God.

DUETT.

Theo. Holy flame, I feel thee glowing,
Burning now within my breast;
And, as faith in me is growing,
Visions come of heav'nly rest.

Win. Pour, oh Lord, Thy gracious blessing
On this new disciple's head;
And may he, to Thee professing,
Ever by Thy grace be led.

Both. Hand in hand, then, let us travel
On the path of truth and light,
And the mysteries unravel,
Of His grace and of His might.

CHORUS.

Angels. Hail, all hail, ye blessed mortals!
Holy faith you have embraced;
Welcome to the glorious portals
Which by truth and love are graced.

Chris. Wander on, in Him believing,
In the Father, in the Son,
Who by blood our hopes retrieving,
Died, to lead us to His throne.

Both. The Lord is great, the Lord is good and strong,
His reign's eternal, and forever new:
Then let us praise the Lord in joyous song,
And homage render Him, to whom 'tis due.

PART II.

CHORUS.

Hea. With sounds of the cymbal,
And loud-ringing song,
We praise him, our Wodan,
The mighty, the strong.
To Odin the father,
And Freya the good,
We willingly tender
Our off'rings and blood.
And Wodan's great offspring,
The thundering Thor,
For us he has pleasures
And treasures in store.
Then praise him with cymbals,
Then praise him with song,
For he is the mighty,
The thund'rer, the strong.

RECITATIVE.

Priest. Foes, alas! are quickly spreading
O'er this country. They are wedding
For their purpose craft to zeal;
Seeds of mischief they are strewing,
Plans of ruin they are brewing—
Wodan's wrath, alas! we feel.
Sacrifices let us offer
To the angry, mighty Thor,
That he may no longer suffer
Foes to tread our hapless shore.
Thor, thou strong and mighty god,
Here are off'rings, here is blood.

CHORUS.

Hea. With sounds of the cymbal
And loud-ringing song, &c., &c.

RECITATIVE.

Gab. Up now, thy chosen one, up to thy work!
Proclaim the word of peace, the word of Christ.

AIR.

The darkness that reigns over valley and grove,
Will soon be dispelled by the light
Of the Saviour, who thought, in His merciful love,
Of the people that wandered in night.
Proclaim, then, Apostle, His glorious word,
And deliver the weak in the name of the Lord.

RECITATIVE.

Theo. Oh, Winfried, friend and master, do not risk
Thy precious life by entering the woods
Where Thor is thought to dwell; remain with us!
But act thy will; thy pleasure shall be mine,
With thee I'll brave the madden'd heathen's wrath:
Salvation ever follows in thy path.

Win. Divine command has wisely sent me hither,
Where superstition still demands its victims.
Ha! human flesh is offered to their gods!

Desist, deluded ones! desist, oh priest!
This heathen altar I must thus destroy;
Sink down before the Saviour's holy cross,
Sink in the dust before Him who is Lord.

CHORUS.

Hea. Woe, woe, insulted is Thor!
Woe, woe, defied is his power!
His altar destroyed, all before us is lying,
The ruins for vengeance are fearfully crying:
Woe, woe, insulted is Thor!
Woe, woe, defied is his pow'r!

RECITATIVE.

Win. The glorious Lord, whose word I now pro-
Needs not such sacrifice; the holy cross [claim,
On which He died for man's salvation,
Demands of all believers naught but faith
And love, because the highest love is God.
Your Thor is but deceit, like all your gods;
Therefore this feeble hand destroys his throne
In Christ's great name, the Saviour and the Lord,
Who is alone the true eternal God.

Priest. Gods, why tarry ye so long
To avenge this heinous wrong?
And thou mighty, angry Thor,
Whom for vengeance we implore,
Why not send the lightning's flash,
Why not make the tempest roar,
That the trees in fury crash,
That the foes admit thy pow'r!

CHORUS.

Mighty, angry Thor,
Whom we all adore,
Send thy lightning's flash,
Make the tempest roar,
That the trees shall crash;
But our faith restore,
In thy pow'r, oh Thor.

RECITATIVE.

Win. There falls the tree, where you thought dwelt your god;
God grant that thus your unbelief may fall.
Where is the vengeance now of all your gods?
Through clouds and mist breaks gloriously the [sun,
Proclaiming but the mercy of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Hea. In our hearts is strangely moving
A sensation never known,
By its wondrous strength now proving
That the pow'r of Thor has flown.
Christian God! Thou art the Lord,
And the Universe Thy throne;
Grant, then, that we hear Thy word,
That we follow Thee alone.

TERZETTO AND CHORUS.

Theo. With the golden sun descending,
Falls on us the Holy Ghost,
And our joyous songs are blending
With the angels' singing host.

Win. All Thou hast to me confided,
I performed, oh God, thro' Thee;
Grant, then, that my steps be guided
To a blest eternity.

Gab. Shout, rejoice, ye angel chorus,
With the mortals, all rejoice;
Heav'n in glory is before us,
Sing His praise with gladsome voice.

Angels. Let us raise our joyous voices,
Let us thank and pray the Lord!
For the universe rejoices
In His ever holy word.

Chris. Times roll by and crowns are tott'ring,
God alone is ever sure,
All His mercies o'er us scatt'ring,
And His treasures, great and pure.

Theo. and Win. Thanks to Him who is the
Of all blessings, thanks to Him; [giver
Let His name be praised forever,
By the songs of Cherubim.

Chris. Thanks to Him who is the giver
Of all blessings, thanks to Him;
Let his name be praised forever,
By the songs of Cherubim.

PART III.

RECITATIVE.

Bon. Already do I feel the weight of age,
And still my holy task is not complete.
All that Winfried once began, the bishop
Boniface must end; hence I've resigned
The sacred Pallium, and a pilgrim come
To preach again the Saviour's holy word.

AIR.

The load of age weighs heavily
Upon my feeble frame,
But Thou, oh Lord, wilt graciously
Support me in mine aim.
Oh shed Thy mercy upon me,
And let my work succeed,
That I may end in faith to Thee
The task thou hast decreed.

CHORUS.

Chris. Faithful leader, true believer,
Guide to Heaven's blessed path,
Why should'st thou desert us ever,
And provoke the heathen's wrath?
To the voice within thee listen—
To that voice within thy breast;

From the raging conflict hasten,
And return to peaceful rest.

RECITATIVE.

Theo. Oh master, thou hast done what God has willed:
Let me, then, who am strong, instead of thee,
Promote the work which thou, when young, be-
And rest, beloved shepherd, in the Lord. [ganst,

AIR.

I am urged by thousand inner voices
To proclaim the Saviour's blessed word;
And my heart, my very heart rejoices,
As it holds communion with the Lord.
How it prompts me to proclaim His blessing,
How I love of all His grace to speak!
Oh, that all the world, to Him professing,
In His faith the only bliss would seek.

CHORUS.

Heathen (in the distance).

Hail, hail! mighty Wodan, hail!
Foes around us fast are rising,
All thy pow'r and strength despising;
Let us seize the gory weapons,
Fiercely wield them, never yield them:
Victory can never fail—
Hail! Wodan, hail!

RECITATIVE.

A Christian Woman.

Hark, the flash of arms comes near and nearer,
Midst their din I hear the battle-cries.
Winfried, fly, thy life to us is dearer
Than the furious heathen's richest prize.

Another Woman.

Wherever in our anguish we are turning,
There the heathen in revenge are burning,
A sheet of flame is in their very breath,
And ruin stares at us, disgrace and death.

DUETT.

Holy father, listen! shun the bloody strife,
From the conflict hasten, save thy precious life.

RECITATIVE.

Bon. Ye cowards, should I fly when Christ is with me?
And should I doubt His strength and mighty arm?
If He so willeth, but a word will save me,
And scatter all the heathen's furious swarm.

CHORUS.

Hea. Hail, hail! mighty Wodan, &c., &c.

RECITATIVE.

Bon. Hear me, all ye people here assembled,
Listen to the holy word of God,
Break your altars, and desist from off'ring
Sacrifices made of human blood.
Listen to those blessed words of peace,
Which, in His name, I now proclaim to you.
My mission—Lord—that thrust went to my heart.
Oh, Theodore, my mission now is closed.
Complete it thou—ye Christians, all attend
To my last word—be all in God united,
His word—is true—eternal is His name.

CHORUS.

Hea. Alas, we have sinned heavily,
And called on us our father's wrath:
Trees are madly crashing,
Lightning wild is flashing,
But in darkness lies our path.

RECITATIVE.

Gab. Thou hast been just before thy Lord and Maker,
Faithful on earth, and thou wert bid to die
That thou might'st enter into Heaven's blessing,
And that the world be blessed by thy death.

AIR.

Hail, all hail! thy soul will rise
To the regions of the blest;
Thou wilt win the glorious prize,
Heavenly and eternal rest.
Faultless was thy earthly course;
Thou hast loved God's holy word;
Rise, then, to the blessed source
Of true bliss: rest in the Lord.

CHORUS.

Ang. Spheral harmonies are sounding,
Greeting Heaven's new-born son:
Guide him, then, where grace abounding,
Sheds a halo round His throne.

Chris. Angels round his grave are thronging,
In the sun's last golden ray.
Thus must all, to earth belonging,
Fall to earth, fall to decay.

RECITATIVE.

Theo. It is not meet for Christians to complain;
The spirit of the dead is sitting with the Lord,
And in yourselves his work shall be renewed,
A monument that time can ne'er destroy.
But praise the Lord, the God of heaven and earth,
Who thro' his servant was revealed to you.

CHORUS.

All. Praise to God! the God of glory!
Honor to the world's great Lord,
Who in mercy guides our footsteps,
Who has blest us with His word.
Thanks and praise to Him are due,
To the God of power and love.
He is good, is ever true,
And in glory sits above.

THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE REVISITED.

BY REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

It was at the close of a fine day in September that I reached the village where my childhood and youth were past, and where I had not been seen for more years than I care to mention. Those who have read "The Old White Meeting-House," or the reminiscences of a country congregation, will perhaps remember the village green and the church with its tall spire, and the little tavern that stood near it, and the grove of pine-trees that was my favorite haunt of Saturday afternoons when there was no school: they may also remember some of the people whose names are there recorded, and who once walked over this green, and up the uncarpeted aisles of the old church, and worshiped devoutly in the temple hallowed by time and the presence of Him who inhabits eternity and its praises.

I have been wandering a score of years or more among the cities and the people of the world, and with a sort of pilgrim feeling now came back to the old hearth-stone and the hills that have been with me as a picture, wherever I have rested or traveled since I was a boy. It was curious that my first interview should be with the sexton, and my first visit in the old grave-yard. So it was. He was sitting on the stile over which he had just stepped from the yard, and wearied with his toil, for he had just finished another grave, and was now leaning forward on his spade as he sat on the steps. I knew him at once, and approaching him, said, "Your name is Enoch, but I suppose you have forgotten me."

The old man looked up to me as he raised his head slowly from its rest, and answered,

"Yes, that's my name, but I don't remember you."

No, he did not know me. The old man was old when I was young, and he had now grown older: he was more wrinkled, and crooked, and feeble, and it seemed strange to me that a man who had so long and so often been in the grave, should be out of it yet. I took a seat by the side of him on the other side of the fence, and looking at the tomb-stones within reading reach, began to call over the names of those whom I had left among the living.

"There are old Mr. and Mrs. Doubleby, and there's Mrs. Wilson, and here lies Clara Robinson, and there is the grave of Archie McAuley, and, dear me, they must be all here. Is there anybody alive around here besides you, my old friend?"

"O yes, sir, but if you knew these folks you must have been gone a long time: I declare I can't make out who you may be."

"I suppose not," said I, "but you remember Mr. Rodgers, who used to preach in the Old White Meeting-House?"

"I *guess* I do, and now I know you, his son Richard."

"Right for you, Enoch, the very same."

"And you are the boy that rode on the pulpit in prayer-time, and used to be up to all manner of mischief; you Dick Rodgers; well, I would'nt have believed my old eyes."

"You are right, my good friend, the boy is back again, and has never forgotten these streets and this old burying-ground: to tell you the truth, Enoch, I always wanted to be buried here, and perhaps you may yet do me the favor."

"And that is just what I would not like to do: tell me where your father is, and is he ever coming here again. There's a sight of folks that would give more to see him than a show."

"He came with me, Enoch; you will see him along here presently, and next Sunday you will hear him preach."

"And that will do me more good than a little. I should like to hear his voice once more."

I walked into the yard. It was full. There seemed to be room for no more graves. Long rows of sleepers, whole families were resting side by side, and had filled up the vacant places that I remembered distinctly, so that I was quite sure there were more of my old friends under ground than above. Some of them I did long to see again; some of them I hope to see hereafter. What is that name? MARY LINDLEY! Yes, I recollect it now. Died December 23d, 1831: so soon after we went away from the village: and she has been under this sod almost twenty years. Well, her heart has not ached half as often as it would if she had lived, and I believe her epitaph is true—"She sleeps in Jesus." Precious is the sleep of those who rest in his arms. And here is the grave of Charley Lee. He was a school-

mate of mine: a sickly, suffering boy, but he lived, it seems, to early manhood and died. But he died here at home, and love smoothed his pillow, and closed his dying eyes. There were some of our set who perished far away, and were buried in a strange land, and more of them will be. I was much affected as I strolled among these graves to find so many of the old people lying *in pairs*. They came back to me as I used to see them in their farm-houses, and at their daily labors, contented, pious people, the salt of the earth, the blessed of God. They prayed for me every day, and often prayed with me, for I was a frequent visitor at their houses when I was a boy.

The sun was sinking while I thus walked and meditated among the tombs, and it was now getting dark, so that I was obliged to leave the dead and seek the living. As I turned to come out of the grave-yard there was a feeling of pain that startled as it struck me. I did not want to go. It was so quiet here—just in the rear of the house of God—and so calm, so holy, sacred to the memory of so many that I revered and loved, that I felt desirous to stay with my old friends rather than to go out into the world again, and rough it, as I must, with those that are yet in the battle of life.

I walked to the Parsonage. It was once "our" house. It was very strange to knock at the old door and wait to be admitted to a home that would once have almost opened of itself at my coming. But they were not strangers altogether, who were now its rightful and excellent tenants: they had drawn me here by a pressing invitation, and now gave me a welcome so cordial and earnest that I was instantly at home again. Blessed is the charm and grace of refined and Christian hospitality. It was as freely tendered at my coming as if an "angel" were to be "entertained," and not "unawares."

It was *so* strange to lie down at night in the same room, and in the same corner of the room where I slept when a child: and the power of association was never to me so peculiarly illustrated, as by the recollection of incidents that had been buried deep under the accumulations of so many years, and never thought of from childhood: now they started up, instantly as I entered the chamber-door, as if they had happened yesterday. I cannot invest them to other eyes with the interest they wear in my own, they should be recorded on the spot. They were fresh and dear to me, and came thronging my memory, as I tried in vain to lose myself in sleep.

But the next morning came, and then I wandered out among the trees, and fields, and streams that were once my most familiar haunts. The shade-trees around the Parsonage I had helped to plant. They were now wide spreading: their branches meeting over head, though we had set their trunks wide asunder. Here were four maples in a row; they were planted for and by four brothers of us, and each in the order of his age had a tree of his own, which he watered and watched with fraternal care. The trees are all living: the brothers, one of them has been transplanted to a better soil and a fairer clime. He was a fine boy: well do I remember how he, the youngest of the four, a mere child, was pleased to have a tree of his own; how proud to fill the trench around it with water, and to see that his tree, (they were all set out in full leaf) did not wilt. But he withered and died before his sun had reached its noon. He went to college, and when returning home for his Spring vacation, was seized with fever in a strange city, and among strangers died! Poor boy: no, rather let me say, blessed was he that his Father took him so early to his bosom, and spared him the trials and struggles the rest of us have had to meet and bear. And it was a pleasant circumstance to me, and one I did not know till it was told me here under the shadow of my departed brother's tree that the young pastor, now dwelling here and enjoying these shades, was my brother's friend and classmate in college, and had mourned his untimely fall. How strange the mutations and comminglings of this world!

But these fields have not changed. These hills are the same: the everlasting hills; the forests crown them yet, and these streams at their base flow on as they did thirty years ago, when I walked in them, or sat on their banks and angled for trout in the summer sun. It is good to look nature in the face again, and to see some scenes that have not changed with the changes of an ever-changing world.

And these dwellings, though older somewhat, yet, as they were old when I was here last, now look very much as they did then. Time has been at work upon them, but he has not wrought their ruin yet. Let us enter one of them, and see if there are any here who will remember me. This is the house of a wealthy farmer, whose children were companions of mine in childhood. I hear that his daughter has been an invalid for nearly twenty years. Yes, she remembers me, and tells me that she has read the "Old White Meeting-House," and has been comforted in years of languishing by the presence of Him who was with the children in the furnace. Eighteen years to be sick: a prisoner at home. Yet there the Lord can shower his selectest favors, and make the chamber of suffering a dwelling-place of light and joy.

The Sabbath came, and then the people came together to listen once more to the voice of their former pastor, the venerable Mr. Rodgers. But not in the old church: the time-honored, hallowed house of God, that had so often been shaken with his trumpet voice: where the Holy Spirit had often triumphed over the hearts of men, when the Gospel in its majestic power had come down from heaven, and been heard as the message of life to the perishing: the old church that was *the* church of my childhood, and about which cluster all the tenderest recollections of early religious impressions under the preaching of the word. That old house was never painted on the inside, and the aisles were never covered with carpets, nor its square pews with cushions, nor its windows with shades, but for all that it was a house that God loved, and where he loved to come and meet with his people, and make his word glorious. Now it had given place to a statelier structure, with all the modern *improvements*. An organ, yes, my incredulous reader, an organ poured its rich tones on the ears of the silent assembly as I entered, and it was evident instantly that this was not the "*Old* White Meeting-House." Alas! how changed. The fathers, where are they? Two or three venerated heads, white as the almond-tree in bloom, are here, and they were here as long ago as I can remember; but the most of them are gone. The old graveyard has the most of the congregation that listened to Mr. Rodgers when he was pastor. But he was here now, and he was heard for the sake of their fathers, and doubtless the memories of childhood were revived in many hearts as they heard the words of salvation from his lips.

His text was beautiful and appropriate: "*Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage.*" He showed them, that life was a pilgrimage: we have no continuing city nor abiding-place on earth: we are seeking a country, a heavenly: but this is not a dreary, cheerless place, there are joys to be had while hastening on to higher joys that are yet to be ours. There are *songs* in the house of our pilgrimage, and these songs express the pilgrim's joy. Its source is the word of God, the precious revelation of His grace which the believer hath with him in all his journey: a never-failing source of pleasure to him who loves to drink the pure waters of eternal life. And as he set before the mind the blessedness of those who sought and found refreshment at these living springs, it was natural to believe that he was speaking his own sweet experience, and that he was commending to others the fountain where he had often and delightfully quenched the thirst of his own soul. Then he called upon those to come and taste, who had never found refreshing waters in the Gospel of Christ, and with earnestness and tears he besought them to turn unto Him who only could be their hiding-place in the day of the Lord.

And when he came down from the pulpit they gathered round him and grasped his hands, and spoke of their long memory of him and their joy to see his gray hairs once more, and to hear the voice that had fallen on their ears so often in the house of God. The children were now gathered together: those who had never seen him before: and he spoke to them with the tenderness of a father and the patriarchal form that stood before them, and the words of holy counsel from his lips, will be remembered by this, the third generation, in the parish that has heard the voice of Mr. Rodgers.

In the afternoon they indulged their friend, the writer of this, with the privilege of preaching the word of life in the same place. But it was not the *old* church, and I felt less at home than I had hoped to feel. There was scarcely a familiar face in the house: the old people were dead, and the young people had grown up and out of recollection. I delivered the message as if it were my last, and surely felt that it might be; and then, when the Sabbath was over, hastened away from the scenes that once were very dear, and now had lost so many of their charms.

But it had been a joy to come back to these haunts: there were some who had loved me and whom I had loved, yet living and loving, and it was sweet to renew the associations of early years, to talk of days long gone by, and live them over again as if we were not growing old.

HOPE.

'Tis hope that animates the breast,
And cheers the drooping soul—
Points forward to the better times,
And strains for glory's goal.

Should hope, best charmer, cease her song,
Or fly from earth below,
Life then would be a bootless theme,
And bliss itself were woe.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

THE inspired descriptions of the New Jerusalem are very general. In this, as in other respects, they form a bold contrast to the seventh heaven, or paradise, of Mohammed. The false prophet, in unfolding the luxuries which await his followers, is very minute and particular. But the inheritance of the saints so far exceeds the comprehension of those who dwell in houses of clay, that it is set forth under material objects, as symbols to assist our conceptions. Paul, when caught up from earth, "whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell," says nothing concerning what he saw, nor indeed of what he heard, except that they were "things unutterable." In describing, therefore, this celestial city, we must use, as far as possible, the language employed by the Holy Spirit. How, then, may be described that "city prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," sought by Christians here upon the earth, and into which all the redeemed will be finally gathered, and God dwell with them and be their God? The two last chapters of the Apocalypse, incomparable for sublimity and splendor, are chiefly written to convey some notion of it to our minds. From these we learn that it is a city which hath foundations, and these foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones; that its dimensions are exceedingly spacious; its walls of jasper, its buildings of pellucid gold; its gates of living pearls, and its very streets of gold, like unto clear glass. In the midst of it is the throne of God: proceeding out from this throne is the river of life; on either side of it trees of immortality sweat out their balsams, and furnish vernal fruits. There is no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the moon nor of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.

This divine residence is elsewhere represented as a place of "rest." "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors." To the wayworn, careworn, and sorrowing pilgrim, there is a great deal of meaning in that word *rest*. Fatigued by long, severe, and exhausting labors, distracted with a multiplicity of cares, facing tempestuous winds, melting in the sun, and broken with discouragements—there is a meaning rich and solid in the word rest. Such a rest is the portion of the inhabitants of this city. Rest from the miseries and toils of life. "There is no more sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rest from the being and indwelling of sin. The fountain of evil in the human heart is dried up; an army with two banners is no longer there; the fierce conflict between the old man and the new is over, and the new man is triumphant; the body, no longer fleshly, and a clog to the soul, is spiritual, and ministers to its felicity. Rest eternal from the accusations and abuse of the ungodly. Those tongues, once armed against them, are silenced; the "den of lions and the mountain of leopards" are at an inapproachable distance; "there is a great gulf fixed." Rest forever from the assaults of Satan. He worries and affrights no longer; the hissing serpent comes not into the bowers of that paradise. Such, briefly, is the New Jerusalem.

Then as to the employment of its citizens. Though this city is a place of rest, where fatigue is unknown, it is not a state of absolute quiescence; its citizens are engaged. As among these engagements, we may consider contemplation, meditation, converse, and worship.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Through the medium of these, God displays the depths of his power, wisdom, and goodness to created intelligences, and the study of these is the proper employment of rational beings. The Christian philosopher, in whom knowledge and piety meet, finds in the material kingdom sources of admiration and delight. This earth, "hung upon nothing," its oceans, mountains, valleys and landscapes, impart to the mind attempered to divine contemplation, the most exquisite enjoyment. Think of heaven, then, in this view—Jehovah's illimitable universe the field to explore—and intellectual endowments adequate to this purpose. We are apt to think that all the faculties of the mind are developed here; but mind may have other and nobler faculties that we know not of. We have all that are necessary for the present stage of our existence; but at another stage other faculties may be needed—faculties which now sleep in embryo, which can be unfolded and ri

pened only in the atmosphere and glory of heaven. This conjecture harmonizes with analogy. The child has no conception of what it will be. Where was Newton's mind when he lay a helpless infant in the cradle? But all our continuance here is an infancy; we are but babes. Reason is only in its bud; hereafter it is to bloom and mature. What varieties, then, of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, will be seen in heaven by minds invested with new powers of discernment! How will this vast storehouse of means, all fitted, all operating to the production of the best ends, call forth rapturous emotions! Who can tell the happiness of that soul, before whom the God of immensity spreads out all his riches? If the "morning stars sang together" on simply beholding this planet reduced from chaos to order and loveliness, what songs will break from the believer's lips, as his mind roves over all God's handiworks, in their infinitely various forms of glory!

The children of Israel, on reaching the land flowing with milk and honey, were commanded to "remember the way in which the Lord had led them through the wilderness." This command accords with the sentiments of nature. We naturally contrast the present with the past, and when there is an evident improvement in ourselves or circumstances, this appears thus more striking, and furnishes increased cause for congratulation. The parent, on reaching his fireside, after a protracted tour, loves to recall to mind and tell to the household circle, the labors and perils of his way. The Psalmist, when his "feet were taken from the horrible pit," on looking back to it says, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." Christians, in their cheerful frames, favored with the manifestations of divine love, revert to what they once were when "without hope," and the reflection is sweet and refreshing. This feeling will go with them to the "city of habitation." The sorrows they experienced during their pilgrimage, the conflicts they had, and the hills they climbed will be subjects of frequent and pleasing thought. They will consider their wretched condition before conversion—apostates, voluntary aliens from their God, and nuisances to his creation. Possessed of superior vision, they will retrace "all the way" in which they have been led along. When they stumbled, and were ready to fall, they will see how "ministering angels had charge concerning them," and held them up. When they were blessed with the influences of the Spirit, they will see how important, at just that season, this visitation was. And even when they see their sins—as see them they must—they will adore that mercy and forbearance which pardoned, endured, and brought them to heaven. They will see how "every thing" has "worked together for their good;" how the most untoward occurrences, the most gloomy events, were the appointment of Him who loved them better than they loved themselves, and best knew how to advance their welfare. Nor will their thoughts be confined here. God's goodness to their relatives, their companions, and the church; the connection between civil revolutions and its purity and prosperity, will furnish materials for delightful meditation. This view of the past, removing every doubt and fear respecting the future, "peace passing all understanding" will be the portion of their souls, throughout the endless ages of duration.

In this city will be also society and converse. "They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God." Abel is among its citizens, for "he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." Elijah, too, is one of them, for he was translated thither in a chariot of fire. Moses, likewise, for he appeared on the mount of transfiguration. The twelve apostles are there, for our Saviour promised that they should "be with him where he was." Those who were born again under the preaching of the apostles, are there; for when St. John wrote his revelations, he tells us, he "beheld of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, a great multitude, which no man could number." There, also, is an "innumerable company of angels." Nor will the companionable principle be extinguished. It will live. Social feelings will be as strong there as they are here, and there will be no distrust, as here, to prevent their exercise. Every one will have unmingled confidence in every other, and find it as blessed to impart knowledge as to receive it. The different generations of the righteous will have something to tell, as well as something to be told. They all, indeed, traveled through the same wilderness, but the same scenes were not witnessed by all, nor were all subjected to the same dispensations. Happy they who mingle with these once the "excellent of the earth," but of whom the world was not worthy; who are permitted to walk hand in hand with patriarchs and prophets, and listen to their history! But there are higher orders of beings, with whose fellowship and friendship its citizens will be favored. "Angels desire to look into" those mysteries of redemption with which saints are conversant; and if they "learn through the church the manifold wisdom of God," they in turn will be willing to communicate knowledge. Yet

above all, and over all, "the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water;" Christ will be their instructor. He who, while on earth, "taught the people out of a ship," or from the "mountain top," drawing illustrations from "the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field," will teach in heaven. What must be the instruction of such a master? what the privilege of such scholars? what their improvement as eternity rolls on!

In worship, the inhabitants of Mount Zion will assuredly engage. Heaven is styled "the Temple of God;" Christians, elsewhere styled "priests unto God," will there offer pure and fragrant oblations. Where there is any elevated emotions there is a tendency to song. It is the spontaneous product of joyful hearts. Hence heaven is represented as a city, whose inhabitants, mutually kindling with devotion and ecstasy, are employed in adoration and praise. "I beheld," said John, "and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne and about the elders, and the four living ones; and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God, forever and ever, amen." There was also a "new song sung," and we are left in no doubt as to who united in it, for it was—"Unto Him who loved, and washed us from our sins in His own blood; to Him be glory and dominion." "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

What a city, this! Who would not enter it and be numbered among its citizens? How beautifully Bunyan describes it, when in his dream he saw Christian and Faithful enter it, and as they entered, behold them transfigured, and their raiment shining like gold! "Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal."

"There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, *I wished myself among them.*" No wonder, Bunyan, that you did. We all would enter this abode of God's highest spiritual creation. Each one for himself can say:

"Would I were with them! they behold
Their Saviour glorious and divine:
They touch the cups of shining gold,
And in his kingdom drink new wine.
How flash, like gems, their brilliant lyres
Along the sparkling walls of heaven,
When from his radiance, catching fires,
The song of songs to Christ is given!"

Yes, this is a place worth wishing for, and striving for. And as it can be reached only by effort—strenuous, unremitting effort—let us "not be slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

WOODLAND THOUGHTS.

With the careless laugh of childhood
Still ringing in mine ear,
I wander'd in the wild-wood
When leaves were few and sear—
When autumn gales were sweeping
Amid the branches bare,
And a dank mist was creeping
O'er all things bright and fair.

I thought upon all creatures
That joyous are and free—
On the smile-illumined features
Of those most dear to me—
Of the balm, the bloom, the beauty
That glad the summer hours—
Of acts of love and duty—
And of man's lofty powers.

And I said, "Life hath its changes:
'Twixt the cradle and the tomb,
Full oft the footstep ranges
From sunshine into gloom;
But as in sunny beamings
There are shadows that affright,
So there are hopeful gleamings
E'en in the darkest night."

We pass from careless childhood
To manhood's life of care,
And age, like autumn's wild-wood,
Is often bleak and bare:
Yet are there mem'ries pleasant,
High thoughts, and hopes divine,
To cheer and glad the present,
And make the future shine.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

THE Revolution swept onward like a gulf stream. In one night the venerable privileges of ages had been overwhelmed. Mirabeau had ascended a throne raised for him by the people, and having exercised almost imperial power, had descended into a grave over which he commanded "*Eternal sleep*" to be written. "Sea-green Robespierre," released from the overshadowing genius of him of the "boar's head," was rapidly acquiring notoriety. The splendid Maury, also, no longer feared to declaim in behalf of royalty. Danton was snatching after the execution-sceptre of the revolution. Marat was shrieking for blood, and "Père Duchesne" was emulating his patron saint. Paris seemed a vast caldron filled with the seething elements of contention.

Among the notables of that day we must rank the brilliant but unfortunate Girondists. The names of Brissot, Guadet, Ducos, Gensonné, Roland, Buzot, and, more admired than all his peers, Vergniaud, filled the visions of Frenchmen. Mirabeau alone excepted, in the tribune they had no equals. They were the most skillful of destructionists, but had neither the genius nor the power to construct system out of chaos. Had they but Danton, the lion-hearted, resistless as a thunderbolt, to execute for them, Jacobinism itself might have been worsted. But no; him they had driven away from them, because their beautiful divinity, the only one they truly acknowledged, Madame Roland, had commanded them.

The toils are about them, and although eloquence never had more splendid exhibitions than from them, yet they were only as the bright blaze of a consuming building, brightest as its beams and rafters rush down into one heap of ruins. The poor king was on trial, and these men, menaced with death, had assented to the league which sent Louis to the scaffold. Events thicken, and fling dark shadows on the path of these men, for is it not written, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword?"

Plots of assassination are whispered about, and the more cautious of the Girondists fled; but such as Vergniaud did not and would not flee. Death was preferable to ignominy. At last, on September 3d, 1793, those who had not fled went to the Assembly, and found it guarded with soldiers. A few moments revealed the cause. Jacobinism, triumphant, could not breathe freely so long as Vergniaud, and men like him, lived. A hurried accusation, passed in a tremendous tumult, sent more than a hundred to prison. The leaders formed a distinct band, and numbered twenty-two. The most of them were not forty years of age. It is of these we are now to write.

The Twenty-two had been confined in one prison together, and all acquitted themselves becomingly but one. Boileau, the only weak one, plead with abject servility for life. The rest, while they were not destitute of the liveliest sensibilities, met their fate like heroes. Their heroism was inscribed on the very walls of their prison, in pithy aphorisms, and sentences replete with wit. Among these blood-written characters one from Vergniaud was pre-eminent, "*I prefer death to baseness!*"

The trial came on, after a rigid imprisonment of two months had done its work. The Jacobin leaders rather desired to spare than to kill their fallen enemies; but the rabble shouted as new scaffolds were daily crimsoned with blood, "Why are our enemies spared?" Death was inevitable. Paris rocked with excitement, and yet the Girondists openly said, "Only let us plead our own cause, and we shall triumph!" Nor was it an empty boast.

The greatest man among them was Vergniaud. Nature had lavished every splendid endowment on him save one—that was executive energy. He was a sluggard, whom the goad of necessity alone could rouse, but when roused, all men were spellbound. Since the death of Mirabeau France had no such orator. And now, completely as he was in their power, his enemies dared not permit that genius to blaze out, even at a packed revolutionary tribunal. The trial lasted a week, and the Committee of Safety closed it by a special order which shut the prisoners from a public defence, and the infamous jury declared them guilty.

At first, the prisoners uttered a cry of horror, and one of them, Valzaé, drove a dagger into his own breast, and died. His body was guillotined with his companions, the next day—as though he were alive—to satiate the fury of the people. It was this catastrophe which summoned back their

heroism, and thenceforth they acquitted themselves like men. It was a touching scene.

Brissot sat unmoved as a stoic. Two others raised their hands and eyes toward heaven in an attitude which would have honored Christian martyrs. One of them, a cripple, flung down his cane with the heroic words, "This is the most glorious day of my life!" Two friends rushed into each other's embrace, whilst one exclaimed, "My friend, I am the cause of your death!" "But let us be joyful, we shall die together!" replied his noble companion.

This tragic heroism was enhanced by a cry of pain, from a spectator, who now rushed from the crowd like a frenzied madman. It was Camille Desmoulins, who had written a stinging lampoon against the Girondists, which had set the current of popular odium to flowing strongly against them. "I am the death of them! it was my exposure of Brissot which has done it!" The blood of those men haunted him until he too was sent to the scaffold by Robespierre.

As the condemned were conducted from the hall back to their prison, they rapturously sung the Marsellaise hymn. It was a majestic scene.

Vergniaud had a vial of quick poison, but threw it away. He would share the trials of the coming day with his friends. He did not this from religious principle, but rather from honor to his companions.

What a sight greeted those priests in attendance, at midnight, in that prison hall! All that money could procure was there to tempt the taste and gratify the senses. The young were mirthful, but the older ones exhibited becoming gravity. It was a thrilling sight, and many ages will roll away before its equal will again appear.

Ducos and Fonfrede were friends and brothers-in-law. They jested at death, and attempted to dispel the melancholy of their fate by mirth.

"Ha! Fonfrede," said the trifling Ducos, "what would our good pedagogue, Monsieur Japon, think of his wild boys now? What jolly times we used to have in outwitting him! Don't you remember that cold, stormy night, when we climbed on the schoolhouse and stopped up the chimney? How the old codger did rub his eyes the next morning, as for the first time his philosophy was baffled by smoke coming down instead of going up! And then, I know he must have flourished some Greek oaths when he found out the trick; but the perpetrators escaped!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Fonfrede as the amusing scene was alluded to; "yes, it was rich, and I confess to having then had some nervousness lest the good man should find us out! Do you remember that *cube*, which was internally occupied with a globe, and externally by any favorite culprit he wished especially to honor? Ha, ha, ha! how the 'young ideas' used to writhe as the good disciplinarian stretched them over that box for the purpose of making his whip fit certain parts of the body-corporate more tightly!"

"Yes, yes, I remember that, for the old man glued *me* to that box once," said Ducos, with a laugh; "but after all, it was not half so funny as to see him separate his own capacious *pedestals*, and then send some boys on all fours between his well-elongated extremities, to 'Japan to get a rattan,' as he jocosely termed it. How nimble the clumsiest boys became in the operation, as the rattan flourished in such fitting proximity to their posteriors! It was a capital joke to all except to those who were the *objective* participants in it! The good man himself seemed to enjoy it much from his explosive laughter on such occasions!"

"But you forget," replied Fonfrede, "that Monsieur Japon once waked the wrong passenger. He started Jacques Strong on that expedition one day, and as he went through as if sent out of a catapult, and woful to tell, caught the legs of our towering Colossus with such force that he found himself sprawling on the floor! I always noticed that he seemed not so fond of sending to Japan after that!"

Even the grave Vergniaud could not refrain from laughter, as these triflers recalled the scenes of their school-days.

From boyhood they ascended to youth, and recounted the exploits and rivalries of the heart. It was strange thus to see young men, the next day to mount the scaffold, drinking bumpers to the beauties they had loved in their native Bordeaux. But sadness spread over even their faces as they thought of home, and of those who to-morrow would be widows. As the hours rolled away, all became silent. The deep repose of Vergniaud's face deepened, and the stern features of Brissot grew sterner. The lights burned dimly, and the festal hall of "the Twenty-two" began to resemble a sepulchre dimly lighted. The most trifling grew serious as the hour of death drew near. Songs, jests, and declamation, all gave way; nobler actors were now to ascend this tragic stage.

These men had engaged in acts which no morality can justify, and at this honest hour perhaps they thought of poor Louis. Be this as it may, they perceived that the true reign of terror had just commenced, and that France would reel with convulsions and bleed at every pore as they were immolated.

"How much blood," asked the far-sighted demagogue, Brissot, "how much blood will it require to wash out that which we shall to-morrow shed on the scaffold?"

It was a flash of light shining down into the future, for a moment, revealing scenes which made them shudder.

"My friends," said the eloquent and classic Vergniaud, ",we have pruned the tree to death; it was too old to be pruned!"

And then glancing at their successful enemy, he continued, "Robespierre not only lays the axe at the root of the tree, but he is hewing it down by the roots. But will he be more fortunate than we? Nay, he has taken the sword, and shall perish also!"

His friends hung on his lips as though a prophet spake; and he continued, "As yet, France has no soil fertile enough to bear the tree of civil freedom, and this nation, too childish to wield its laws without self-injury, will recall its kings as children their playthings!"

Then, by one consummate stroke, he unbarred the mystery: "We have mistaken the age and the place. We thought ourselves at Rome, but it was only Paris. And yet we die not in vain. Our blood will give richness to this impoverished soil. We will not carry with us the future of the republic. Come, then, my friends, let us give the people hope, as a legacy, in exchange for death at their hands!"

This steady look at the future was too painful for some, and Ducos made an ineffectual attempt to rally mirth by a jest.

"What," he inquired, "shall we be engaged in at this hour to-morrow?"

An Atheist replied, "Fatigued, we shall sleep."

Fauchet, eloquent, and dissolved with feeling, replied, in tones which drew tears from all, "We much resemble the great martyr of Calvary, and shall we not be with him in Paradise?"

But Vergniaud was the genius of that hour; and, as though the world were his audience, and he were again in the tribune, he spoke of the Supreme Being, and of immortality. Erudition was tasked for classic allusions to illustrate his ideas. He admired Christianity, but did not believe it. At best, he was only a splendid Deist.

"Are we not," he said, thrillingly, "the surest proof of immortality? calm, serene, unmoved, in the presence of our friend"—and he pointed to the body of Valaze—"like philosophers discussing the light or darkness which shall succeed our last sigh, more happy than Danton or Robespierre? Are *we* not immortal? What is humanity? Is it this mass of animate dust—*man* to-day, and *clay* to-morrow? No, no."

Profound emotion was excited by his words, and warmed into a frenzy of enthusiasm, he again spake.

"Death is the greatest act of life. It gives birth to a higher existence. Were this not true, the creature would be greater than his Creator. Were this not true, the just man, a hopeless, yet noble martyr for his country, would be greater than God. This is the very folly of blasphemy, and with horror I discard it. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud, and will not suffer him to be a martyr to-morrow, but to justify and avenge him in future ages!"

And thus he discoursed. Brissot thought one way, Fauchet another, and Vergniaud another; but the last said nobly, for a Deist, "Let us entertain our own opinions, but in one thing we agree. We are certain of life and the price of our death. Let one give up his doubt, another his faith, and all of us our blood, for liberty. When man offers himself a victim to Heaven, what more can he give?"

The night was wearing away in such discourse, and now some slept, some wept, some confessed, some embraced. It needed the presence of others to make them stoics.

With the morning came the executioners, to shave the hair from their heads, preparatory to the guillotine.

"Here, my friend," said the magnificent Gensonne to the priest, Lambert, handing him one curl of his own black hair, "give this to my wife. Tell her it is all I can send her of myself. Tell her my last thoughts in death were hers!"

Vergniaud, by the same messenger, sent his gold watch, inside the case of which were some affectionate words, inscribed to his affianced bride, to whom he expected soon to be married. All sent messages and tokens to particular friends by this trusty and courageous man, who had braved the anger of the populace to assist his friends. The Twenty-two sang the Marsellaise hymn on their way to the scaffold. Their voices continued the song until the guillotine began its bloody work, and the survivors, after each stroke, again renewed the strain. Thirty-one minutes sufficed for the axe, and these splendid men were dead. "One head per minute, or little less." Not one half hour can be selected in the whole history of the world in which so much talent, genius, excellence, and eloquence, fell under the headman's axe. They committed great errors, and were guilty of some great crimes, and yet their rapid fall and cruel death, borne so nobly, will ever excite pity, if not love.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

(SEE PLATE.)

Our own conceptions of the intellect and character of Landor accord very much with the impression which we gather from the striking lineaments of his portrait. The masculine strength, not unattempered with grace; the self-reliance and independence of opinion and conduct; the dignity and manly comprehensiveness, which those well-turned and highly expressive features indicate, we think are to be traced in clearly-defined outlines, in the style of thought and language of his writings. A better counterpart of features and faculties, of person and performance, nature seldom accomplishes.

Landor is a rare specimen of the genuine Englishman. Almost every virtue, eccentricity, and defect of the unadulterated English character, is reproduced, with singular fidelity, in some one element of his nature. The downright, practical, indomitable cast, which gives to the Anglo-Saxon his supremacy over the other races; which have wrought those wonders of heroism, wealth, art, and learning, that illustrate the English history, and have swollen the narrow boundary of an inconsiderable island to more than the dimensions of any preceding empire, is typified, with the resemblance of a family likeness, in the mind and heart of Landor. It is at once his glory and his definition that he is an Englishman of Englishmen; that he expresses the genius of English life, and exemplifies the best characteristics of English thought and sentiment.

But it is the Englishman, in the real sense of the word, that he typifies. If we may judge by his writings, English institutions and opinions, as they are represented by lords, hierarchies, feudal institutions, and popular oppressions, are not the archetype of our author's views or character. It is rather to the England of the people—to the English character—as once exemplified in the steadfastness and endurance of the Lollards, and in the bravery, for opinion's sake, which the era of the Rebellion and the Protectorate illustrated, that showed itself resistless at the Revolution; that is at this day working out the problem of freedom, civilization, religion, and just government over the globe, that we are to look for the spring and source of the energy, wisdom, and freedom which give their peculiarity and their power to the thoughts of Landor.

The liberal and popular cast of Landor's writings is the most deserving of praise, in having been maintained in the face of many obstacles. He belongs by birth and station to the aristocratic class. Inheriting a large fortune and a high position in society, his sympathy with the people and with popular rights has not been a thing of necessity; nor, situated as he has been, a thing of personal benefit or fame. He started in life with the generous sentiments respecting the rights of man, inspired by his own elevated feelings and native, manly character; and to these sentiments he has clung through much obloquy and opposition, and what has appeared, at times, a sacrifice of the applause which another direction of his fine powers would have been sure to win. And for these sentiments he has battled with a calm endurance and a noble faith, that do him infinite honor.

After long years, in which his writings, always evincing talent, grace, beauty, and energy, deserving the attention and homage of the wise and good, were suffered to lie in a neglect that amounted to almost oblivion, his star is emerging from the haze, and Landor's begins to be a name of magic. It begins to be felt that treasures of truth, beauty, and genius have been lying in inglorious forgetfulness; and, as if anxious to efface their ingratitude, both the world of letters and the world of morals seem to be making up for past wrongs, by bringing forward a name but lately made known to the front rank of the masters of English literature, and the benefactors of the race.

Landor is now an old man, being about seventy-five years of age. After the completion of his education, he resided many years abroad, particularly in Italy. His extensive travel and observations gave him broad and catholic views of men and systems, which form a marked and beautiful feature of his writings. His first public appearance was as a poet, in which character, it must be said, he achieved but little fame. The first production of any pretension was his "Gebir," the scene of which lies in Egypt, and deals plentifully in sorcerers, water-nymphs, and sphynxes, and other materials more indicative of a fertile fancy, than of poetic feeling or delicate taste. Yet it is not without its merit. There are passages of energy and grace, which mark no ordinary source. Several dramas followed

this, which are scarcely remembered in comparison with his subsequent and far more able prose writings. His fame will ultimately rest on his "Imaginary Conversations;" a work of peculiar cast, and, though very unequal in its execution, of extraordinary genius and ability. The plan of it is singular, but exceedingly happy, for the purpose he had in view. It is a series of supposed conversations between well-known eminent men —generally two interlocutors at a time—often centuries apart in point of time, and scarcely less diverse in character and relations. This enables him to bring into juxtaposition and comparison all possible opinions and theories; and by the contrast, to bring out with the greater distinctness his own sentiments. There are warriors, politicians, poets, moralists, divines, kings, popes, and people; men of piety and men of plunder; women and wits; saints and sinners, brought together for a comparison of opinions, and discussion of grave and important subjects—each setting forth his own views in a way to indicate plainly enough, in the long run, what Mr. Landor would seek to teach.

Of course these interlocutors are often made to utter strange things. It is nothing uncommon to hear an old Roman debating with fluency topics of which Rome never heard or dreamed; or old Egyptian priests discoursing wisdom which could only be gathered from the Bible. These anachronisms are of but little consequence, since the author's end is the better subserved by them; and the skill, and grace, and beauty, with which the dialogue is managed, reveal the master. The conversations are quite numerous, as well as discursive; and in their range embrace discussions more or less thorough of innumerable topics of history, politics, economy, poetry, literature, taste, morals, and religion, which are redolent throughout with the most genial wisdom, noble and elevated sentiment, and a catholic spirit. Perhaps there are not to be found, in the whole range of modern literature, a body of writings which, taken as a whole, by their consummate grace and finish of style, their generous and inspiring sentiments, better illustrate and adorn at once the English character and English language, than the Imaginary Conversations. Our greatest regret is, in this summary notice of them, that the admiration with which they are regarded cannot be justified to the reader by some adequate illustration. A few golden sentences, chosen at random, we will quote, which, though but little better than showing a brick as a specimen of a house, may induce the reader's closer acquaintance, and therefore heartier appreciation of this rare and admirable genius.

With what characteristic boldness the rebuke is here dealt to the inconsistency of the war-spirit in a Christian people:

"Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promonotory lights which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of humanity and wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage, than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day, we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily, and lead the most directly to the heart? But both eyes and ears are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us." "An honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth; it is the office of the religious to worship her. The falsehood that the tongue commits, is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart and executed by the whole man throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbor; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity; if, professing that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' I question the Lord's security and haggle with him about the amount of the loan; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emoulment of my stewardship; how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I and other such thieves and hypocrites fare hereafter?"

In the dialogue between Calvin and Melancthon, replete throughout with noble sentiments there occurs the following striking utterance:

Melancthon. "Calvin! I beseech you, do you, who guide and govern so many (whatever others may), spare your brethren? Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory."

Calvin. "I am curious to hear it."

Melancthon. "You shall. This is the tenet: There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity."

From one of the best of the conversations, between Andrew Marvel, the Puritan poet, and Archbishop Parker, we take a sentence or two. The sentiments respecting women are but characteristic of the elevated and manly views he everywhere utters.

"I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to

stand near, and, indeed, in the very presence of Milton. What do they see? Dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes. Other men have better things; other men, therefore, are nobler. The stars themselves are only bright by distance: go close, and all is earthy. But vapors illuminate these. From the breath and from the countenance of God, comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and of Milton."

"Who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? Is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardor of her enthusiasm subsides—if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vicacity of its early dawn—if between the sigh and the blush, an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder, what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts."

There is a touching benevolence in the following allusion to his advancing old age, which has been the animating spirit of his life, and gives a clear insight into his character:

"I have a pleasure," says he, "in renouncing one indulgence after another: in learning to live without so many wants. Why should I require so many more comforts than the bulk of my fellow-creatures can get? We should set an example against the selfish indulgence of the age. We should discountenance its extravagant follies. The pride and pomp of funerals is monstrous. When I die, I will spend but six pounds on mine. I have left orders for the very commonest coffin that is made for the commonest man; and six of the stoutest and very poorest men to carry me to the grave, for which each shall receive a sovereign."

Mr. Landor's effusions have lately borne a political complexion, which indicates the warmth of his zeal for the opinions and principles he has ever been ready to do battle for. The recent events in Europe have several times called forth brief letters in a terse and energetic style, characteristic of his best days, and replete with liberal sentiments. We will close our sketch with a passage from one of his most recent, which shows his appreciation of American institutions, and his deep insight into the real condition of things in Europe. It is entitled "The Presidents of France and America," and was elicited by the diplomatic difficulty which was at one time threatening the relations of the two countries, connected with M. Poussin:

"To what a height of glory might the President of France have attained if he had sprung up with her in her ascent toward freedom, if he had seconded and directed her energies, if he had abstained but from falsehood and fraud! History neither will nor can dissemble them; the eternal city bears the eternal testimony. The words of Mazzini are not the words of an angry zealot, but are registered in the archives of every honest heart. He accuses no man without the proof of all he utters; and there was a time when such an accusation, so confirmed, would have driven the delinquent beyond the pale of honorable men's society. A bold front and swaggering gait may reduce the cowardly to silence in presence of the ferocious; not an inch farther. It has been tried of late against the Americans, and with what success? A receiver of stolen goods is defended in his roguery by a French envoy. The French envoy is requested by the American Government to reconsider the propriety of his protection; the American Government is answered with the same insolence as the Roman was, on its calm and just expostulation. The matter was submitted by the American Government to the French Cabinet. The French Cabinet defends at once both the insolence and the fraud. Passports are delivered to the envoy; he returns to France.

"Arrogance is broken into foam when it dashes on the Western shores of the Atlantic. America knows equally her interests and her dignity. Averse to war, averse to the politics of Europe, she is greatly more than a match against the united powers of that continent. France owes her money, and she will have it, although, like many a civil suit, the contest may cost her greatly more than her demands. She is not to be shuffled off or brought to a compromise by a minor piece of trickery; the amount of money is not in question. The question is, whether the Americans are to be treated as ignominiously and superciliously as the Italians. At the head of the United States is a brave, a temperate, a sagacious man; no falsehood of word or deed could ever be objected to him. Americans, I hope, will pardon me for comparing their President (the indignity is unintentional) with the President of France. In one we behold the grave, sedate, veracious Englishman of England's Commonwealth, animated not indeed by a bitter spirit, but a spirit moving over vast and discord populations with strength to direct their energies and assign their courses; the other without any first principles, any determinate line of conduct, swearing to republicanism before the people, abjuring it before the priesthood, undermining it at home, battering it down abroad, delighted at transient cheers on a railroad, deaf to the distant voice of history, following his uncle where the way is tortuous, deviating where it is straight, and stopping in the midst of it to bow with equal obsequiousness to the heads of two religions. Symbolical of such a character is the tree of liberty; a tree unsound at root, shriveled at top, shedding its leaves on the laborers who plant it, and concealing the nakedness of its branches in the flutter of the garlands that bedizzen it.

"Sometimes a preference makes poor amends for a comparison; but America will pardon me thus weighing a sound President against a hollow one. Temperate and strong as she is, she will treat arrogant petulance with calm derision. The resources of France, the world well knows, are inadequate to set afloat, with soldiers and stores, any fleet that could make an impression. Her soldiers would find no field of operations, until, by the humanity and munificence of their captors, they should be employed in leveling the road to California. Besides, the Americans would rather see them perform an easier and more voluntary duty. Not only in common with the nations of Europe, but infinitely beyond them, those on the Atlantic see with abhorrence the wrongs and cruelties committed against the bravest and longest free of any on our continent."

MELANCHOLY.

BY REV. F. G. CLARK.

HAT a mystery lurks beneath the folds of her garment! How strange, yet how familiar! How sad, yet how pleasant; how unkind, yet how smiling is the genius of Melancholy! She is justly impersonated as a female; for her art, her insinuating address, her lovely mien, her graceful carriage, are the prerogatives of the fair. Her portrait is painted at full length upon the tablet of memory, and too well do we know her stealthy step, her conquering whisper, and her secret sting. Her wardrobe is furnished with beautiful, yet not with gorgeous attire. She loves to wear a robe dyed rather in the soft hues of moonlight, than in the too cheerful colors of the sun. Her steps are soft and noiseless. Quickly she trips along her way, and rarely is she seen, until her mellow voice has poured its plaintive tones into the ear. Often, methinks, she mounts on agile wing, and traverses the air as soon, and with as easy flight, as soars the lark.

The genius of Melancholy is everywhere. Neither locks, nor gates, nor castles, can prevent her coming. She visits the nursery, and stands beside the boy as he gazes out of the window, exerting her mysterious charm upon his spirit, until his vision settles into a vacant stare, and his thoughts are entranced by something which language has never yet described. The boy heeds not the spell, nor knows what a lasting impress is being fixed upon his soul. Nor is aught visible to mark the first visit of Melancholy to the young heart, than a cloud upon the brow, so light, as to be known only by the once saddened observer. This mysterious spirit flies from the nursery to the school and the academic hall, and hangs upon the student's walls her sombre tapestry. The images which she draws are faint; now they can be seen, when the eye is covered with the film of dejection, and soon a flood of brighter sunlight sweeps them all away. But Melancholy has other scenes than these in which to act. She visits the king on his throne, the slave at his toil, the rich at his banquet, or when he

"Treads alone the banquet hall deserted,"

and also the poor at his humble toil. She watches, as with Argus eye, the refuges of her victims, and sees the barriers which they erect to resist her approach. She knows, too, as with omniscient mind, what time best suits her coming. The dark days, the weary frames, the adverse circumstances, the losses, the sicknesses which we dread, are instruments of her work. Of these she takes advantage, and flies in at the window of the soul, when it has been forced open by the storms of life.

Above all, the invalid is an object of her care. Especially if some lurking weariness or lethargy elude the physician's skill, and hang mysterious weights upon the frame. He who is overtasked and ought to seek the healing of some rural sports; or he that pines with indigestion, or sinks beneath some painful malady; these have need to shield themselves against her power; these are her choicest and most numerous victims. Upon these her charms work wonders, vying with the secret spells of fays and wizards. She aims to link the flesh and spirit by the same heavy chain, and to spread the body's ailments throughout every chamber of the soul. She casts her spell upon the thoughts, and tasks them with a servitude to which Egyptian bondage were liberty. She chains them down to the dust, and makes them delve in dungeons deep and dark. She often fastens them to one spot, and then drives them, like the poor brute at the mill, round and round in an endless course of painful toil. If once the mind can be apprenticed to the task of noting all bodily ailments, with their progress and their cure; and thus self, and what is most to be deplored, the worst of self, the body, becomes the highest care, then is Melancholy enthroned supreme.

But what is Melancholy? They who have felt, may know, but who can tell! It has too many forms and garbs, and charms and miseries, to be described. But surely it has saddened hearts and homes enough to have left some knowledge of its deeds, if not of its essence. Melancholy is one of those spirits which brought with them in their fall some heavenly

hues. It wraps itself in gentleness, and solitude, and love; and thus unknown, eats up the spirit's joys. Its first approaches to the mind are in disguise. The sensibilities are excited by a power so doubtful, and with such subtle admixture of pleasure and pain, that the influence is at the same time cherished and feared. The mind, grown doubly sensitive to the ills of life, retires into its most secret apartments, and from thence looks with cold contempt upon the world. It sees offence, and slight, and wrong, where once were none. It casts its own gloomy hues over every object, and sees the heavens covered with a funeral pall, while every tree, and flower, and fruit, lose their beauty, and appear of the same dull color. The landscape loses its smile; and the cloud-shadow, which once flitted over the field in sportive haste, now lingers, and spreads, and deepens. The brook ceases to murmur its song of praise; the soul's dull ear is deaf to its music. The birds sing in vain; insects fly and skip; the cattle low; the yearlings frolic as ever; but the melancholy mind sees neither beauty nor joy around. It mourns as if every day were the funeral day of nature, and all her joys were lost in death. Or, if some things seem full of hope and bliss, they only sadden the spirit by revealing in contrast how dark and joyless is its inward state. Lest the smiles of friends should break this gloomy spell, Melancholy drives its victim into solitude, and often borrowing the garb of religious meditation, teaches the soul to shun companionship. So off the poor man goes into fields and woods, dreading nothing more than the sympathy of friends. The world's indifference he heeds not; its charms and its pains are alike powerless. He has gotten above or beneath their reach. But one tender word would break the swollen tear-gland, and make the pent-up waters of emotion gush forth. Thus suddenly exposed, the melancholy mind shrinks with shame from the sight even of the most intimate friendship, and longs to be alone.

Let now some voice from reason or from anxious friend inquire, Why this world of sorrow is crowded into one poor soul? What mighty grief has bowed thee to the dust? Why have light, and beauty, and joy, all fled from earth, and left it desolate to thee? There is no answer to this question. These are wasted griefs and causeless tears. The soul knoweth its bitterness, but yet finds not the gall. It is drowned in misery, yet unwilling to be saved. It comes to the door and looks out upon a joyous world, and then, like a frantic horse rushing into flames, turns sullenly to the renewal of its self-inflicted miseries. Henry Kirke White, who was one of the victims of melancholy, thus describes these singular emotions:

> "But tho' impressions calm and sad
> Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
> And I am inly glad,
> The tear-drop stands in either eye,
> And yet I cannot tell thee why,
> I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad."

With all its deceiving smiles, and with all the gentleness of its address, it is yet a malign spirit. It betrays and ruins multitudes; its end is often in the asylum. Let it, then, be resisted at the outset. Dash away its clouds. Break loose from its charm. Sit not down to muse over imaginary woe, lest a spell enchain thee, and thou never rise. Throw thyself with the frankness of a benevolent soul into the swift current of human life, and there act with earnestness. Let not the siren voice of this deceiver call thee away from duty, to study what griefs thou canst discover.

> "Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
> Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
> Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
> Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?—
> Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
> And thou an angel's happiness shalt prove."

WEEP NOT.

Weep not for those who are no more,
But joy that they are gone
Where every strife and struggle's o'er,
And peace and they are one.
For absent friends shed not a tear,
But let their imaged smile,
In all its pristine beauty, here
The weary time beguile.

Weep not when, by the tempest toss'd,
No beacon glads your eye;
Nor yet despair when all seems lost,
For then is comfort nigh.
Though pleasure's ne'er without alloy.
Let me this truth disclose:
There is no grief unback'd by joy,
No thorn without a rose.

THE GOLD-SEEKER AND THE WATER-SEEKER.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

At no great distance from the city of Chihuahua, in a vast plain, is a small village in the centre of a deep wood, almost wholly unknown save to the wandering hunter, and the few inhabitants who dwell in its poor huts. It is called Torpedo. Twenty sheds, with roofs, it is true, but with scarcely any walls save on the northern side, composed, with one exception, the small hamlet. A neat wooden hut stood aloof from the rest, marking an advanced degree of civilization which excited the wonder, but not the emulation, of the happy but idle and poverty-stricken Mexicans. This hut had been built by an American who, having taken to the woods after a quarrel in the capital, had selected this obscure retreat for himself and his two boys, now orphan youths of nineteen and twenty. The Mexicans did as their fathers did before them: they planted a little maize and a few vegetables; they caught wild horses, and hunted enough to procure what was strictly necessary; and after this meed of exertion, thought themselves justified in spending their leisure hours, at least nine months in the year, in smoking, drinking *pulque*, and gambling for the few rags which they managed to procure in exchange for a little surplus maize, some fowls, and other commodities which their wives and daughters took to the market of Chihuahua. Zealous and Patient Jones, the lads above mentioned, were very far from being satisfied with this state of existence. They worked six days in the week, they went to market themselves, they took there six times as much produce as did any other two men in Torpedo; they bartered tobacco—the vaporous luxury of all idle nations and idle people—against maize and wild turkeys, and at the time we speak of, bade fair to make of the lethargic village a place of trade, and hence a place of prosperity. Though only just emerging from boyhood, they could have bought the whole village, inhabitants and all.

But Zealous and Patient Jones had no such vast desires; and of all the men, women and children residing in the hamlet, they coveted only the possession of two. These were Zanetta and Julietta, the daughters of the alcalde or mayor of the small locality. Zealous loved Zanetta, and Patient loved Julietta. Their affection was warmly returned, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but the passage of a year, when it was agreed that all parties would have arrived at their years of discretion, which, however, are oftener supposed to be reached than really attained.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the brothers sat at their door enjoying the refreshing breeze wafted over the trembling tree-tops, and odorous with floral richness. They were talking of the future, and of the world of which they knew so little, when a horseman suddenly appeared before them. He wore a costume which was not of the country, and had features which reminded them in their character of their departed parent. They rose as the traveler halted before their hut, and asked, in very bad Mexican, the way to Chihuahua. Zealous hurriedly replied in English that it was eleven miles off.

"I expect you're countrymen," said the horseman, much surprised.

"We are from New York State," replied Zealous.

"Well, that's pleasant. I'm dead beat, so is my horse. Will you give a countryman a shakedown for a night?"

The young men eagerly proffered their hut; and while one held the horse's head, the other assisted the traveler to dismount. Mr. Bennett, a merchant who traveled annually to Mexico, was the visitor the hospitable Americans had received; and it was difficult to say who derived most pleasure from the meeting. Mr. Bennett was delighted with the candor of the young men; they with his conversation and knowledge. He gave them glowing descriptions of the world; of the power and advantages of wealth; of the delights of an existence among one's fellows; and in fact so fired their imaginations, that when he sought his Mexican grass hammock, the brothers were wholly unable to sleep. They talked, they thought of nothing save the world; and when the traveler quitted them next day, they felt for the first time impatient and discontented.

"I have a great mind to turn *gambusino*, and go gold-hunting in the mountains," said Zealous. "I should like to become rich, and return to my native land."

"For me," cried Patient, less wild and fiery than his elder brother, "I could wish to find some hidden spring in yonder forests, and there found a village." The country was bare of water, and a [illegible] wood [illegible] which enabled

the fortunate finder to fertilize a vast property, if he had enterprise sufficient to carry out his plan.

"It would be scarcely worth abandoning our home for that," said the ambitious Zealous, and the conversation dropped. But the thoughts remained, and at the end of a week Zealous had become so infatuated, and so restlessly eager to become rich, that taking a horse, a rifle, powder, shot, a mattock, and a few clothes, he started toward the far-distant gold mountains without even bidding adieu to his brother or Zanetta, so alarmed was he that his visionary enterprise should be prevented.

Though Zealous had quitted humble prosperity, gentle and real happiness, to go run the world for mere money, he was no common youth. He had genius, couarge, and determination, and his whole conduct displayed these qualities. From time immemorial, it had been a tradition that the mountains of California were full of gold, and regularly every year some ardent and young spirits started in search of the precious metal, to meet only with death or disappointment. Few returned, and of these few none ever brought any portion of gold worth the labor of their search. They hinted at vast treasures discovered in places so distant and difficult, as to preclude their being reached with mules or horses, and returned to the search with renewed zest, but always alone, each man expecting to be the fortunate one, and refusing to share his visioned wealth with a partner. Zealous Jones knew all this, and was determined to take warning by the fate of his fellows. He traveled slowly and steadily, used as little as possible of his powder and shot, and when he killed game, bore away the remains to be eaten with wild fruits, berries, and the esculent roots of the tropics. He was careful, too, of his horse, and reached the entrance of the hilly regions without having violently fatigued man or beast. He then rested two days in the mouth of a sublime gorge of the mountains, where cliff and rock, tree and water, height and vastness, all combined to give grandeur to the scene. But Zealous thought little of the magnificent landscape: his eye, wandering over the green plains behind, seemed to wish to pierce space, and discover, five hundred miles behind, the forms of his brother and his affianced wife. Once or twice his heart was touched; but a glance at the mighty ramparts of the gold region roused within him other thoughts, and he still advanced on his perilous journey.

Months passed, and Zealous was still wandering in the hills, now ascending steep gorges, now precipitous cliffs, that forced him to abandon his faithful horse to graze at their feet; now leaving him a whole day to feed the length of his tether while he explored the rugged hills, mattock in hand, in search of gold; now traveling over lofty table-plains; now resting in delicious valleys scarce if ever trod before by the foot of man; but never finding a trace of the treacherous metal that had lured him from home. Zealous was getting gaunt and thin, his clothes were in rags, his horse was lame, and his ammunition was nearly all spent, having only lasted until now because Zealous had starved himself to spare it.

Overcome by these considerations, he determined to make a halt in a green valley watered by a stream that formed a pool in the centre. He bathed his hardy steed, examined his feet, and left him to graze unbound, quite certain of his not leaving the valley, and took himself to the water. He floated an hour in the warm sun on the surface of the water, and then struck for the shore, on the banks of which something sparkling made his heart leap. He tore up a handful, and the glittering globules of pure gold revealed the riches of the valley. To dress, to seize his mattock, to tear up the ground, was the work of an instant. The whole mass was full of the precious metal; and forgetting all cares, Zealous began his work of gold-washing and digging. A mattock, a basket of green-willow boughs—such were all his tools; but a month's arduous labor put him in possession of a heap of treasure perfectly marvelous. He now thought of returning, when the fatal idea entered his head—how was his treasure to be removed? Zealous stood speechless with astonishment and despair. His horse, though fattened by a month's rest, was unable to bear much more than himself and his heavy rifle. He accordingly resolved to take a little, bury the rest, and return to the settlements in search of assistance. He accordingly restored the precious heap to its former position, mounted his steed with a small parcel of gold, and began his journey back. It was difficult and painful. Hunger came upon him, his ammunition was all spent, and a few days made him despair of reaching home. A fever and ague, contracted in the mountains, came strong upon him, and his mind began to wander. He gained at length the vast forest that bordered his home, but at nightfall was exhausted with sickness and fatigue. He alighted, lit a fire with difficulty, and lay down beside it to die. The fever was raging, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was in a comfortable bed in a large farmhouse, with every sign of opulence and wealth. Patient and his wife were beside him. His brother had sought his fire from curiosity in time to save him. The greeting was

warm on both sides, and Zealous found to his surprise that he had been more than a year absent. The young man looked wistfully at his brother and at Julietta, who pressed to her bosom an infant a month old. "Zanetta is married too," he said with a deep sigh. A sob behind the curtains was his answer, and the faithful girl was kneeling next minute by his couch. The gold-seeker, when an hour had been given to unconnected greetings, asked his brother's history. Patient replied that his grief on the departure of his brother had almost deprived him of reason, but that Julietta had made him cling to life. He resolved, however, to go a journey; and burying himself in the forest, sought as diligently for water as his brother did for gold. A month's search rewarded him. A spring, bubbling at a tree foot, was found, and here he took up his dwelling, married Julietta, hired all the youths of the old village, and was now master of the richest *hacienda* or farm in all the country. Zanetta, true to her first affection, had come to live with them.

"And so will I," cried the gold-seeker. "I have gold enough to buy a vast herd of cattle; that is my share. We will be partners once more, brother; and if Zanetta will forgive"——

A smile was his answer. The water-seeker now asked his narrative, which he frankly told. Zanetta shuddered at the dangers he had incured, Prudent wondered at the gold; but all joined to dissuade Zealous from again risking his life in the dangerous occupation of a gambusino. He cordially agreed; and a month after, the tie of husband came to bind him more strongly to home. The gold he had brought made them amply wealthy; every happiness was around them; love, duty, prosperity, a life without a care, made the hacienda in the woods a little paradise. But the very calmness of this existence acted unfavorably on the ambitious Zealous, who could not feel the reasoning and solid enjoyment of his brother, the water-seeker. He thought of his vast treasure in the hills, grew silent and moody, spoke little to his wife, and one day disappeared with five horses and as many sacks, taking this time ample ammunition and some food. Leaving the inhabitants of the hacienda to their grief, we follow the wild gambusino, who traveled for some days with intense rapidity, for fear of being pursued. It was only at the foot of the mountains that he halted. As before, he stayed two days; but this repose over, he no longer went searching through the mountains, but led his five horses straight toward the unknown valley. After many days of arduous and painful traveling it was found, and Zealous had the delight of finding also his treasure untouched. Two days were devoted to rest and to packing his gold in the sacks provided, one of which he placed on each horse, that he himself mounted bearing the lightest.

When the gold-seeker started on his return, the arid season of the hot days had commenced; the grass was scorched up, and scarce a drop of water could be found. Zealous traveled rapidly, but this acted fatally, for on the fifth day one horse dropped with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and more than a fifth part of his treasure was lost. To load the other horses with it was vain; the poor animals, parched with thirst, staggered under their present load. Zealous, with a deep sigh, abandoned his gold, and struck across the desert toward the distant forest. No water was found that day, and at night both man and beast were raging with thirst. They halted in a sycamore grove, the dewy leaves of which at nightfall slightly restored Zealous, who, however, found another horse unable to move. Rage, despair in his heart, the young miser pursued his journey; but on arriving a whole day's journey distant from the forest, his whole caravan had broken down. The gold-seeker, mad, his brain fevered by the heat and by disappointment, turned back on foot. His senses seemed gone; and when he reached the first stage where he found a carcase, his mind was really affected, for he wildly strove to drag the gold toward home. From this moment his senses were utterly lost. He flew back on the trace of his fatal treasure; he ate roots, horse-flesh, and berries, and at last reached the spot where lay the last horse. His day was spent in frenzied efforts to drag the sack of gold onward, his night in sleeping with it for a pillow; and in this state he was found by his brother and a mounted party, who found him after a long and weary search.

It was many months ere the gold-seeker was restored to health and consciousness, and then sad was the result. He seemed a premature old man; his wife vainly strove to charm him; and but for the constant watch set upon him, he would again have started on his perilous and mad enterprise. The water-seeker clearly saw the cause of his brother's grief; but he said nothing, continuing calmly his course, and reaping every day the reward of his solid industry. When, however, a certain time had elapsed, and the body of the gold-seeker was sufficiently restored, Patient determined to try an experiment on his mind. He shut himself in a room with him, and spoke thus: "My dear brother, you are unhappy, and your misery causes ours. My wife and yours equally suffer from your sorrow: we can do nothing to remove it, because we know

not the cause." The gold-seeker sighed deeply, and shook his head. "Speak, Zealous," cried his brother, "and there is nothing you can wish but that we will all gladly do."

"It is in vain to struggle against my destiny," said Zealous. "Did you find any sacks of gold near me?"

"They are all five in yon cupboard," said Patient. "They are untouched; they are yours. They contain vast wealth, but was wealth like that necessary to us? See how happy I am. Why? Because all around is the fruit of my labor and my industry. You are unhappy, your wife is wretched, and all because you have an inordinate thirst for mere gold. With millions of dollars in your cupboard, you long again to tempt fortune."

"Never!" replied Zealous firmly. "Take the gold: it is not mine, but yours. Use it for our mutual advantage. Give me my task to perform, and from this day you shall have no reason to complain." And the gold-seeker went out in search of his wife, with whom he conversed for an hour; and that day at dinner all were happy. But Patient determined to spare no sacrifice to insure his brother's happiness. A month after that, he left his hacienda, sold it to a rich convent, and retired to the United States, where the brothers entered into a partnership as merchants. But Zealous was wholly cured. He felt deeply the noble conduct of his brother and his wife, and sought in every way to repay them. They are now all contented. Patient has three children, Zealous as many, and their commerce succeeding, they have few cares for the future. They are looked up to in the great city they inhabit; and when the Californian gold fever burst out, the most sensible advice came from the lips of Zealous. "Do not quit the certain for the uncertain," said he to young men ready to abandon lucrative posts to go gold-digging; "honest industry gives you an existence, success can do no more, while the chances of failure are so great. I was one of the fortunate. But then if the gold-seeker did not perish, it was because the devoted water-seeker was at hand." And he would hurry home to press the hand of his brother, and thank him once more for all he owed to him. The advice of Zealous is little followed, because youth and ardent imaginations are little influenced by reason; but it is probable that, in after-days, the few who stick to their counters and their situations will never regret having taken the counsel of the now cautious gold-seeker. There are always bold and enterprising characters enough to risk such perils, there are always sufficient men of desperate fortunes who cannot lose, without fathers of families and comfortable citizens leaving their home and household gods to tempt Dame Fortune. So always thought Patient, and so now thinks Zealous Jones.

THE CHARMS OF GOOD TEMPER.

The wise king of Israel has said, "Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." Those, therefore, who have a rebellious temper to subdue, have a task before them worthy of the highest ambition; and one which, by its fulfillment, will bring a rich reward of peace and love. Still, it is a task to which not many are adequate; and all parents should endeavor to prevent the growth of evil temper among their children, lest when they become men and women they find it too hard a task "to rule their own spirits." Much may be done in infancy and childhood toward marring a naturally good temper, or mending a naturally bad one. Bring up a child among ill-tempered people, and it will become ill-tempered by force of habit and imitation; and *vice versâ*. If a child be disposed to certain faults of temper, do not dwell upon them severely; pass them over as lightly as justice to others will permit, and be careful to put out of his way all temptations to a recurrence of them; by these means they may—nay, they certainly will become weakened by want of opportunity for action. We are so much the creatures of habit, that such a child may grow up a good-tempered man because he was prevented from forming a habit of getting into ill-tempers when he was a boy.

Activity is another preventive of bad temper. People who have nothing to do but to trifle away their time are often out of temper. For this reason, women are more subject to fits of ill-temper than men: I say it with all due respect to the sex. There is my pretty friend, Mrs. Supine, *par exemple;* she has positively nothing to do but to get up, every day, dress, drive out, dress again, dine, doze, drink tea, and go to bed. She has none of the idle occupations of ordinary ladies: reading hurts her eyes, letter-writing is too much trouble, she hates needlework, and cannot find time to attend to flowers. "Here is a state of things!" I thought to myself when I first knew her; "I hope, poor thing, she is stupid, or she must be very uncomfortable." Upon further acquaintance

it appeared that she was not at all stupid, she was only indolent; and that she was very uncomfortable, for she was always out of temper. Her temper was so bad that she had no friends; no servant could remain in her house more than three months; and her husband sometimes wished that he too could give her a month's notice, and go. If he could have given her something to do, they might have been a happy couple; as it was, temper reigned triumphant over that luxurious household—and reigns there at this very moment. Ah! if Mrs. Supine had but half of busy Mrs. Brown's fourteen children, what a blessing it would be to Mr. Supine and all their acquaintances! not to mention my pretty friend herself.

One grand cause of bad temper among *men* is dyspepsia. A man eats and drinks too much, or eats and drinks things which do not agree with him;—his digestive organs are impaired—and his temper, in consequence. There's my friend the Rev. Gustavus Grumble. He was a merry fellow enough when we used to club for toffy at school. He has always been lucky through life. In all his doings he has prospered. In great-goes and little-goes he has never been plucked, but come off with flying colors; especially in that very greatest "go" for a clergyman, we mean the one in the matrimonial lottery. Gustavus drew a prize, and there never was a sweeter tempered woman than his Saccharissa. Ever since that period, Gustavus has been living comfortably, nay, in good style, upon an ample benefice. But alas! alas! his dinners have been too good every day; and, at the end of twenty years, my friend is a dyspeptic domestic demon. He is angry with every one without cause; his wife is afraid to speak to him, for fear of ruffling his temper; his children get out of his way as fast as they can, for they know he will find fault with them. His parishioners do not love him, for he does not bring a healing balm to their sorrowing hearts, but a caustic querulousness. He has quarrels and lawsuits about tithes with all his neighbors. He rules the charity schools and their teachers with a rod of iron: he reads prayers like the murmur of an angry, sullen sea; and preaches like a spirit of desolation. This dreadful fate of Mr. Grumble I attribute to an over-indulgence in the good things of the table.

Seriously, dear reader, we would commend to your attention the charms and graces of that beautiful household *Lar*—Good Temper. Never neglect to worship her. In the secret recesses of your heart offer up your forbearance and forgiveness of injuries, your self-restraint and self-denial to her, and she will bless you and gird you round with peace and contentment. It may not be that you, fair maiden, will be loved because you are sweet-tempered,

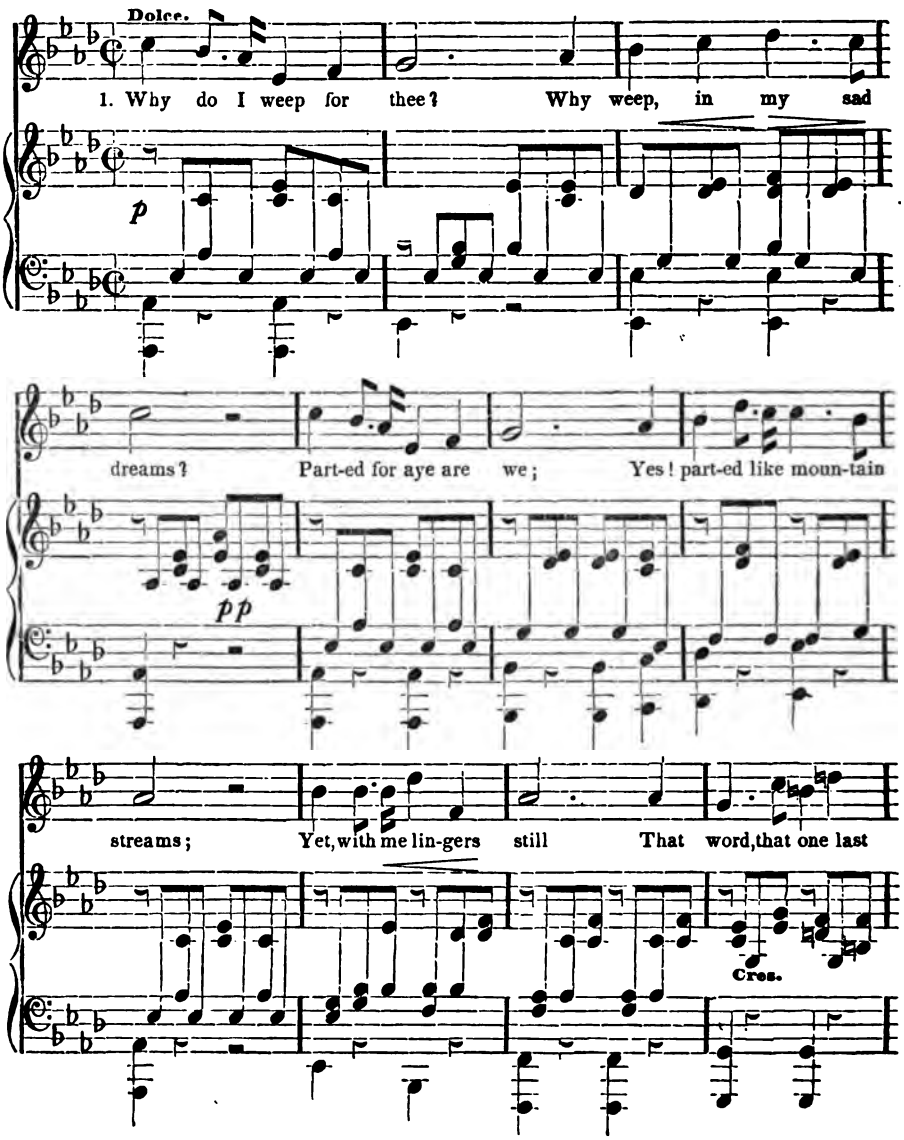
> "Non e bellezza non e senno, o valore,
> Che in noi risveglia amore;"

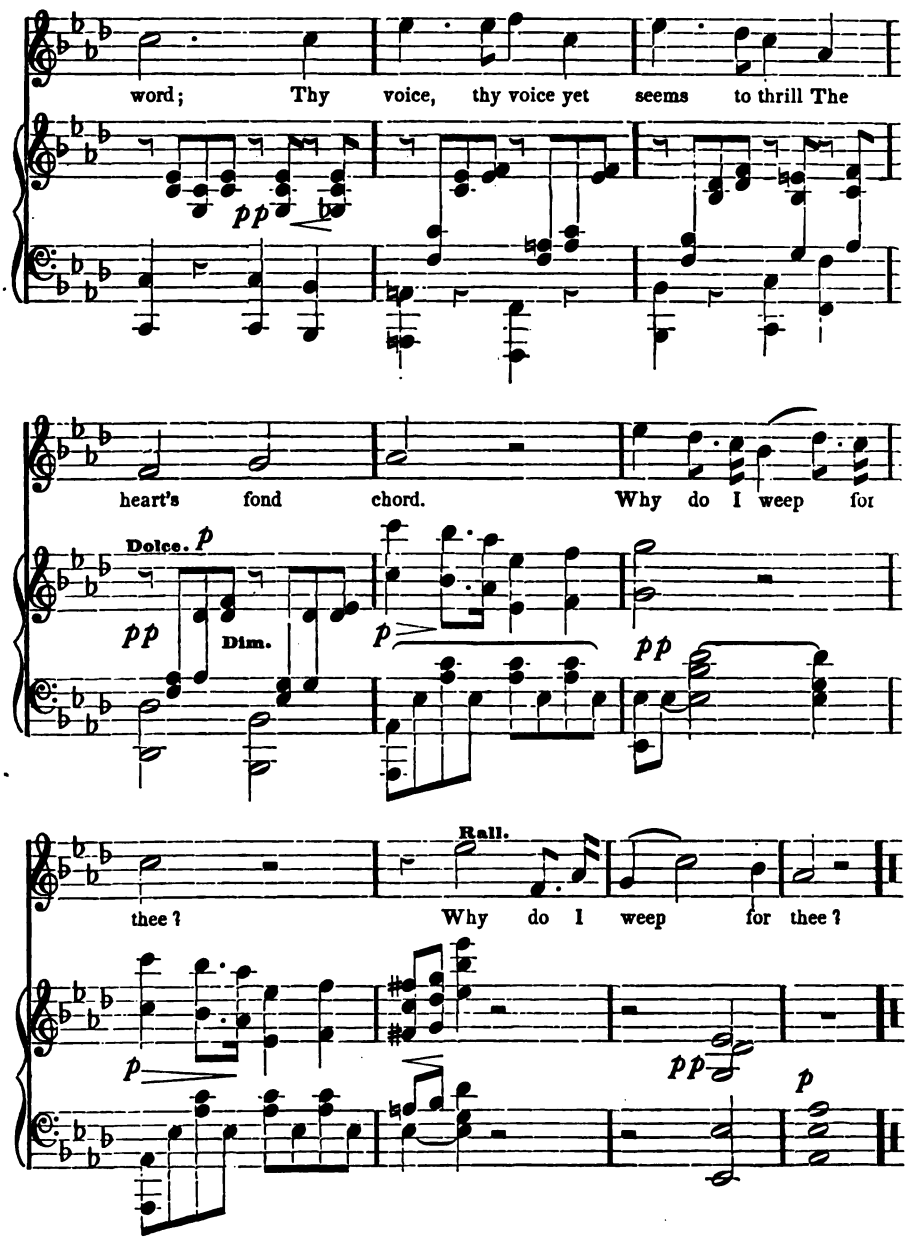
but it is assuredly true that your chance of awakening love is increased thereby, and your power of retaining it, when once awakened, magnified a hundred-fold. Youths and maidens, I preach no new doctrine, when I tell you that good temper is better than fortune, than station, than talents, or than beauty; and that without it they are but feeble agents in the attainment of virtue or happiness. "It is," as Jeremy Taylor says, "neither manly nor ingenuous to be ill-tempered. It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity; which makes that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people more than the blessed and fortunate. It is a passion fitter for flies and insects, than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it; there being no greater incivility of entertainment, than, for the cook's fault, or the negligence of the servants, to be cruel, or outrageous, or unpleasant in the presence of the guests. It makes marriage to be a necessary and unavoidable trouble; friendships, and societies, and familiarities to be intolerable."

In conclusion, let me quote a few more words from that most eloquent of divines, since they bear upon my subject, and express my meaning better than any I could use. They are grave, indeed, but we must remember that our subject is no mere bagatelle; it is one that affects the daily, hourly, the mortal and immortal life of the great human family. We venture to say that the triumphs of temper have desolated as many hearths as the triumphs of Sesostris or Napoleon. It is to mitigate or ward off this desolation in a few instances, that we would awaken the reader's serious feelings now. "Prayer is the great remedy against anger; for it must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray; and then it is the more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. If anger arises in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth, for, like fire when it wants vent, it will suppress itself. Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities and failings, makes the error of his neighbor or servant to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities, or misfortunes, or indiscretions of another; greater than which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty of."

WHY DO I WEEP FOR THEE?

WRITTEN BY GEORGE LINLEY. COMPOSED BY W. V. WALLACE.





2.

Once, ah! what joy to share
With thee the noon-tide hour;
Then, not a grief nor care
Had canker'd the heart's young flow'r.
The sun seems not to shed
A radiance o'er me now;
Save mem'ry, all seems dead,
Since lost, since lost art thou.

"CORYDON AND THYRSIS."

(SEE PLATE.)

THE beautiful scene depicted in our plate, illustrative of Milton, will be readily recognised as occurring in the "L'Allegro." As we reproduced, in connection with the former print of this series, the first part of the incomparable poem, we can do no better, by way of explaining the peculiar grace and appositeness of the present plate, than to quote the latter part of the same poem.

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses,
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun shine holiday,
Till the live-long day light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar-fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then;
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

THE HERMIT.

THORVALSDEN.

ALBERT THORVALSDEN.

(SEE PLATE.)

The fine head of the celebrated and truly great Danish sculptor, Thorvalsden, which we present with this number, is taken from a portrait executed by the great French artist, Horace Vernet, during his residence at Rome, and presented by him to Thorvalsden, in whose possession it was at the time of his decease. It bears the inscription by the painter, "Horace Vernet à son illustre ami Thorvalsden, Rome, 1835."

The memory of the gentle Thorvalsden is cherished by all lovers of Art. His long and honorable career, more than that of any other sculptor of modern times, approaches the romance of the best days of the antique. Among his friends he numbered more than one Pericles, and received the spontaneous homage of many nations; and yet he was not elated, being even toward the end of his life as accessible to the inquiring student as he had been at any antecedent period. The father of the subject of this notice was Gotskalk Thorvalsden, and the maiden name of his mother was Karen Grönlund. Albert Thorvalsden was born in 1770, and his early predilection for Art derived its origin from the occupation of his father, who supported his family by the execution of rough carvings in the dock-

THORVALSDEN'S MARY WITH THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND

yards of Copenhagen. "For the earliest information concerning his sons," says Mrs. Rowan, "we are indebted to some old ship-carpenters of Copenhagen, who related that they perfectly well remember him as a handsome fair-haired boy, coming to visit his father at the dock-yards, and that he was loved by all who saw him." The views of Gotskalk Thorvalsden with respect to the future career of his son did not extend beyond qualifying him to act as an assistant in his own trade; and it was with some difficulty that this determination was, by the earnest importunity of friends, commuted to the better purpose of conferring upon him an artistic education.

His studies commenced at the Academy of Copenhagen in 1781, under the instruction of Hans Cleo, and after twelve months of preparatory application (an unusually short period), he was removed to the life class. Three years were devoted to the exclusive study of the human figure, after which, "for the first time, casts from the antique were placed before him," a course of study which seems to reverse the order of progress laid down in the existing schools of Europe. In 1786 he began to work in clay. The Academy was at this time under the direction of the Sculptor Wiedewelt, but it was to the Professor Abilgaard, under whose immediate instruction he prosecuted his studies, that he was indebted for an affectionate and active interest, which, operating upon his own intelligent assiduity, enabled him to gain the silver medal after an attendance of one year in this school. When discoursing of his student days, Thorvalsden dwelt with satisfaction upon one result of this triumph, which was the respectful prefix of *Mr.* to his name by his religious examiner, on having ascertained that he was the Thorvalsden who had distinguished himself in the Academy competitions.

The suavity of disposition which distinguished Albert Thorvalsden was genuine. His temper was entirely independent of ease and prosperity, and was not less equable at the time when his studio at Rome was unvisited, than afterward, when none proceeded to the Eternal City without soliciting permission to see his works. With this winning amiability he was taciturn, grave, and devoted to his art, insomuch that nothing beyond its sphere could excite his interest. With the knowledge and executive power which he had acquired, he looked beyond the rude style of his father, but the latter, notwithstanding the prospect which his course of study at the Academy opened to him, was earnestly desirous of his return to the paternal atelier, and to this wish the young artist had determined to yield filial obedience; but the intercession of his master, the Professor Abilgaard, together with the entreaties of his fellow-students, obtained for him a division of his time, part being given to study, and the rest to his father's business, which, it will be believed, derived a new character from the co-operation of the son, who, while with his father, exercised individually, as circumstances demanded, every department of the education of a sculptor. He carved in stone as well as in wood, executed bas-reliefs and sketched portraits. There is extant a carved clock-case, a production of this period of his life; and among other works in stone in which he assisted his father may be mentioned the Royal Arms over the door of an apothecary's shop in Store Kjobmager street in Copenhagen, and the four lions in the circular area at the entrance of the gardens of the Royal palace of Fredericksberg, near that city. "The earliest work of Thorvalsden," says Mrs. Rowan, "now extant is, as far I have been able to ascertain, a small bas-relief executed by him in the year 1789, on the occasion of his participating in the competition for the large silver medal. This bas-relief, which gained the prize, represents a Cupid in an attitude of repose leaning on his right arm, and holding in his right hand his bow, while the left, which grasps an arrow, hangs carelessly by his side. The air and character of the head, and the disposition of the locks, which are parted on the brow, betray the influence exercised at this period on our artist's style by the precepts and example of Abilgaard. The whole composition must be considered as nothing more than a mere school exercise, the interest of which he endeavored to enhance by adding a bow and arrow and wings to the figure that served as his model.

As the space to which we are limited denies us the pleasure of pursuing in detail the story of a life so interesting as that of Thorvalsden, we can only briefly speak of the most prominent incidents.

In the Academy of Copenhagen he distinguished himself insomuch as to obtain the gratuity known in Academies as the allowance set apart for the "traveling students," and thereupon proceeded to Rome, the *alma mater* of the artist. It is very well known that his success in Italy discouraged him and disappointed his friends. The period of the duration of the traveling stipend expired, without having promoted his independent establishment in his profession. The period was extended until the year 1802, but this additional term also expired unprofitably, and he had determined to return home in the spring of that year, but subsequently deferred his depart-

ure until the end of 1803, and recommenced his statue of Jason. He had already treated the subject in the year 1800; the figure was of the size of life, but not having the means of defraying the expense of casting the work in plaster, he destroyed the clay study. The second Jason was of extreme heroic dimensions, and this figure was rescued from the fate of the preceding only by the kindness of a lady, a countrywoman of the sculptor. Rich in reputation, but poor in substantial means, Thorvalsden now thought seriously of his return home. His little property was soon disposed in traveling order; his books and prints were already dispatched, and his own departure fixed for the following day, early in the morning of which the vetturino was at his door, and his luggage was fastened behind; but he was not yet to revisit Denmark. His proposed traveling companion was the sculptor Hayemann, of Berlin; and he, whose business it was to procure the passports, came to inform him that in consequence of some informality it was necessary that their departure should be postponed until the following day. But again an event occurred which opened a new prospect to Thorvalsden—he was now about to commence the ascent which enabled him to develop his transcendent genius. On this day—which had otherwise certainly been the last of his residence in Rome, at least at that period of his life—the wealthy banker, Mr. Thomas Hope, was conducted to his studio by a valet-de-place. This visitor was immediately struck by the grandeur of the Jason, and at once inquired upon what terms the sculptor would execute it in marble. The sum named by Thorvalsden was six hundred zechins, but Mr. Hope observed, that as this was below the value of such a work, he proposed eight hundred zechins, and engaged to put the artist in a position to commence the statue without delay.

The joy with which Thorvalsden accepted this proposal can be readily estimated. Rome had been the great haven of his hopes, but he had passed years there in disappointment, which, but for a conviction that he had yet duties before him, had become a settled despondency. This commission was to him the commencement of a new existence, and this change was the more grateful that it was so unexpected. And now commenced that long career which was more than ever illustrious, even at the ultimate term allotted to human life. Thorvalsden fixed his residence in Rome, passed, indeed, the greater portion of the remainder of his life there, and each succeeding year brought forth from his studio some precious example of that series of works by which he is immortalized. Henceforward the incident of the life of Thorvalsden was his works, and these one by one fell from his hands—brilliant creations—each shedding its unquenchable ray of glory on his name. As this article must extend to the succeeding number, we shall, in addition to the compositions by which it is illustrated, notice some of the greatest works of Thorvalsden, who has been equally felicitous in mythological and religious sculpture. A comparison of these classes determines at once whence the loftier aspiration arises. The severity and dignity of sacred subjects are most congenial to the grave character of sculpture. Thorvalsden's sepulchral monuments contribute not the least solid part of his reputation. These productions were very numerous, but in no instance has he disqualified the dignity of sculpture by individuality or questionable taste. And the allegory in all of these is so pointed, the narrative so perspicuous, that no descriptive legend is necessary. In some of Thorvalsden's bassi-rilievi, the figures have too much roundness, but this is a defect which he has remedied from observation of the Elgin Marbles, which are flatter than nature, in order to secure a greater breadth of light, with a view to the better definition of objects removed from the eye. He was the greatest modern master of basso-rilievo; how great soever the excellences of his statues, they are yet surpassed by the learning displayed in low relief, confessedly the most difficult department of sculptural composition. To excel in anywise in sculpture is an enviable distinction, but a superiority in basso-rilievo is a transcendent pre-eminence. In the execution of round sculpture the artist is supported by the tangible type of the living form, but relieved composition deviates from the natural form *in facto*, the better to convey the appearance of truth—a paradox which is explained by comparison of two low relief compositions, the one modeled strictly according to natural proportion, and the other according to conventional principle. In the succeeding number will be especially noticed the works at Copenhagen, where he has left a magnificent legacy that forms the pride of the Danish capital; which legacy his admiring fellow-countrymen, with the respect due to the most exalted genius, have raised a temple wherein it may be enshrined for the gratification of the present and succeeding generations.

THE BEREFT.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Ah! patient watchers! all is closed;—he needs no vigil now—
No cooling of the fever'd lip, no fanning of the brow—
No more the ceaseless ministries, with such devotion given,
Go to your pillows—he ye loved so fondly, is in heaven!

Ye saw him calmly, day by day, unloose each tender tie,
And with a sweet resignedness, compose himself to die:
No sudden rupture woke a sense of anguish strong and deep,
But all was done so peacefully, ye scarce knew how to weep.

And when the hour of parting came, there was no inward strife—
No struggle of the spirit with the waning powers of life:
The prayer grew faint and fainter, till its end was lost in bliss,—
Oh! meet was this serenest close, to such a course as his!

Tears, human tears, they must, *must* flow; but not one drop for him,
The glorified, who joins his praise with holiest seraphim:
'Tis for the stricken ones we weep; for desolate and lone
The home will seem to them from which his pleasant smile has gone.

The mother of his children—oh, afresh the tear-drops start,
To think upon the speechless grief that swells that fond, fond heart;
And yet I know that throbbing head is pillowed on a breast
Still tenderer than even his, whom we have laid to rest.

My Mary—*his* own Mary still!—how will he watch above
Her path with all a father's hope—with all an angel's love!
The mystic intercourse of soul may be unfelt by her,
And he be present at her side, a mission'd comforter.

Ah! not a single, precious one will he in heaven forget:—
The saint's solicitude will hang about his Bessie yet:
He cannot see the countless throngs of angel *children* share
The joys above, nor think of when his Annie will be there!

And he whose manhood strong has bowed beneath the bitter stroke,
As bends, when whirlwinds o'er it rage, the forest-rooted oak—
To whom shall *he* for solace turn, so utterly bereft,
The two he loved, in heaven, and he, the only brother left!

It was a bitter draught to drink, but we have drained the cup,
And with a joy that he is safe, we give him wholly up:
We shall not always weep, tho' long our aching eyes be dim,
We know he cannot come to us, but we shall go to him.

Lexington, Va.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF LORD BACON.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

THAT dark shade which passed over the name of the illustrious BACON, toward the close of his life, which hurled him degraded from the office he had so long and so earnestly sought, and which led Pope to characterize him as the

"Wisest, greatest, *meanest* of mankind,"

has rendered it almost impossible to estimate his moral and religious character. To this sad period of Bacon's life, his character, so far as we know, except as a man fond of display, and ambitious, was beyond reproach. In the offices which he held, and in his private deportment, he was never suspected of a want of integrity. Hume declares that he was not only the ornament of his age and nation, but also "beloved for the courteousness and humanity of his behavior." It is natural for us to seek some palliation for Bacon's great offence; and happily there *were* circumstances which, while they by no means justify his crime, yet serve in some measure to modify its character, and render it much *less* base and ignominious than such an offence would be deemed in our times.

The parliament which was assembled by James in 1621, entered immediately into an investigation of the existing abuses of the nation. Unhappily they found in this, their favorite employment, an ample field of labor. Abuses had crept into the government under James, which this vain monarch either *would* not believe could exist under his wise administration, or which he was unwilling to correct. The necessity of the case, however, compelled him to yield to a determined and inflexible House of Commons. That house, he already saw, was disposed to apply an unsparing hand to all the abuses of the government, and even to most of the royal prerogatives. The necessity of the case compelled him to express his royal gratification with their labors, and to encourage them in their work. "I assure you," said he, "had I before heard these things complained of, I would have done the office of a just king, and out of parliament have punished them, as severely, and peradventure more, than you now intend to do."

Encouraged in this manner, and resolved to strike an effectual blow, they commenced their investigations respecting the character and deeds of the Lord Chancellor. Unhappily, here also they found an ample field for the work of reform. The result is well known. Charges of extensive bribery were brought against him. It was alleged that he had received money and other presents, to the amount of many thousand pounds, while causes in chancery were depending on his decision. As to these charges Bacon made a *general* acknowledgment of guilt. With this confession the parliament was wholly unsatisfied. Determined to humble the greatest man of their time, they demanded an explicit confession in *detail* of each act of corruption. Power they knew was in their hands. A weak, vain, and silly, though learned monarch, trembled before them. They had commenced a process which *could* terminate only in the fall of the reigning sovereign; and they resolved that the highest man in the realm should feel the weight of their power. Bacon made them an ingenuous, frank, full, and most mortifying confession of guilt, and bowed himself before the representatives of the people. He acknowledged his guilt in *twenty-eight* articles, specified the amount he had received, detailed, as far as was then practicable, the circumstances, and left himself at the mercy of an indignant parliament. "For extenuation," says he, "I will use none concerning the matters themselves; only it may please your lordships, out of your nobleness, to cast your eyes of compassion upon my person and estate. I was never noted for an avaricious man; and the apostle saith that covetousness is the root of all evil. I hope also that your lordships do the rather find me in a state of grace; for that in all these particulars, there are few or none that are not almost two years old; whereas those that are in the habit of corruption do commonly wax worse; so that it hath pleased God to prepare me by precedent degrees of amendment to my present penitency; and for my estate, it is so mean and poor, as my care is now chiefly to satisfy my debts." Being asked by a committee of

the House of Lords whether this was his true and real confession, he used the following noble and touching language: "My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." The sentence for the crime is well known.

We have no wish to justify these deeply humiliating and disgraceful crimes. We know not an instance in all history where we could weep over human weakness, as over the fall of this great man. It is one of the thousands of instances that everywhere meet us of human depravity—but if it fixes us in grief, and appals the soul, it shows us man scarcely "less than archangel ruined," and arrests our thoughts not like the obscuration of a planet, or the withdrawal of the beams of a twinkling star, but with the deep melancholy which is shed over created things, when the sun

> "In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
> O'er half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs."

The only way in which this offence can be in any manner palliated, is by a detail of the acknowledged circumstances of the case. 1. Bacon was distinguished for want of economy during his whole life. It is clear, as he says, that he was not "an avaricious man," but his great error was a love of office and honor; his great foible a fondness for display. This fondness had involved him in debts which he was unable to pay. 2. The affairs of his domestic economy, it appears, he entrusted to servants, who were regardless of expense, and probably unconcerned about the dignity, virtue, or solvency of their master. One article of the charge against him was, that "the lord chancellor hath given way to great exactions by his servants." To this he replies, "I confess it was a great fault of neglect in me, that I looked no better to my servants." 3. It is indisputable that Bacon was not *enriched* by these bribes. 4. It is more than probable, that Bacon only followed a custom which until that time had been regarded as no violation of the oath of the lord chancellor. Hume affirms that "it had been usual for former chancellors to take presents." If this was the case, it lessens greatly the enormity of the crime. It also casts much light on the character of the parliament which was thus resolved to make him a victim. 5. It is said that the presents which Bacon received did in no instance influence his decisions. It was never alleged, even by parliament, that he had given an unjust or erroneous sentence. None of his decisions were ever reversed; and it is affirmed that he "had given just decrees against those very persons from whom he had received the wages of iniquity."* It is further to be remarked, that of the twenty-eight charges of corruption against Bacon, but *seven* occurred during the existence of the suit. It remains yet to be demonstrated—a thing which *he* did not acknowledge, and which neither the witnesses in the case, nor the nature of his decisions proved, that even those *presents* influenced in the least his decisions. The more we contemplate the case of Bacon, the more we are disposed to think that injustice has been done to his character. We believe, in relation to the errors and failings of the men of those times—of such men as Calvin, and Cranmer, and Luther, and Bacon, that men have pronounced sentence with a severity drawn rather from the present views of morals, than from the sober estimate which we *ought* to make, if thrown into the circumstances of their times. This we think particularly true with regard to the crime of Bacon. While we feel assuredly, that crimes such as those with which he was charged, deserve the abhorrence of mankind, and go to impair and destroy all justice in the administration of laws, we are still inclined to look upon the errors of that age, and in those circumstances, with less severity than we should be disposed to apply in the more enlightened periods of the world.

It is not easy to form an estimate of Bacon's *religious* character. We are favored with so few and imperfect details of his private habits; we have so little that tells us the true biography of the man—his feelings, his usual deportment, his private modes of action; we are let so little into the interior arrangements of his life, that we cannot easily pronounce on his personal character. Charity would lead us to hope, notwithstanding his fondness for preferment, and the great error of his life, that he may have exemplified in his private life the principles which he has so ably and so constantly inculcated. On the subject of his religious *opinions* he has left us no room to doubt. There is scarcely to be found in any language, or in any writer, so constant a reference to the great religious interests of man, as in the writings of Bacon. There is no where to be found a more profound deference to the authority of the Bible. There is perhaps no where more caution displayed, lest the profoundness, variety, compass, and originality of investigation, should lead the mind astray, than in his investigations. It was one of his recorded sentiments—one of the results of his investigations, which he has expressed without hesitancy or qualification, "that a little philosophy inclineth a man to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds

* Hume.

about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."* His belief he has left us in a well-written confession of his faith, embracing the usual articles of the Christian religion. His prayers, which are preserved, breathe a spirit of true devotion, in a style and form which are not surpassed by any compositions of that period, in our language. It would be easy to transcribe page after page of his recorded sentiments; and we might trace at every step of his life his profound deference for the theology of the Bible.

We do not believe that the Christian religion depends for its evidence on the suffrage of any one philosopher; or on the bright constellation of names which have expressed their profound regard for the truths of revelation. Still a Christian cannot but look with deep interest on the fact that such men as Bacon, and Boyle, and Newton, bowed their mighty intellects to the authority of revelation; came and brought all the rich and varied treasures of their profound investigation, and laid them at the foot of the cross; and spent their lives increasingly impressed with the belief that the God of nature is also the God of the Bible. While we do not claim, that on their authority the Scriptures should be accredited as the word of God, we *do* claim that they should be allowed to rebuke the flippancy of youthful and unfledged infidelity; that they should be permitted to summon men to *inquire*, before they *pronounce;* we claim that their authority is sufficient to call on the youthful skeptic to pause, and to suspect that *possibly* he may be wrong. When mighty minds like those have left their recorded assent to the truths of the Christian scheme, it is not too much to ask of minds of far less power to sit down and inquire, at least, whether Christianity may not have come from God. When Newton, after having surveyed world on world and measured the heavens, and placed himself for profound inquiry at the head of mankind, sat down in the full maturity of his days, and passed the vigor of his life, and the serene evening of his honored age in the contemplation of the New Testament; when Bacon, after having rescued science from the accumulated darkness and rubbish of two thousand years; after having given lessons to all mankind about the just mode of investigating nature; and after having traversed the circle of the sciences, and gained all that past generations had to teach, and having carried forward the inquiry far into nature, bowed at every step to the authority of the Bible; when Hale, learned in the law, not only believed Christianity to be true, but adorned the Christian profession by a most humble life; when Boerhave, perfectly acquainted with the human frame, and skilled in the healing art, sat with the simplicity of a child at the feet of Jesus Christ; when Locke gave the testimony of his powerful mind to the truth of the Christian religion; when Davy, first of chemists, came on this subject to the same results as the analyzer of light, the inventor of fluxions, and the demonstrator of the theory of gravitation; as the author of the Novum Organum; and the writer of the treatise on the Human Understanding; when each science has thus contributed its founder, its ornament, and its head, as a witness to the truth of the Christian religion, it is not too much to conclude it may be something different from priestcraft and imposture. When we turn from these lights of men—these broad stars that spread their beams over all the firmament of science, and seek after the wandering and dim luminaries of infidelity—when we make a sober estimate of what the high priests of unbelief have done for the advancement of science, and the welfare of man, we are struck with the prodigious advance we have made into chilly and tenebrated regions. We have passed amid spirits of another order. We wander in climes as remote almost from science, as from Christianity. We should know where we are as readily by their superficial, but pompous pretensions; by dark, but most confident scientific claims; by erroneous, wandering, but most flippant demands in science, as we do by their infuriated and bitter raging against the claims of the Christian religion. Who are these men? Volney, Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Paine; Herbert—the best and greatest of them—Shaftsbury, Tindal, Morgan, Bolingbroke, Gibbon, Hume. What have they ever done for science? What advances have they ever made? So far as we know, not one of them has any pretensions to what gives immortality to the names of Boyle, Locke, Newton, Bacon, Hale. What valuable fact have they ever presented in science? What new principle have they originated, or illustrated? What department of science have they adorned? Not a man of them has ever trod the regions that constituted the glory of England, and of the world—the regions of profound science; of deep and penetrating investigation of the works of nature. In spite of such men, science would still have slumbered in the regions of eternal night; and infidelity, but for Christian men, might have swayed a sceptre as she desired, over regions of pro-

* Essays, Civil and Moral.

found and boundless shades of ignorance and crime. We are accustomed to care little for names and authorities in religion. We believe that religion, natural and revealed, accords with the constitution and course of nature. We believe that it is sustained by a force and compass of argument that can be adduced for the truth of no science. On the ground of the independent and impregnable proof of revealed religion, we are Christians. But there *are* men who pride themselves on names. There are those whose only reason for an opinion is, that it was held by some illustrious man. None are really so much under the influence of this feeling as the infidel. That Hume was a skeptic; that Gibbon was capable of a sneer; that Paine was a scoffer; that Volney was an atheist, is to them strong as proof of holy writ. Hence they feel that to doubt, is the most exalted state of man; that there is argument enough for mortals in a sneer and a jibe; that scoffing becomes a human being; and that to come to the conclusion that man has no Father and no God, that he dies like kindred worms, is the supremacy of felicity, and the perfection of reason. When *such* have been the apostles and high priests of unbelief—such the hosts which they have mustered, we feel that apart from all *argument* in the case, *we* would rather accord with the sentiments of the great luminaries of mankind in science; and that it is not unworthy of reason and elevated thought to suppose, that *true* religion may be found where we have found every other valuable blessing for mankind; and that the system, attended every where with science, refinement, and art, and that has shed light on the intellect, and honor on the names of Locke, and Boyle, and Bacon, is the system with which God *intended to bless men.*

THE MOURNER TO HIS ANGEL BRIDE.

BY MRS. SARAH W. BROOKS.

'Tis midnight, and the moonbeams fall
  Athwart the crusted snow
That gleameth like a jeweled pall,
  Where thou art sleeping low;
And many a star, with tearless eye,
  Looks down upon the spot,
And shineth on, tho' thou couldst die,
  And be so soon forgot.

And I who saw thee pass away,
  As clouds at sunrise born,
That float awhile in kindling day,
  And then are lost in morn;
I linger on—the last lone leaf
  Upon a blighted tree,
With naught to fill the void of grief,
  Save memory of thee.

Of thee—whose spirit here on earth
  Was bright beyond compare;
And now where lovelier things have birth,
  How doubly radiant there!
If beaming from thine angel brow
  Like gems of starry light,
Are all the heavenly graces now
  That made thee here so bright.

But unto me it is not given
  To see thee as thou art;
Tho' oft in radiant dreams of heaven,
  I fold thee to my heart,
In dreams—whose very joy is pain,
  So soon I wake to weep,
And yearn to hear that voice again,
  Whose music haunts my sleep.

Yet when this weariness is past,
  And fever-dreams are o'er,
Thine eyes will shine on me at last,
  From yonder angel shore;
And swift as prisoned bird set free,
  Soars singing through the skies,
Shall my glad spirit unto thee
  On wings immortal rise.

GOOD ANGELS.

BY J. R. ORTON.

A BEAUTIFUL child lay sleeping on a bank
Of violets, which, pressed beneath his form,
Sent their soft odors sailing round his head,
And mingling with the drapery of his dreams.
Above, the noontide sun with fervor glowed,
But the green willow-boughs came thick between;
And, near at hand, a gentle rivulet
Dispensed a grateful coolness through the air,
And made soft music for the sleeper's ear.
He smiled in pleased oblivion. Beside
Him knelt his mother; and she fondly gazed,
As only mothers gaze; and ardent prayed,
As only mothers pray.

"Thou art my child,"
She said, "my rose, my robin of the spring,
My darling, darling boy! Oh! can it be
That thou wilt ever change from what thou art,
So sweet, so pure and holy? Must disease,
Suffering, and sorrow, take thee by the hand
Through life's rough journey; and, Father of Light!
Sin, shame, remorse, drag, drag thee down to death?
O God! preserve my child!"

Her eyes were opened—
Around she gazed with wonder and delight.
She saw good angels filling all the air,
And keeping patient guard about her treasure:
And as they looked with tender beaming eyes
On her distress, she seemed to hear them say:—
"*Man must be good from choice.* We heed him well,
And whisper counsel to his erring heart,
And point him, constant, to the paths of truth.
He must be good from choice. Teach thine own child
To heed our admonitions, and this world,
With all its woes, shall yield him happiness—
The future, Heaven."

The mother clasped her boy,
And pressed him, joyous, to her throbbing heart;
Kissed his bright opening eyes and ruby lips,
And wept, and prayed for wisdom for herself.

TORQUATO TASSO.

(SEE PLATE.)

Tasso and Leonora! — names that suggest a train of saddest associations, hopes crushed, hearts overburdened with sorrow, genius wrung with the tortures of neglect, suspense, and irremediable sorrow. Tasso's is the most mournful history in the annals of genius. The child of sorrow from his birth, ever misunderstood, bitten with the keenest tooth of ingratitude, driven to despair and insanity, yet in the intervals of suffering emitting the pure flame of exquisite genius and gentlest love, he is the chief of that category of unfortunates to whose wail the world listens with a subdued and tender awe, and which includes such names as Rousseau, Cowper, and Kirke White. The outline we can give of his life, as illustrative of our beautiful print, can hardly bring into view the peculiar traits of experience and history that made his life what it was. It may serve as at least an incentive to a more extended view of his life and

It was after the expatriated party to whom Bernardo, the father of Torquato Tasso, belonged, had planned an unsuccessful attack upon Naples, that the mother and sister of the poet were received into a convent, and the young Torquato was sent to Rome to join his father; who, an exile on a bed of sickness, and in deep poverty, was solacing himself, amidst his misfortunes, by preparing a volume of poems for the press.

The boy was then in his tenth year, and his heart swelled with intense sorrow at taking, what proved to be, a last leave of his beloved mother. He recorded his feelings in the following sonnet, which some of his biographers assert to have been written at this early age, but to which others, with more probability, assign a later date:—

"Relentless fortune in my early years,
Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
That bath'd her kisses when my lips she prest;
I hear her prayers with ardor breath'd to Heaven,
Aside now wafted by the devious wind:
No more to her unhappy son 'tis given
Th' endearments of maternal love to find!
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
Far from her sight, reluctant, I retire;
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
To trace the footsteps of my wand'ring sire!"

At Rome, the young Tasso continued to prosecute his studies with unwearied assiduity, while his presence soothed and consoled his father. Who can paint the anguish of both when, in 1556, the intelligence of the death of a wife and mother so truly beloved as theirs reached them! She had never seen her husband since his original proscription several years before, and her last illness was so brief and violent, that Bernardo doubted whether it were poison, or a broken heart, that cut her off in the prime of her years.

"Torquato," said his father, one day, "I feel we could yet taste earthly happiness, had we our beloved Cornelia with us; but our hard destiny removes her from us."

"Yes, father," said the boy, "there is no one here like my sister; some girls of her age whom I meet are merry and playful as she was, but their eyes do not glisten and their cheeks glow at the sound of ancient verses, as hers used to do when I walked with her at sunset near our own Naples. Oh! when shall I see her again!"

A few hours after, Bernardo received a letter announcing the determination of those relations who had assumed the guardianship of his daughter, to marry her, at the age of fifteen, to a gentleman of Sorrento, of narrow fortune, but honorable birth. The father's ambition revolted from this union, which he yet lacked power to prevent. His fond day-dream had ever been to see her united to a husband worthy of her, according to his somewhat unpoetical estimate of worth, with whom she should live near himself. In a letter to her, written a short time before, he says:—"Sweet and tranquil to me will be old age, when I shall see (as I hope it may be the will of God) myself perpetuated in your little ones, with my very features impictured on their countenances. Death will then appear to me less terrible when, beholding you in honor and in peace, enjoying the love of your husband, and the delights derived from the affections of your children, you shall close with pale hands these eyes of mine. And surely it is due to a dear father to receive the last kisses, the last tears, and every other pious and tender office, from a dutiful and loving daughter."

Now his hopes seemed cast down for ever; and his feeling of bitter disappointment was shared by Torquato. The boy, at his father's dictation, wrote to Signora Vittoria Colonna, complaining bitterly of his uncle's cruelty in forcing this match upon his sister, and imploring her interference to prevent its completion. "It is hard," says the letter, "to lose one's fortune; but the degradation of blood is much harder to bear. My poor old father has only us two; and, since fortune has robbed him of his property, and of a wife whom he loved as his own soul, suffer not rapacity to deprive him of his beloved daughter, in whose bosom he hoped to finish tranquilly the few last years of his old age. We have no friends at Naples; our relations are our enemies, and, on account of the circumstances of my father's situation, every one fears to take us by the hand."

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the marriage took place, and in the end both father and son were reconciled to it; first for Cornelia's sake, and afterward for her husband's, as he proved a worthy and kind consort, with whom she lived happily, and by whom she had several children.

Time passed on, and fresh commotions in Italy rendered Bernardo and his son once more homeless wanderers. Invited by the Duke of Urbino, they sojourned for a time at Pesaro, when a mutual attachment sprang up between the young heir to the dukedom and the friendless Torquato. At length, in his seventeenth year, he was placed by his father at Padua, to study jurisprudence.

The result of his midnight vigils was a romantic poem, in twelve cantos, called Rinaldo. Timidly, yet proudly, the lad presented the first fruits of his genius to his father, who himself was a veteran in the field of song. With a smile and a sigh he looked at his son's performance. "It is well, Torquato," he said, "passing well; but knowest thou not that a lawyer should carefully avoid philosophy and poetry? They will draw thee away from the severe duties of thy profession, and will prevent thee from ever rising to eminence, or acquiring a fortune."

"Father, will they not bring me the wealth of the soul, which thou thyself valuest more than gold?"

Bernardo's anger kindled; and for almost the only time in his life, he addressed harsh and unworthy reproaches to his gifted son. The latter listened with patient respect; and when his parent angrily demanded, "What has your philosophy done for you?" he quietly answered, "It has taught me to bear with meekness the reproofs of a father."

The anger, however, was transient, and Bernardo consented to his son's forsaking his intended profession, and dedicating his life to the cultivation of poetry. A hard destiny it proved. As the nightingale ever sings most sweetly when her breast leans against a thorn, so many darts, and sharp ones too, pierced Torquato's gentle, loving heart, while he poured forth its deep-toned melody in that old crusading song.

The last years of Bernardo Tasso's life were passed in tranquillity at Astia, of which place the government had been conferred on him by the Duke of Mantua. Thither, in the year 1569, Torquato was summoned. His father was very ill, and would fain see him before he died. The old man still continued to compose and publish poetry, but it was not destined to survive him. The name of Tasso, which he fondly hoped to perpetuate through his "Amadigi" and "Floridante," will live, coupled not with them, but with his son's immortal lay, while ever the lips of Europe continue to utter its musical Italian.

Carefully and fondly did the poet watch by his father's bed; and dark was his feeling of desolation when, the last pang over, he found himself alone. The Duke of Mantua, who had a sincere esteem for Bernardo, caused him to be interred with much pomp, in the church of St. Egidius, at Mantua, with this simple inscription on his tomb:—

"Ossa Bernardi Tassi."

The most illustrious court in Italy was at this time held by a relative of Ippolito d'Este, the patron of Ariosto. Alfonso the Second, Duke of Ferrara, willing to be distinguished as a patron of genius, summoned Tasso to his palace, where he was speedily nominated personal attendant of the Cardinal d'Este, brother to the Duke. Here he lived for some time a solitary unit amid the splendor of the court, observing and treasuring up in his memory all that he saw and heard, as materials for celebration, in another form, of the same scenes of luxury and magnificence upon a grander scale, and, though in an ideal field, of more enduring exhibition. While moving among the gay throng, he was not of them; yet the dreaming quiet of his soul was soon destined to be disturbed by his hopeless affection for Leonora d'Este, his patron's youngest sister. Whether his passion was returned or not, has been a question much disputed; one thing seems certain, that his subsequent misfortunes, and the injustice which he suffered at the hands of the duke, were c[illegible] brother's haughty and jealous displ[illegible] halcyon days at T[illegible] prosecuting

his great work, the "Jerusalem Delivered;" and after some time he was called on to accompany the Cardinal Luigi D'Este, who was sent as legate to the court of France. Here his fame had prepared the way for his reception with peculiar honor, by Charles IX., himself both a lover of verse and a versifier. The king offered the poet some splendid presents, which the latter declined to accept, though he was so scantily provided with a wardrobe, that he left the kingdom at the end of twelve months in the same suit of clothes in which he entered it.

During his sojourn in Paris, being asked one day by Charles, "Whether men most resembled God in happiness, in sovereign power, or in the ability to do good?" Tasso replied, "Men resemble God only by their virtue." At another time, in a conversation held before the king by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most deplorable condition is that of an impatient old man, borne down by poverty, who has neither fortune to preserve him from want, nor philosophy to support him under suffering."

Through the mediation of Leonora and the Duchess of Urbino, Alfonso's eldest sister, Tasso, soon after his return from France, was formally admitted into the service of the duke, with a pension of a hundred and eighty crowns a year. His chain was a golden one, yet it galled the poet's soul, which would fain have been free as the winds of heaven; and, in the year 1574, he was seized with a violent fever, from which he recovered only to be tortured by the most severe and unjust criticisms on his great work. He found himself, on the one hand, charged with heresy against Aristotle and good taste, and, on the other, with having sinned against the Church and good morals. Fevers, headaches, strange dreams, waking suspicions, restlessness, disappointment, dissatisfaction with his patron, to whom he had dedicated his poem, and in honor of whom he had created his imaginary hero, Rinaldo,—perhaps, too, the bitterness of desponding passion, suggested to him the idea of leaving Ferrara, and taking refuge at Rome, where he purposed to bring out the "Gerusalemme," at his own pleasure, and hoped to reap a considerable pecuniary benefit from the sale. Alfonso, however, was not willing to lose the glory of the dedication to himself, though he seems to have wanted the generosity and the justice to deal with the author, except as an impotent creature in his power, who could do him much honor by flattering his pride, but to whom he showed at best a scant measure of kindness. To secure his selfish object, he made the poet a prisoner near his own person, both at Ferrara and at his palace at Belriguardo, in the country; a prisoner at large, indeed, but under perpetual observation. Of this the sufferer was aware; and the very idea of a human eye for ever upon him, restraining his looks, words, and actions, watching him while he slept, haunting his dreams, and entering into his very thoughts—for so he must have felt as though it did—this alone was enough to madden him.

The restless bard at length fled to Rome; but after spending six weeks there in the luxury of literary intercourse with his friends, he returned to Ferrara. There a circumstance occurred which proved that he could emulate deeds of prowess as well as laud them. Tasso had reason to suspect that one of his acquaintances, named Maddalo, a notary, had been guilty of opening his trunks with false keys, to pry into his secrets among his papers. Meeting the offender in the court of the palace, he gently remonstrated with him.

"You lie in your throat," was the reply.

Torquato, in a sudden transport of anger, gave him a blow upon the face, and the cowardly aggressor walked away, meditating revenge. Accordingly, having enlisted three of his kindred in the quarrel, they sallied forth, armed, to assail the poet; and finding him abroad in the streets, they fell upon him from behind. Tasso promptly turned round, drew his sword, and handled it so bravely, that he succeeded in wounding two of the ruffians, and in putting them all to flight. The circumstance gained him no small reputation, and gave rise to a couplet which has often been repeated:—

> "Con la penna e con la spada,
> Nessun val quanto Torquato."

> "With the pen and with the sword,
> None can equal Torquato."

This encounter, of a nature very common in Italy, was made a pretext by the Duke for placing Tasso in confinement. Much obscurity hangs over the true reason of this, his first imprisonment; but the general impression seems to be, that Alfonso's resentment at his daring to love Leonora, prompted the punishment, and that the poet's frenzy was the effect of hopeless passion and impotent resentment against oppression. The restraint to which he was subjected was not very strict, yet it sorely chafed his unquiet spirit; and, after about a year's detention at Ferrara, he secretly effected his escape.

* * * * *

It was a lovely summer evening, and the town of Sorrento was bathed in the golden light of an

Italian sunset. In a nook of the shore, apart from other dwellings, stood a neat cottage surrounded by a garden. There, in a vine-covered arbor, was seated a matron, still fair, though nearly forty summers had passed over her head. Her features were beautiful, but a shade of sadness hung on her brow, which was dissipated at times as she watched the merry play and listened to the ringing laughter of her two boys, who were sporting among the vines and flowers, as light, and gay, and lovely as the butterflies they pursued. Suddenly a man appeared in the garden; he was tall, and enveloped in a large cloak, with his hat drawn over his forehead so as entirely to conceal his face. Advancing toward the bower, and speaking in a hollow voice—"Lady," he said, "I bring you tidings of one you love."

"From whom, and what mean you?"

"From your brother, lady, from Torquato, who is ill in body, and sore pained in spirit, and would fain seek comfort from you, his only sister. I bear a letter from him, which will tell you all."

"My brother! my beloved one! what of him?"

Cornelia took the letter, but her agitation would not allow her to read it. "Speak!" she said, fixing her eyes on the messenger,—"tell me all."

A broken, hollow voice responded, pouring forth a touching tale of sorrow. "Thy brother, lady, is sick and weak, friendless and oppressed; surrounded by enemies to whom the sound of his death-knell would be as sweet music. He has tried the friendship of princes, and found it unstable as the wave, uncertain as the wind. He has lived to see the eyes that he worshiped look coldly on him—in all this dark and bitter world he can turn to no faithful breast save yours. Do you remember the fond early days, when ye lived but for each other? the thrilling verses breathed at sunset, the soft music sung together in your mother's ears; all the employments which were pleasant to Cornelia, because Torquato shared them?"

The deep voice grew faint—the broken tones filled with unutterable tenderness, and the lady, whose earnest gaze was fixed on the speaker, suddenly gave a wild cry, and clasping him in her arms, exclaimed, "Mine own Torquato!" It was indeed he. Sad and spirit-broken, he found rest, and peace, and refreshment in the tranquil shades of Sorrento; where, enjoying his sister's affection, and the youthful companionship of his nephews, he passed the happiest period of his days. But his was not a mind to content itself with the quiet routine of every-day life. Once more he sighed for Ferrara, preferring the restless excitement of a stormy existence to that repose which he already found monotonous.

He therefore left his sister's pleasant home, and returned to the scene of his former sufferings. At the court he was coldly received—worse than coldly—and unworthily repulsed when he sought an audience. Fiercely did he vent the anguish of his disappointment in bitter invectives against the duke. Alfonso was at this time immersed in wedding festivities, having espoused his third wife, a daughter of the Duke of Mantua. "Away with this madman," was his cry; "put him in safe custody, and let me hear no more of his ravings." Accordingly, in March, 1579, Tasso was committed to St. Anne's hospital as a lunatic.

Dark shadows passed over the troubled mind of Tasso. Every poet loves the free winds of heaven, the blessed sunshine, and the glorious face of nature; but these beamed no more on the thoughtful eye which had erewhile reveled amid the fabled beauties of Armida's garden; and the eloquent lips that had breathed undying music, paled and grew silent in the dim cold chamber of captivity. The balance of his mighty mind was shaken; myriads of wayward fancies thronged his brain. He believed himself haunted by a malicious spirit, whose delight it was to vex and harass him; and of the acts of this demon, he gives an account doubly melancholy, as proving both his actual state of suffering, and the lamentable hallucination of his intellect. At length this passed away, his thoughts grew calm, and after more than seven years' confinement, he was liberated in 1586, at the special intercession of the Prince of Mantua. This nobleman received him kindly at his court; for Tasso was still under the law of the inexorable Alfonso, whose enmity, indeed, endured to the end of his victim's life, and he therefore dared not return to Ferrara.

Several years of tedious, profitless wandering, succeeded. He visited Bergamo, Florence, Rome, and Naples, being well received by princes whose vanity was flattered by his presence at their courts, but finding nowhere that loving, sympathizing friendship, which could alone "minister to a mind diseased." The Della Cruscan Academy wounded him in the tenderest point by depreciating his poetry, and giving an undue preference to that of Ariosto. His last great poetical attempt was a work on the creation, entitled the "Sette Giornate," (the Seven Days,) which he left unfinished. It is a magnificent fragment, and many portions of it appear to have been imitated by Milton.

In his latter years he became acquainted with Manso, Marquis of Villa, who afterward wrote his biography. This nobleman received Tasso

into his house, and treated him with the tender consideration which his state required.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of the poet's last days, was the imagination that he was occasionally visited by a spirit; not the mischievous imp of his prison, but a being of far higher dignity, with whom, alone or in company, he could hold sublime and preternatural discourse, though of the two interlocutors none present could see or hear more than the poet himself, rapt into ecstasy, and uttering language and sentiments worthy of one who, with his bodily, yet marvelously enlightened eyes and purged ears, could distinguish the presence and the voice of his mysterious visitant. Manso gives a strange account of such an interview, when he himself stood by, yet perceived nothing but the half-part which the poet acted in the scene.

The habitual restlessness which tormented Tasso, did not permit him long to enjoy the quiet retirement of his friend's residence, at Monte Oliveto. He left it, and returned to Rome, where Sixtus V., but little disposed in general to befriend poets, yet received him with honor and distinction. In return, Tasso, both in prose and verse, celebrated the munificence of that pontiff. At Rome, he met the Duke of Florence, whom he had formerly known as a cardinal. This prince invited him to settle in Tuscany; and engaged the pope to procure the poet's consent.

Tasso, however, breathed not freely in the atmosphere of courts; and his sojourn at Florence was very brief. He returned to Naples, near to which Manso resided, and once more visited his friend, whose affectionate solicitude did much toward dispelling the dark melancholy that oppressed him. Here he reviewed and corrected his great poem, altering parts of it in conformity to the judgment of his critics. More than this, he completely remodeled its structure and details, giving it to the world under the title of *Gerusalemme Conquistata.* But genius has its own laws, and will not tamely submit to the cold regulations of criticism. For this reason, "Jerusalem Conquered" has never taken the place of "Jerusalem Delivered."

About this period Clement VIII. was raised to the pontificate; and his nephew, Cardinal St. George, a friend to science and literature, summoned around him most of the celebrated men of Italy. He had formerly known Tasso, and now invited him to come to Rome. The poet could not resist, although he felt keen regret at abandoning his peaceful retreat, where he had begun to recover a little from the horrors of his long imprisonment.

On the 10th of November, 1594, Tasso (to use his own words), "oppressed by years and woe," arrived at Rome. The years were not very many, but the woe was great, and had blanched the manly cheek, dimmed the clear blue eye, and wrinkled the noble forehead, so as to give him the appearance of advanced age. He was introduced to the Pope, who received him with the most gracious courtesy. "Sir," said his holiness, "I would fain confer on you the laurel crown, that it may receive as much honor as, in times past, it has bestowed on others." The poet bowed, and gently intimated his willingness to comply. But his spirit was broken within him; what could earthly honors avail to one on the borders of the grave? The winter proving very tempestuous, the ceremonial was deferred till the succeeding spring. As the time approached, Tasso drooped daily: he removed to the monastery of St. Anuphrius, where he was received with the utmost tenderness. On the 10th of April he was seized with a violent fever, and his life appeared in imminent danger. Renaldini, the pope's physician, came to visit him. Tasso asked him of his state:—

"Your earthly troubles, dear friend, will soon be over," was the reply. Tasso embraced him tenderly. "I thank you," he said, "a thousand times I thank you for such welcome tidings." Then looking up to heaven, "I acknowledge thy goodness, O God! in bringing me at last safe into port after so long a storm."

On the fourteenth day of his illness, and the eve of that appointed for his triumphal coronation, Cardinal Cynthio came to visit him, bringing the benediction of the Pope. Tasso bowed his head with devout humility, exclaiming—"This is the crown which I came to receive at Rome!" He continued tranquil through the night, and about the middle of the next day he found himself fainting. Feebly embracing his crucifix, he uttered the words, "*Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit,*" and expired with the last syllable on his lips. Thus died Torquato Tasso, on the 25th of April, 1595, at the age of fifty-one years; leaving to the world a work which will live in its chivalrous beauty, unscathed by the cold utilitarianism of modern days; and a name which survives as a mournful token, that the gift of song is often but a gift of sorrow.

"THIS IS NOT YOUR REST."

(MICAH, II., 10.)

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

'TWAS whispered in the morning of her prime,
To one whose picture pensive memory
Loved, in the storied chambers of the past,
To gaze upon. The freshness of her youth
Was still, like morning's mantle, on her. Bright
And beautiful within her lustrous eye
Looked girlish gladness, laughing from behind
The chastened gayety of womanhood;
And on her cheek, unsullied still by time,
Sat beauty, tempered, dignified, subdued.
The cares of life, though haply not unknown,
Told of no visit on her seamless brow;
And in her heart, the light of hope was not
Like the uncertain, halo flush of dawn,
But the soft splendor of the risen day.
That heart had loved—had the full gushing tide
Of all its priceless treasures unrestrained,
Poured upon one whose brimming soul returned
No stinted measure. Oh, what love was there!
The past was like the memory of a star
In her sweet musings; and the present lay,
A web of golden tissue, round; beyond,
Hope's magic light revealed a path of flowers.
All that in health is buoyant, dear in friends,
And blest in love—all, all were doubly hers.
Amid the range of paradisal sweet,
What wonder that the soul awhile forgot
That life hath shadows, sorrows, and that Death
The mask of Happiness doth oft put on,
Smothering his foot-falls with her uncrushed flowers!

The summons came. The angel minist'ring
Spake, as though faltering and reluctantly,
In the mild phase of lingering disease,
"Arise, depart; for this is not your rest."
Unheeded long, and long misunderstood,
That gentle monitor. The cheek grew wan,
The light step feeble, rarer the glad smile,
And dim the lustre of the radiant eye.
Grieved at the change, still he that loved her saw
But a brief trial of his heart therein,
And nursed, and sympathized, and suffered too.
Long were the days, and wearisome the nights,
That led the march of slow disease along.
At times, in tokens of returning strength,

In hope's bright reassurance both rejoiced.
In wasted features, now and then returned
With wonted brightness, saw, through grateful tears,
His heart, the promise of restored delight.
And when succeeding languor bade him know
A spectral health before his anxious eye
Alone had danced, he, sighing, chid his heart,
And—lent it straight to like deceit again.

It could not thus be alway; and at length,
At midnight hour, him, waked from fitful sleep—
(The watcher knoweth—taken at her side)—
She, in love's blandest tones, unwillingly,
Assured that he must trust Hope's dream no more.
That from the blessed fellowship of hearts
So long, so tenderly, so deeply bound,
A spirit voice had called her, and she knew
The heaven-oped summons might not be foregone.
Soft fell her gentle accents, soft and sweet,
As when, in other days, she sought his side,
To pour the tale of warm, confiding love.
The solemn hour, the darkness, and the throb
Of his own boding heart, prophetic made
The declaration, and such agony,
He prayeth he may never know again.
They wept; while she, with holy eloquence,
That almost lit the gloom, dwelt rapturously
On the undying glories that were stored
For love refined, perfected, crowned in heaven.
There would she meet him—thither lead the way,
And with procession, bright with Christian hope,
Illume for him the portals of the tomb.

* * * * * *

A few more days, and a lone wanderer
Stood by a fresh-made mound, and burning tears
Gushed from the broken fountain of the heart.
The unforgotten words of her who slept
In dust beneath, were murmuring in his ear,
And upward went his soul in silent prayer,
That he, like her prepared, might hear at last—
"Arise, depart; for this is not your rest."

THE WISH.

When the Angel of Death calls my spirit away
From this scene of faults, follies, and woes;
I ask no proud monument's pompous display,
To blazon my bed of repose.
Far from *me* be such cold marble mockeries as these!
No! from *Nature* the mourners *I* crave!
Her wild-flowers to sigh, as they wave in the breeze,
And a willow to weep o'er my grave!

And oh! 'mid the many who flatter and smile,
And will smile none the less when I'm gone;
May *some few*—the few whom I love! grieve awhile,
Some bosoms feel aching and lone!
May I live in the moonlight of memory's sphere,
When the sun of existence shall set;
Enshrined in the hearts of the friends I hold dear,
And embalmed in their tears of regret!

SEQUEL TO THE BALIZE PILOT.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

> Be warned! thou canst not break, nor 'scape the power,
> In kindness given at thy first breathing hour.
> Thou canst not stay its life: it must create—
> And, good or ill, there ne'er will come a date
> To its tremendous energies. R. H. DANA.

SIGHTS of woe, scenes of anguish, sounds of horror and despair, that sometimes come under the personal inspection and hearing of individuals, ought not to pass untold for the benefit of others. Such a sad experience was afforded one night to the writer of this paper, some time after he had bidden adieu, and, as he supposed, forever, to the Balize Pilot.* It is detailed here in its simplicity, stripped of all exaggeration, with the hope that it may give birth, in other minds, to thoughts, feelings, and practical resolutions similar to those which it originated in my own.

For nearly two hours of the dreary night I was a pained and agitated listener to the piteous cries, groans, and shrieks for mercy, and entreaties for pardon, of a wretched fellow-mortal, in all the untold horrors of delirium tremens, or the drunkard's madness from drinking, *mania a potu*. Any description, however vivid, that should not embody, so that they might strike on the troubled ear again, the impassioned, heart-thrilling tones, and make to stand out before the mind's eye, with all the distinctness of affecting truth, that dreadful image of the upturned, glaring eye, the tortured visage, the clenched and smiting hands of the agonized sufferer, would utterly fail to convey an adequate idea of the heart-rending scene, and could by no means produce in another's mind an impression like that which its awful contemplation was calculated to fix indelibly upon my own.

It may not, however, be useless to attempt a portrayal of the scene, and to repeat some of the agony-fraught expressions and articulate cries of the excited, terrified sinner, trembling and convulsed at the near prospect of being ushered into eternity, with all his sins upon his head, unprepared to meet God. He lay upon his back, with flexd, uplifted eyes, hideous face, on which sat fear and dread despair, and hands raised in the attitude of earnest prayer, frequently clenched and smiting violently together; and he cried incessantly to God to save him from hell, with all the dreadful energy of one that seemed to see hell opening before him, busy devils and torturing fiends all in view, and himself swift going into their hands.

His piteous cries I can imagine to be still ringing in my ears—"O Lord God—O Jesus, Jesus—Come, great King—Almighty God, forgive! Is there no mercy?—Shall I go to hell?—O, must I go to-night? O, I was warned, I was warned!—I thought of it, I thought of it!—O, Mediator, Jesus, Jesus!—O, I can't give up!—Don't let me go!—O, let me see thy love!—O, cast me not away!—O, forgive, forgive!"—together with others that I could not wholly distinguish, as from the pit of despair.

He cried thus for a long time till exhausted, then stayed, and then resumed again, with awful intensity of supplication,—"O, that blessed place!—Save me, save me!—O, where's thy power?—I say, come, come—O Holy Ghost, I have abused thee!—Lord, have mercy, O have mercy!"

Sometimes he would seem to labor under such a sense of guilt in the sight of a holy God, as utterly to despair of mercy, and then he would cry out many times in such indescribable, unaffected tones of desolate hopelessness as I never heard before, and hope never to again, "O, dear, dear!—Gone, gone—Lost, lost!" And then he would break forth in most earnest, soul-moving entreaty—"Almighty God, forgive—O forgive me through his name!—O, don't give me up!—Let not my soul be lost!—O, I beseech thee, forgive!"

Sometimes his imagination, stimulated by convictions of sin and conscious desert of punishment, would seem to behold the minister of vengeance coming to take him to hell; and he would shriek with agony, "O, death, I feel thy sting—O, don't let me go—O, see him coming, coming—Save me, save me from his arms—O, save me, wretched sinner!"

* See May No. pp. 25 and 26.

At times his prayer to God seemed to be, if I could construe right the motions of his troubled mind, to inflict upon him the utmost weight of suffering now, but only to save him from a dreadful hell. "Come," exclaimed he many times, over and over again, "come as hard as you can—I have deserved it all—But save, O save me from hell!" Then, as though he thought in this way to prevail with God, "Thou wast so kind to me, thou wast so kind to me—O, praised be thy name—I will praise thy name—O, forgive, I beseech thee, forgive me, Lord God!"

Thus he continued, almost without cessation, for two or three hours, till nature was spent in agony of spirit that may bear a faint resemblance to the woes of the second death. As I listened to his cries, it was awful to think what must be the inward present suffering that produced them, and what will be the desolating woe of every impenitent condemned soul in hell, forever. Who can estimate the mercy of being delivered in hope, from such unutterable misery, by the precious blood and unbought love of Jesus Christ? Never did that mercy appear so rich and precious; and never did the ingratitude and guilt seem greater, of being stupid and insensible, and of doing nothing for men's salvation, while our belief is that undying spirits, with these vast capacities for happiness or woe, are swinging loose every moment from their moorings in this world of hope, and putting out into the GREAT DEEP OF ETERNITY, there to be torn and tossed forever on the billows of wretchedness, the despairing, inconceivable wretchedness of "*the lost!*" Of what infinite consequence that every owner of immortal capacities like the soul's, should first have a personal insurance effected for eternity in the BANK OF SALVATION, by the initiative of true faith in Jesus Christ! and that he be laboring, with all the might of a ransomed heir of glory, to save others also! Would that every man who had ministered to the unhappy subject of this narrative the maddening drink—would that every distiller who manufactures the baleful poison — every merchant that exchanges and makes merchandise of the burning liquor—every bar-keeper, and vender, and grocer, that deals out to the thoughtless and wretched applicants this "distilled damnation"—would that they all could have stood around the berth-side of that miserable man, whom THEY helped to make so! Would that they could all have seen, as I did, the manifold agonies of that deathless soul, and have listened to those loud cries of horror breaking in upon the silence of midnight, and rending the pitying hearts of those who could afford him no drop of relief! Could they go away from such a spectacle and resume again their dreadful trade?—O, no! no. Methinks they would return to their distilleries, and cellars, and storehouses, and let forth upon the absorbing earth those pernicious sluices of desolation and death;—no more to pour over society their worse than lava-streams, and to blight the prospects, and scorch and wither up the joys, yea, the very moral being of countless human hearts!

How, then, knowing, as they do, the multiplied modes of misery which THEY are causing; seeing before them the reeling, haggard, trembling, bloated witnesses to the blasting effects of strong drink; knowing the pauperism, vice and crime, of which their trade is the one prolific source; beholding the athletic, manly forms it is breaking down and laying in infamous drunkards' graves; the unconsoled mothers, widows, and orphans it is making—the human hearts it is rending with disappointment and anguish—the intellects it is wasting—the lives it is consuming—the precious souls it is ruining forever,—O, how can they, how dare they, why will THEY continue their accursed trade?

In reflecting now upon this remarkable case and that of the Pilot at the Balize, who can help exclaiming, how wonderful and mysterious is that mighty agent, the conscience, whose residence is the human soul, that kindled the fires and raised the storms which raged and beat so vehemently over the desolate spirits of these unhappy men! Here were two persons that had passed among their fellows, during the day, for aught that could be seen, as tranquil and untroubled as any. But when night comes, a life-endangering accident in the one case, and the oppression of the habitual use of strong drink upon the overheated brain, in both, agitates those immortal spirits to their profoundest depths; reveals their secret recesses, known before only to God and their own consciousness; makes the characters faintly traced on memory's tablet years long gone, to stand out before the mind in distinct burning reality; it gives to that faculty an unwonted recollective power; endues with a tormenting deadly sting the sense of guilt; imparts an almost miraculous freedom and vividness to the imagination; opens up the spiritual vision of the conscious soul, and makes it look in amazement upon eternity, and view its solemn scenes, its changeless destinies, its awful retributions, and hear the ceaseless wail, and feel the burning of the quenchless fire, and the gnawing of the undying worm of hell.

Such an agent of power doth every human spirit bear, involved within itself, which it can no more separate itself from, or permanently stupefy, or counteract its power, than it can make itself cease to be.

Then, dread this very power; for, works it wrong,
It gives to all without a power as strong
As is its own—a power it can't recall:
Such as thy strength, e'en so will be thy thrall.
Then, when thy spirit's from the body freed,
Then shalt thou know, see, feel, what's life indeed!
Bursting to life, thy dominant desire
Shall upward flame, like a fierce forest fire:
The indomitable will shall know no sway:—
God calls—man, hear Him; quit that fearful way!

How important, dear reader, whosoever thou art that perusest this page, how important to quit at once the fearful way of sin! For if such be the wonderful power of conscience, as sometimes developed in this life, when all the soul's energies are under restraint and shackled by the body, how fearful must it then be, when, leaving its shell of clay to moulder in the grave, the SOUL shall be ushered into eternity, with the moral character formed here, disenthralled from its gross material fetters, and with a spirit's intuition shall PERCEIVE a sin-hating, holy God, and shall feel the searching eye of Omniscience pervading it through and through!

When, in the dread presence of Jehovah, eternal realities shall blaze in upon it with more than noon-day brightness,—then, if unshielded, unrenewed, unwashed in the blood of atonement, O, what a stinging, withering sense of guilt, and of loss, eternal, irremediable loss, must weigh down that undying spirit, and plunge it in hopeless despair! To see others entering in through the pearly gates, and walking the golden streets of the celestial city; eating of the tree of Paradise, drinking of the river of life; exulting in the praises of God and the Lamb, communing with Christ and all the redeemed; and yet to be ourself forever separated, like a convict, from the happy company, a great multitude which no man can number,—ah, who can conceive the bitterness of the loss, the cutting keenness of that pang! Who in the flesh can tell the anguish that will rend the quickened souls of the finally impenitent, as that dreadful sentence is issued—"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" And they go to their prison-houses, to feel forever the blighting curse of the Almighty's indignation against unrepented sin, and to have verified in themselves that solemn passage of Proverbs, to which the melancholy cases here truly narrated afford so striking a commentary—*Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.*

Through God's great mercy in Jesus Christ, may none that read this ever experience these bitter pangs. But, by present repentance and faith in the Crucified, may their hearts be sprinkled from an evil conscience, and an inheritance among the sanctified be their everlasting portion.

With them numbered let me be,
Here and through eternity!

THE PAST.

We may dwell with regret upon time thrown away,
When youth and its follies are o'er;
We may waken to memory many a day
Which, alas! can be ours no more:
And we frequently think could we live o'er again
The years we have heedlessly lost,
'Twere easy to shun the remorse and the pain
Which reflection is certain to cost.

Tho' futile and vain are the tears and regret
Which we waste in lament for the past—
E'er the sun of existence forever be set,
And death claims his victim at last—
Let us learn from the sorrow that shadows the soul,
As we sigh o'er the time that has flown,
To enforce a far wiser and better control
O'er the days we may yet call our own.

THE IMMORTAL IN LITERATURE.

BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

In what we now term the infancy of literature, Solomon said, "Of making many books there is no end." But of the books which he found extant, there probably remain in being only the Pentateuch, the Book of Job, and a few of the poems of his own royal father. What a vast freight of promised immortality have these three thousand years carried away as a dream! Of the lost books, which Solomon may have read, the Pentateuch preserves the name of one, with a short extract. It is the "Book of the wars of Jehovah," that is, of great, famous wars,—a poetical work, probably the Iliad of its day, commemorative of heroic darings and achievements, the bard's tribute to men of might and renown, whose world-honored names, he trusted, would bear his own down to the end of time. Why has his book perished? Why is his name, why are the names of his heroes dropped from the memory of man? Probably because the book was a mere war-poem,—an eulogy of deeds that had made men wretched,—of deeds, the praise of which was cherished among the posterity of their heroes, or until the tribe which had achieved them was disbanded, but which had no hold upon the general heart, nothing to call forth the sympathy, or to enlist the affections. Why have the writings of Moses and of David, why has the Book of Job survived, and gone forth into all lands, and been translated into every tongue? Because there was that in them which appealed to the universal heart, and which found an answering chord in every breast. They addressed man as man, and in tones of love and sympathy. They revealed the common parentage, both earthly and heavenly, of all men. They breathed compassion for the poor, kindness for the exile and the stranger. They opened the bosom of eternal love for the repose of the weary, for the refuge of the oppressed. They spake of the unslumbering Shepherd. They drew around the tried and stricken children of earth the mantle of a watchful Providence. They encompassed men's dwellings and daily walks with the hosts of God and the sympathy of heaven. Therefore was it, that long before literature was wont to pass from nation to nation, and from tongue to tongue, these books were translated and circulated among nations whose theology differed the most widely from that of the Jews. The philanthropic aim and tendency of these writings preserved and diffused them.

In the present article, we ask the attention of our readers to the philanthropic element, considered as the life-giving and life-preserving principle of literature; as that without which taste, genius, and eloquence can leave no extensive or enduring impress. By the philanthropic element we mean sympathy with man as man, —a spirit which surmounts natural barriers, which forgets factitious differences, which regards our common nature as essentially sacred and venerable, and which utters itself with tenderness and love,—in fine, a spirit which brings the reader, whoever he may be, into face to face communion with the author, and which makes the process of perusal a blending of heart with heart. The motto of the writer who would give his book free course and length of days, must be, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

But our theory encounters at the outset a formidable objection in the ancient classics taken collectively. They have little or none of this philanthropic element. They recognize not the intrinsic dignity and worth of the human soul. They are contracted and exclusive in their sympathies. Hatred, contempt, or revenge often gives them their key-note. Even Socrates (in Plato's Dialogues) speaks scornfully of those who, in humble life, practice the quiet virtues that adorn their station, denies that they can partake or approach the divine nature, and promises them no more worthy fate after death, than transmigration into the bodies of ants, wasps, and bees. Yet those old Greek and Roman writers have survived the nations and languages of their birth,—they enter into all liberal culture,—they nournish youth,—they are the delight of age, and the wreath of their renown is as fresh and green as when it was first woven. How is it that they

still live, if philanthropy is the breath of life to literature?

We reply, that the history of the classics is not even an exception to the principle which we have laid down; but, on the other hand, strikingly illustrates and confirms it. For, in the first place, how exceedingly small a proportion (probably much less than a thousandth part) of ancient classical literature has come down to us! What a multitude of philosophers and of poets, renowned in their day, have transmitted only as much knowledge of themselves, as may be compressed within five lines of a classical dictionary! The Alexandrian Library contained *seven hundred thousand* volumes, most of them, undoubtedly, single copies of works, which had ceased to be read or known, which, even if works of genius, never had any permanent hold upon the interest or sympathy of mankind, and to which, already dead, the fanatical Christians who burned the library only added the honors of a funeral pile; for even before the art of printing, the conflagration of a single library, or of a score of libraries, could not have destroyed a *living* literature.

The strongest proof that classical literature had no intrinsic vitality, may be drawn from the history of the civilized world in the interval between the dismemberment of the Roman Empire and the revival of letters. For the citizens of the empire transmitted to their rude conquerors from the North, not the literature which was indigenous among themselves, but a provincial literature, full of foreign idioms, which they had borrowed from despised Judæa. This was not because the conquered people were religious devotees. Primitive piety then burned low in the church, and the senseless glitter of mere form had hidden the power of godliness. The Scriptures were but partially diffused, imperfectly understood, and superficially obeyed. Their direct influence upon individual character was hardly perceptible. But yet, by their catholic, humane, philanthropic spirit, they had so inwrought themselves into the body politic, and so leavened the whole mass of society, as to sustain the fiercest shock of revolution, nay, the entire disintegration of the social system, and to mingle anew with its chaotic elements, as they were fused into other forms, and a life more hardy, though less refined. Now, as it was barely the social and intellectual influence of the Scriptures which thus survived the rush of desolating hordes, and subdued the conquerors, had classical literature taken any strong hold upon the general mind and heart, there is no conceivable reason why that also should not have penetrated the new organization of the social elements, and impressed its traces deep and clear upon the history and monuments of the dark ages. But we discern no such traces. The age immediately preceding that of the barbarian inroads had lost all purity of taste and beauty of literary execution,—the time-hallowed imagery of the classics had become time-worn and obsolete,—the forms of the Augustan age had been racked and warped, its idioms diluted, its graphic terseness of diction beaten out into a verbose and lumbering dialect, an attenuated, enervated Latin, which Cicero would hardly have recognized as his native tongue. Classical literature had lost its power over those of its own household; and, when aliens overran its home, liberty of concealment, undisturbed oblivion was the highest boon which it could obtain, and that only for a few of its master-spirits. There was no transfusion of its harmonious breathings into a new literature, or into the life-blood of the nations that entered upon its heritage. No strains from Mantua or Tibur were taught to blend with the hoarse war-cry of Goth and Hun. No Athenian or Roman culture moulded the manners or formed the minds of the invaders. But the writings of the Galilean fishermen worked their way with inconceivable rapidity into the hearts and habits of those fierce idolaters, quenching the fires of their often bloody superstitions, infusing a spirit of humanity, cherishing pacific counsels and arts, and mingling even with the savage code of war principles of honor and forbearance. To be sure, the sacred writings themselves were soon hidden from the people, nay, from the very priests, hidden in cloister libraries, and in a tongue which was fast growing obsolete. Yet they inspired and pervaded what little of literature, what little of eloquence there was.

But the revival of letters (so called) was an isolated phenomenon, fraught with no far-reaching results, exerting no extensive sway over the destiny of the race. For classical learning in its revival took its first start, and reached its highest point, in its own soil of Italy; yet there the intellectual impulse was of narrower extent and shorter duration than elsewhere, and was closely followed by an age of literary imbecility and plagiarism, and of political and religious profligacy, which gave place only to the death-shadows of universal ignorance and degradation. The reason of this was, that the Italian mind, when roused from its long lethargy, found in the department to which it applied itself nothing to expand and elevate its highest powers, nothing adapted to awaken heart-interest and heart-sympathy, nothing diffusive in its nature, and fitted to become the basis of general culture and prog-

ress. But the same mental impulse, in Germany, while it availed itself of the disinterred treasures of classic antiquity, assumed a religious direction, was inspired and urged on by that marvelous literature of Judæa, the fountain of living waters to all ages and nations, was transmitted from province to province, and from land to land, and is still at work throughout Protestant Christendom. In this movement there was vitality and the widest diffusiveness. The books which inspired it, and those which grew from it, were for all people. Luther's Bible found its way into every cottage in Germany. The noble lyrics of the Reformation were heard from the sheep-cot and the farm-yard. The infant literature of Germany, in every department, breathed a spirit which addressed the universal human heart, which gave it free course, and made it both living and life-giving,—indeed, the same spirit, which prompted that ever memorable rejoinder of William Tyndale to the popish priest: "If God give me life, ere many years the ploughboy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."

The Scriptures, taken collectively, are mainly indebted to the philanthropic element for the interest which attaches itself to them among all nations and conditions of men. They are, indeed, made quick and powerful in their action upon the moral nature by the same divine spirit, through whose aid they were written. But, when we consider them purely in a literary point of view, we must bring the phenomena of their diffusion and reception under the laws which govern literature. Now it is an undeniable fact, that, without reference to their religious uses, the Scriptures are read with avidity wherever they are a new book, that they have a peculiar charm for the young, are attractive to the unenlightened, are heard or read with gladness in the far-off islands and settlements, whither missionary enterprise has carried them, and at the same time furnish rich and ever new gratification to the most refined and cultivated taste, while they extort the unwilling tribute of intellectual admiration from those who deny and oppose the religion which they reveal. This universal adaptation of the Bible to the tastes of man, and to such widely various tastes, bearing kindred to each other through a common nature alone, can be accounted for, as we think, only by the fact, that it is full of the spirit of humanity, that it breathes diffusive kindness, love without limit or alloy, that it reconciles man to man, and makes all feel the same fraternal and filial tie, that it addresses those elements and affections which belong to man's essence, and not to the accidents of his condition. The Mosaic Law has been termed by shallow, short-sighted critics, a hard yoke for a stubborn people. But, in point of fact, it is full of the broadest principles of freedom, humanity, and kindness. Its measures of philanthropy, and of tender thoughtfulness for the rights and wants of all, is beyond that of even the political millennium of modern theorists. The whole Levitical code is pervaded by the most loving spirit for the lowly and distressed. He who has waxen poor, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, is to be relieved without delay. If he pledge his mantle, it must be restored to him before night-fall. The sun must not go down upon the hireling's unpaid wages; "for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it." The careful gleaning of the harvest and the second beating of the fruit-tree are forbidden the wealthy owner, and left to the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. National distinctions are to be merged in the claims of a common nature. "If a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him; but thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye know the heart of a stranger; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." How like the cool breath of heaven upon the fevered brow must precepts like these ever fall upon the bruised and oppressed spirit, upon the soul that has been shut out from sympathy, and has bowed under the inequalities, burdens, and mortifications incident to the most free and perfect social state, which, except under an avowed theocracy, man can never attain! But with how much higher power comes home to the universal heart the fact, foreshadowed in prophecy, portrayed in the New Testament, that God lighted up his only spotless image upon earth amidst the lowliest forms and fortunes of humanity! Here the extremes of the spiritual universe are brought together. God takes up his tabernacle among the despised and rejected of men; man, the stricken, way-worn, burden-bearing, is lifted to be the peer of angels and a partaker of the divine nature. And then, in the Scriptures both Old and New, man finds himself encircled as in the arms of a motherly tenderness, is made to feel that a compassionate regard ever rests upon him, sees eyes of God and hears voices of love in every scene of nature and of life. It is this spirit which carries a welcome for the Bible, and causes its beauty and grandeur to be felt and owned even by those who have no taste for its humbling doctrines, no will for its self-denying duties.

To pass from the Scriptures to the literature into which they have breathed the philanthropic element, we would refer to one department of

literature, which this element has almost created, namely, that which has for its office the delineation of natural scenery,—a large and cherished department in moden Christendom, but which, except in the Bible, has left but few and vague vestiges among the remains of ancient literature; for among the classics, descriptions of nature are very rare, and, when they do occur, are generally incidental and fragmentary. Man cannot bear the contemplation of nature, unless the Creator's smile be reflected from it. Reader, did you ever see a little child taken by his father to view some glittering pageant, to the child's eye immensely vast and grand? And have you not marked how such a child will, every moment, look away from the gay show up to his father's face, as if to fortify himself by a glance of love? And does not the child say, in that mute appeal, that he is dazzled and bewildered by the gay show, and could not look upon it with a safe and happy feeling, unless he were supported by his father's eye? Just such emotions we have all had, when we have stood by the ocean or on the mountain-top, when we have considered the heavens, and beheld the stars, as "at the commandment of the Holy One they stand in their order, and faint not upon their watches." We have been amazed and bewildered. We have felt lonely and desolate; and a silent, shuddering awe has come over us. These emotions are the child's yearning for the Father's eye. We cannot bear to find ourselves in a universe so vast, unless we stand in the felt presence of One who numbers the hairs of our heads and the sands of our lives. The Atheist would carefully cut himself off from every grand and extensive view of nature, would shun the ocean and the mountain, would close his eyes to the crimson sunset and the gemmed vault of night; for all these things would tell him what a lonely being he was and how unsheltered, would speak to him of agencies beyond his control or calculation, of powers of nature far mightier than his boasted intellect. In like manner, could the polytheist have taken no unalloyed satisfaction in the contemplation or description of nature; for to him it was cantoned out among "gods many and lords many," among deities of limited power, of conflicting interests, of brutal passions, among deities who might sleep or be on a journey, whose presence could not be invoked, or their aid depended upon with any degree of assurance. In a fatherless universe, or in a creation tenanted by vague, uncertain, and divided deity, the social craving is not met. The cry still is,

> "Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
> Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
> Without a feeling in their silent tears?"

It is only when nature speaks to us in accents of love, when our souls in very truth feel

> "the intense
> Reply of *hers* to our intelligence,"

that her hills and valleys, her stars and waters invite and attract us. It is only this intimate communion with the paternal spirit in nature, which can give either the wish or the power so to portray her scenes, that the portraiture shall live in the memory of man, and pass from land to land and from age to age. All those, who have written sweetly and constrainingly in this department, have occupied the attitude of high-priests and interpreters of Nature as she lies bathed in the Creator's blessing, and have discharged this loving ministry in a loving spirit. It is because Cowper occupies this position, that he lives still, while many of his contemporaries of greater vigor of thought, and finer polish of style, are already consigned to oblivion. It is because Wordsworth exercises the same ministry, that neither ridicule nor reason can deprive him of his power over our sensibilities, or make him otherwise than a favorite with the people.

AUTUMN.

Autumn leaves around me falling,
Sorrowing ye seem to say:—
Heed! oh, heed my silent warning!
Be thou mindful of decay.
Life is like a day of summer—
All its pleasures fraught with pain;
Yet the spells which memory gives us
Gladly would we weave again.

Where the cherished friends we number'd,
As we toil'd life's weary way,
From whose hands we feel the pressure,
Warm as 'twere but yesterday?
Gone—and falling leaves of autumn,
Silently ye seem to say:—
Learn! oh learn a truthful lesson!
Type I am of their decay.

THE WORLD A WILDERNESS WITHOUT LOVE.

AN ORIENTAL REVERY.

Ashah lived in a little house in the neighborhood of Gesan, at the southern termination of the mountains of Irak, and he cultivated a little farm with his own sturdy hands, and supported a little wife and five little children on the grapes, and dates, and melons, and rice, and rye, which his farm grew; and he clothed the same with the produce of the cocoons which his thousands of silk-worms produced. Ashah's house was not the sort of place in which western pachas and agas dwell. There was no furniture of polished rosewood, and boxwood, and wood of Honduras there; no china of Sevres; no rich draperies of Lyons; no ottomans of down covered with velvet of Genoa; no carpets of Stamboul; no shawls of Cashmere. Nevertheless, Ashah believed that his was the fairest, sweetest home in all Irak, and Kurdistan to boot. Ashah was master of only one room, where his wife and daughters sat, and chanted and combed their long glittering tresses during the day; and he was the superior of only one terrace with a silken covered verandah, where the whole family assembled in the evening, and listened to the traditions which Ashah related with so much spirit; and to the songs which Allety his wife sung with so much feeling and sweetness. It mattered not, however, whether Ashah and his wife and children were on the terrace or in the divan, the music of the bulbul came stealing on their ears from the mulberry groves wherever they were, and the perfume of the banks of flowers always floated on the morning and evening breezes around them. The night wind came sighing into their open windows, and kissed their sleeping cheeks, as they lay upon their soft mats; and the morning zephyr scattered the perfumes of Arabia amongst their curls when they awoke. When Allety struck up a song on the house-top, her voice, accompanied by those of her daughters, Tiva and Korna, would fall upon the ears of Ashah, as he and his first-born, Anah, tended the silk-worms in the mulberry-grove; and then father and son would answer back the lay, and all the song-birds of the east would join in the joyous chorus.

Anah, the son of Ashah, was a very thoughtful child, and yet he was a child of smiles. He would lie for hours together, and gaze upon his mother's face as she sung; and he would nestle his head upon his father's lap, and look sweetly up into his eyes, and listen with smiles to his tales. Amongst the things that Ashah most delighted to tell, were the glories of Bagdad, with its splendid palaces and gardens, where Haroun the wise, caliph of all the East, and Abdalrahman the voluptuous, and Vatheck the cruel, and Almansor the ambitious, and Mahadi the devout, had dwelt; but yet he loved best to recount the glories of the times of Haroun, which were the prime of the oriental golden age, when the streams were glittering with precious metals and amber, when the flower-cups were filled with purest honey, and when the peris loved to roam in the terrestrial gardens. "And why did the amber melt in the streams, and the gold dissolve amongst the waters? and why did the peris go away to paradise again?" the child Anah would always ask. Ashah and Allety would look at each other when he spoke thus, and they would be silent for a moment, and then they would answer him both together. "Oh, these things are still at Bagdad! for beauty and magnificence lived though Haroun died;" and then Anah would dream of beautiful Bagdad, and he would long to be there.

Ashah's little boys, Selim and Ali, and his daughters, Tiva and Korna, sung through the bright summer days, and danced among the showers of sunbeams that fell broken through the leaves and boughs of the mulberry and date trees; but Anah, as he grew up, wandered by the streams and in the groves all alone; and he saw visions of Bagdad in the transparent waters, and he heard the winds murmuring songs of its glory, and the bulbul repeating the tale, until he thought of nothing, saw nothing, dreamed of nothing but the palaces and gardens of Bagdad.

"Mother," he said, at last, as Allety kissed his brow one night, and covered him with a purple coverlet, "I long to see the gardens of Bagdad."

"Then may the angels who water the flowers of Paradise, and who love to gratify good children, take you there," said his mother, with a smile, as she kissed him again and again, and pressed him to her bosom.

His mother's kiss was still warm on his lips, when Anah arose and stole from his own bright happy home, and he wandered awa y and awa

from Gesan, by the side of his native stream, which, being only a few furlongs in length, leads to the east bank of the Tigris, to which it is a tributary. The stars and the moon lighted the young dreamer on his path. In his visions he had pictured Bagdad to be far away; and as his father had told him that the brook Gesan flowed on till it fell into the Tigris "far away," he was sure that the city of his pilgrimage must be there, and he wandered on. Anah walked forward among groves, and bowers, and by glittering streams that murmured as sweetly in his ears, as if the nymphs and naiads were making melody, and at last, without knowing where he was, he laid himself down in that very lawn of paradise grass at Bagdad, which had been formed for Abbassides, who, despising the frugality of the first caliphs, made all his empire to minister to his desires, and to become subservient to the aggrandizement of his glory.

The angel of the morning kissed the eyes of Anah, and scattered her first sunbeams on his cheeks and lips. Those eyes so soft and beautiful sparkled for a moment in the new-born light, and his lips so fresh and rosy trembled with the emotion of a smile, but it was only for a moment, for when sleep spread her dark wings and floated toward the caves of everlasting silence, she wafted the transient joy from Anah's glance and the radiance from his cheeks. He was in the midst of a grove of more splendid trees than ever his dreaming eye had fallen upon. The *arbores vitæ* surrounded him like green pyramids, and the silver-leaved service-trees formed a hundred beautiful and fantastic bowers. The dark foliage of the fig mingled with the classic foliage of the vine, and the graceful, slender olive was festooned with the rapient clematis. But the sunbeams seemed to bury themselves in the darkest shades; the zephyrs trembled for a moment amongst the branches of the plants, and then died away with a sigh; the butterflies became lethargic and paralytic if they alighted for an instant on a single leaf of all that grove of plants; and the birds that peopled it were drowsy and dumb; the honeysuckle and the deadly nightshade twined round each other, and their blossoms lay cheek to cheek; but the bees shunned them with an angry hum, as if they knew that the honey was poisoned which filled their cups. The beautiful boy looked around him upon a scene of the most gorgeous eastern beauty, and yet his eye did not lighten with a sympathetic ray. "How beautiful it is!" he exclaimed; "but where are the gold and amber waters? where are the flowers amongst which the peris loved to roam?" Walks, bordered with blossoms of the most varied and brilliant colors, wound amongst shrubs and trees of every form and clime. Lakes, gemmed with white and yellow water-lilies, and paved with submarine mosses, lay on every side, with barges floating on their surfaces, painted in loveliest hues and ornamented with gold. But there was no perfume emitted from the flowers, and the lakes refused to mirror the plants that stood in cold and stately pride upon their shores. "How fair and lovely are all things here!" cried Anah; "but where are the smiles that dimpled the waters in the days of Haroun? and where are the flowers that the peris used to kiss?"

In the lakes were little islands, from which kiosks of Moorish architecture raised their elaborate minarets, while bridges of the most elegant and airy forms linked isle to isle. But chief of all the magnificence which Anah beheld was the palace of the Caliph, and the velvety lawn which was spread around it. The palace was built of marble, and covered a hundred roods of ground. Its piazzas and terraces were of the richest workmanship, and were adorned profusely with ornaments of every style, from Greek to Arabesque. Seven hundred door-keepers were ready to admit the caliph's guests, and seven thousand slaves were ready to serve them. Twenty-two thousand carpets covered the palace-floors, and thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry floated on the palace-walls. On the lawn were a hundred lions, bound with chains of gold, and a hundred keepers in robes of silk and gold attended them. Before the great portal of the palace was a tree with silver trunk, and boughs, and twigs, and leaves, and fruit of gold. On this tree of eighteen branches sat birds of the most precious metals, and they spread their wings and hopped from twig to twig by the unseen agency of machinery. Twelve hundred pillars of African, Greek, and Italian marble sustained the magnificent pile, and its saloons and halls were encrusted with gems and fretted gold, and adorned with the statues of men and animals. Anah walked like a stray child of Paradise through this scene of pomp and magnificence, on which the morning sun looked languidly down, and yet his heart was not stirred within him. Men and maidens beautiful to behold flitted past him, but on every brow he saw a scowl, in every eye the yellow plague-light of suspicion. Muttered curses broke from every lip; deep growls of hatred from every heart. As he looked more closely into the flowers of the garden, he saw that they emitted a subtile, volatile poison, which dried up the sap in each other's vesicles, although it did not destroy their outward bloom. On the l[illegible] branches of the trees he perceived [illegible]

prickles, and the waters were as opaque as quicksilver. "Alas!" cried the wearied, heart-sick boy, as he threw himself down, despondingly and in bewilderment, beside a plant of amaranth; "where are the flowers of paradise and the transparent waters of Gul?" As he spoke his eye fell upon a solitary dew-drop that hung like an angel's tear from a green leaf of the amaranth. One stray sunbeam, warm and glowing as love, fell on the pellucid globule, and was broken up into seven rays bright as the rainbow of the Apocalypse. Gradually the liquid spheroid expanded and brightened on the eye of Anah, until, in the transparent orb, he beheld a female form seated on a sapphire throne. The face of the beautiful spirit was as pure as celestial snow, and her cheeks and lips were delicately tinctured with the refined vermilion of roses. Her robe was made from the petals of the Ethiopian lily, and a convolvulus shaded her head and face from the ardent sunbeam. "My name is Luxa; I am the genius of poetry," said the beautiful spirit, while a smile suffused her countenance, so full of love.

"You are beautiful—oh, how beautiful!" said the boy, while the first smile that had played upon his face since he had awoke beamed on his lips and in his eyes.

"I know you love me, Anah," said the fairy, shaking her odorous robes, and wafting the sweetest aroma of flowers around him. "It was I that made your heart thrill when your mother sung her songs at morning-tide, and I lightened up your eyes when your father told his evening tales. I filled your soul with dreams of beauty when you wandered by the waters of Gesan, and I carried your fancy away from the cottage where you was born, and the mulberry-groves where your brothers and sisters played, and where the bulbuls sang, and the flowers emitted breezes of perfume, and I led you to this region of grandeur and stately pomp."

"It was the stars that led me hither," said Anah, sadly. "I think it must have been Ceres, with his tooth dipped in henbane, and his baleful eye."

"The stars are but the lamps hung in the dome of Cœlum by Allah, which are lighted up by Uriel and his angels, when night spreads his black wings over the earth," said the fairy Luxa. "The stars were your outward lights, but I filled your heart with the inward desire to behold the gardens of Bagdad."

"It was my father's tales of Haroun the wise that made me long to see the palace and gardens where the great caliph dwelt," said Anah, thoughtfully, and shaking his head.

"You are dreaming of the outward still, my child," replied the spirit, her smile becoming more and more luminous, and her form more and more radiant. "I touched your heart with my finger, and filled it with celestial sympathies, without which there is no beauty, and without which, words have no meaning."

"My heart is cold amongst all this grandeur that I see, then," said Anah, looking up meekly; "your charm has gone away from it forever."

The fairy floated nearer and nearer to him, until he felt the very warmth of her perfumed breath upon his cheek, and then he saw that she held a chalice of the rose of Sharon in her tiny right hand. "There must be life in the outward world of a kindred nature with the inward life of him who contemplates it, before there can be beauty," said the fairy, in a silvery tone; and as she spoke, she touched his eyes with the charm her hand contained.

Anah gazed into the translucent speculum which floated in prismatic glories around her, and then he saw landscapes of every clime adorning the liquid world in which Luxa reigned. On hills of snow, where the gloomy fir grew tapering, and the stunted juniper trembled in the biting north wind, he beheld a fur-clad Laplander, "with blue cold nose and wrinkled brow," and he sighed with sorrow for his life of gloom and pain; but he saw the frozen eye of the stunted man suddenly light upon a tiny plant; he saw him pluck it from the mosses at his feet, and place it in his breast; and then his eye grew bright as the aurora, and his face relaxed into a smile, as he rubbed his hands amongst the drifted snow, and gamboled with his reindeers. The desert ocean of sand, the great Sahara, next rose upon Anah's vision, and stretched far out, until the copper-colored sky dipped down upon its borders. There was no beauty, no verdure, no attribute of sympathy in all its wide expanse, for the eye of Anah, save a Tibboo maiden, who sat alone and spun beneath a gnarled fig-tree, and ever and anon looked outward on the desert, and downward upon the arid patch of greenness at her feet. "Alas! poor mniden," sighed Anah; but presently she culled a little blossom that grew at her side, and then, as she placed it in her hair, her heart overflowed with the fullness of song, and her cheeks dimpled with joy. Wherever he turned his eye, Anah beheld some incongruity to disturb his external sense—something that did not harmonize with his ideal of beauty; but then he saw men pluck from the earth they trod some imperceptible blossom, and place it in their bosom, and then their faces lighted up with joy. "Oh, I wish that that flower grew by the leaden

lakes and opaque streams by which I have wandered to-day! would that it grew in these groves and on these borders! and that the proud, repulsive agas and servants on whom I have looked to-day, wore it in their bosoms!" cried the enraptured boy.

Luxa smiled so brightly, that Anah felt his cheeks glow with the genial warmth which streamed from her lips and eyes. "That plant *shall* grow here," said the fairy, "if you wish it; but its strength must flow from your own heart. Will you consent that the channels of your bosom should nurse this glorious flower?"

"Oh, Luxa, let it grow!" replied the boy-poet, as he gazed into her soft eyes.

Gradually his own eyes grew dim, and the world darkened around him; the sound of Luxa's voice melted away, and he sunk upon the soft lawn.

When he awoke again, Luxa was waving her hand over his recumbent head, and showering honey from her rose chalice on his bosom; and the trees, and kiosks, and bridges, and palaces, and flowers, and the marble pillars, and golden tree, and all the grandeur of the caliph's kingdom was moving before his eyes like a splendid panorama; and beside him there sprung up a tree, which grew as tall as the poplars of Yanani, and spread out its branches as wide as the cedars of Lebanon, and its branches were covered with blossoms, and its blossoms showered down nectar, and shook abroad a rich perfume; and the birds, when they alighted on it, burst forth into strains of spontaneous melody, and the butterflies hovered around it and fanned it with their wings, and the sunbeams played amongst its boughs, and its shadow fell upon the lakes, and they became clear as the waters of Cashmere, and trembled with joyous emotion, as they mirrored the trees that hung over their banks, and dipped their tresses in their cooling fountains. And when the haughty agas passed under this tree, and its drops of ambrosia fell upon their gorgeous tunics and turbans, they suddenly smiled and grasped each other's hands, and seated themselves side by side to smoke their perfumed chaboques.

"Oh, what do they call this tree?" cried Anah "this stately tree of Paradise."

"*Love*, my son," whispered Luxa. "Love, that puts a bright face on the coldest, darkest places of this cold world, and which infuses a ray of heaven's vestal fire into the humblest hearts." As the spirit spoke, she floated upward upon a sunbeam, like a celestial exhalation; and the stately towers of Bagdad and its luxurious gardens melted into thin ether, leaving nothing behind but the kiosk, and cottage, and garden, and mulberry-grove of Ashah at Gesan.

"Mother, I have been to Bagdad," cried Anah, as he leaped from his mat, and saluted the rays of the morning with a smile.

"And what didst thou see there?" cried Tiva, and Korna, and Selim, and Ali, dancing round him, and clinging to him in the fullness of their love.

"I saw everything of sense, but nothing of the soul—all that man could fashion and create, but naught of spiritual love," cried the boy-poet, kissing them all round.

The incipient discontent that had begun to distract the child of Irak from his brethren was now exhaled from his young heart of love, and in the dance beneath the date-tree, and in the grove, and on the terrace, the loudest laugh and the brightest smile were those of the contented, happy Anah.

This world would be a wilderness without love; with it, beauty pervades the arctic wilds and torrid deserts. The richest treasure which Heaven has vouchsafed to men and angels is love. It is life's holiest element and its most glorious boon; it is the great good which the weary world longs and prays for; and it is the life of the soul in heaven. Let us teach ourselves to be lovers—let us nurse with the warm currents of our bosoms, like Anah, the beautiful flower of love.

HOPE.

Hope bears him into life in her arms,
She flutters around the boy's young bloom;
Youth's ardent soul with her magic warms,
Nor e'en with age doth herself entomb;
For ends man his weary course at the grave;
There plants he—Hope, o'er his ashes to wave.

And O! 'tis no vain, delusive show,
No birth in the fool's dull brain begot;
In the heart it speaks, that all may know
We are born to prove a better lot;
And what speaks that inward voice believe,
For the hoping soul 't will not deceive.

THE THING THAT MONEY CANNOT BUY.

Mr. Wakefield was the proprietor of a fine farm, and passed for the richest farmer in the neighborhood. He began life as a small farmer, and everything succeeded with him: the wind which blighted the harvest of his neighbors seemed to pass harmless over *his* fields; the distemper which decimated *their* flocks spared *his;* whenever he wanted to buy, the prices were sure to lower in the market; and if he wished to sell, they generally rose as opportunely.

One morning, as he was busily employed superintending the masons and carpenters, who were employed in making some additions to his house, he was saluted, in passing, by one of his neighbors, an old retired schoolmaster, who had labored hard in his vocation for forty years. Old Allan, as this personage was called, lived in a small house of rather mean appearance, in which he had dwelt for many years, happy in the respect which was felt for him by all his neighbors, on account of his excellent character, and thankful for the small share of this world's goods which had fallen to his lot.

The farmer warmly returned his salute, and exclaimed gayly, "Well, neighbor, I suppose you are come to see my improvements: come in, friend, come in; one is always in want of a little advice from such a philosopher as you." This epithet of philosopher had been bestowed upon the old schoolmaster in the village partly from esteem, partly in *badinage;* it was, at the same time, a harmless criticism on his taste for "wise saws and modern instances," and a homage which was rendered by all to his cheerful temper and the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

The old man smiled good-humoredly at the summons thus addressed to him by the wealthy farmer, and pushing open the gate, entered his enclosure. Mr. Wakefield then showed him, with the satisfied air of a proprietor, the new additions he was making to his already extensive buildings; by means of which he would now have an excellent lock-up coach-house, several spare rooms for his friends, and a small conservatory wherein his wife might indulge her taste for exotics.

"All this will cost a great deal," said Mr. Wakefield; "but one must never regret the expenditure of money when it really adds to one's comfort."

"*You are in the right,*" replied Allan: "a man who has nothing to annoy him, is worth two discontented men any day."

"Without reckoning, besides, that we shall gain in health by the change! And this reminds me, friend Allan—do you know that when I was passing your house yesterday an idea struck me all of a sudden?"

"That must happen to you more than once a day, neighbor, I should suppose," replied the schoolmaster, with a smile.

"No, but, without joking," resumed Wakefield, "I have found out the reason of your suffering as you do from rheumatism: it is the fault of that row of poplars which masks your windows, and shuts out the air and light."

"Yes," replied the old man, "at first they formed only a little leafy wall, which was refreshing to the sight, attracted the birds as a nesting-place, and allowed a free course to the sun's cheering rays. I used mentally to bless my neighbors the Rengtons who had planted such a border to their garden; but since then, the wall has risen in height, and that which at first lent a charm and gayety to the scene, is now transformed into a source of gloom and of discomfort. Thus is it too often in life—that which seems graceful and amusing in the child, is hateful and repelling in the man; but now the thing cannot be helped, so it is as well to make the best of it."

"Cannot be helped!" exclaimed the farmer; "and why not? Why should not the poplars be cut down?"

"To have a right to do that, one must buy them first," objected the schoolmaster.

"Well, then, I will buy them," said Mr. Wakefield: "I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism will only leave you in peace."

Old Allan expressed the warmest gratitude to the farmer; but the latter laughingly exclaimed "Do not thank me: I only do it to prove that money *is* good for something."

"Say for a great deal," replied Allan.

"*I* should say for everything!" rejoined Wakefield. The schoolmaster shook his head. "Oh, I know your opinions, old philosopher," continued the farmer; "you look upon money with a sort of prejudice."

"No," replied Allan, "I look upon it as an instrument, which may be powerful in our hands either for good or evil, according to the spirit in which we use it; but there are things

in the world which do not bow before its rule."

"And *I* say that it is the king of the world!" interrupted Wakefield; "I say that it is the source of all our enjoyments in life, and that to escape from its influence, one must become an angel in Paradise."

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he uttered an exclamation of joy, and exclaimed triumphantly, "Here is another proof of what I have been saying: do you know what this letter contains?"

"Good news, I hope," replied Allan.

"My nomination as justice of the peace."

The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations to the farmer on his attainment of this little distinction, which he knew to have been long the object of his ambition, and which he felt that his friend justly merited.

"Merited!" repeated Wakefield; "and can you venture to say in what respect I have merited it, my good neighbor? Is it because I am the cleverest man in the neighborhood? My next neighbor, Mr. Hodson, knows ten times more of the law than I do. Is it because I have rendered greater services to my neighborhood than anybody else? Here is old Lawrence, who, by his courage and presence of mind, saved ever so many people from being burnt in the late conflagration, and who last year found out a means of curing the rot amongst the sheep. Is it because there is no other honest, right-minded man in the town of Moreton? Are not you here, Father Allan—you who are old Honesty himself, dressed up in a coat and pantaloons? It must therefore be quite clear to you that I have received the appointment simply as the most influential man in the parish, and that I am the most influential, because I am the richest. Money, my friend, always money! A few minutes ago, I was proving to you that it could purchase health and comfortable ease: now you see how it procures me an honorable appointment which I wished for: to-morrow it will satisfy some new desire. You see, therefore, that the world is a great shop, whence everything is to be had for ready money."

"Has Peter sold you his dog?" inquired the schoolmaster, waiting a decided answer.

Wakefield looked at him with a smile, and then slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah! you want to prove that my theory was at fault! You defied me to persuade Peter to give me up Growler for his weight in gold."

"His weight in gold!" said the schoolmaster; "that would be a great deal; but I know that the shepherd loves and values his dog as if he were his bosom friend."

"Well, this bosom friend is now in my possession!" triumpantly rejoined the farmer. Allan started with surprise. "Yes," replied Wakefield, "he has been mine since yesterday. Peter had signed a security for his sister: yesterday the bill fell due, and the money was not forthcoming; he came himself to offer to sell me Growler."

"And the dog is here?"

"Yes, chained up in the inner yard, where he has been supplied with everything which constitutes the happiness of a dog—namely, a well-filled trencher, and a kennel comfortably lined with straw; but come and see for yourself."

The farmer led the way into the yard, followed by the schoolmaster. They had no sooner entered it, however, than they descried the trencher upset, the chain broken, and the kennel empty. The dog had taken advantage of the night to break his chain, and to escape over the wall.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the astonished farmer, "he has actually made his escape?"

"To return to his old master," observed Allan.

"And what on earth has he gone in quest of down there? What can he have wanted?"

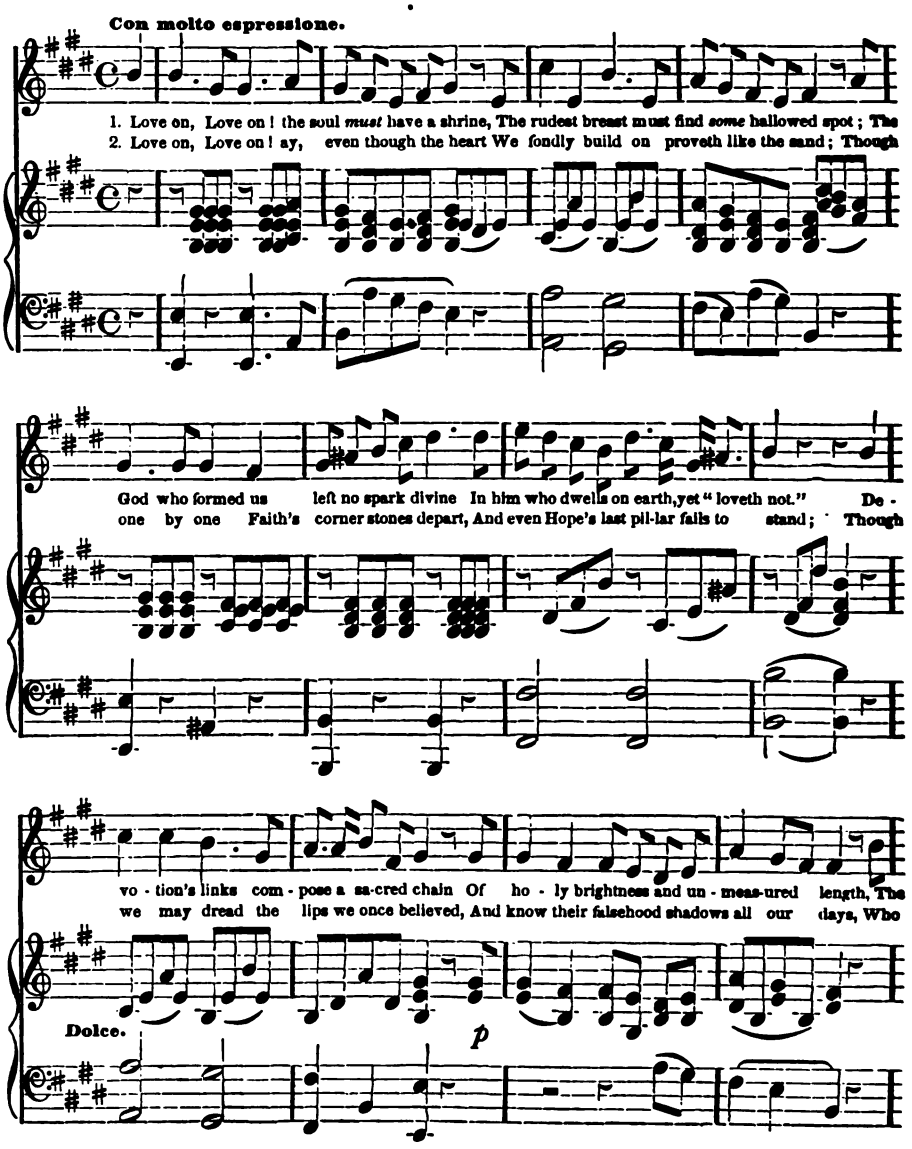
"That which you could not purchase with him," gently replied the old schoolmaster; "even the sight of the man who nourished and cherished him until now! Your kennel was warmer, your provision more abundant, and your chain lighter than that of Peter; but in Peter were centered all his recollections, as well as his habits of attachment; and for the beast, as well as for the man, there are some things which can neither be bought nor sold. Money can purchase, indeed, almost every earthly good, except the one which lends its value to them all—*affection*. You are a wise man, my friend; do not forget the lesson which chance has thus taught you: remember, henceforth, that though one may indeed purchase the *dog* for money, one can only acquire his faithful attachment by tenderness and care."

"Yes," replied the farmer, thoughtfully, "I now see that there *is* something which money cannot buy."

LOVE ON.

In reply to the Favorite Ballad, "Love Not."

WRITTEN BY MISS ELIZA COOK. COMPOSED BY JOHN BLOCKLEY.



world with self - ish rust and reck - - - - less stain May mar its beauty, but not touch its
would not ra - ther trust and be . . . . . deceived, Than own the mean, cold spirit that be -

strength, May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength. Love on, Love on,
trays, Than own the mean, cold spirit that be - trays. Love on, Love on,

Love, Love on.
Love, Love on.

Sva

Colla voce.

mf

3.

Love on, love on! though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud;
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure,
'Twill meet above the things it loved below,
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.
Love on, &c.

4.

Love on, love on! creation breathes the words,
Their mystic music ever dwells around,
The strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound;
As flowers keep springing, tho' their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
So hearts, tho' deeply wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.
Love on, &c.

THE HERMIT.

(SEE PLATE.)

The beautiful ideal of Beattie's Hermit has been realized with great effect by the artist in the engraving we present with this number. If the graceful poem is familiar to the reader, the aptness of the illustration will be apparent.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!'
'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveler, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blend
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

SONNET—TO MEMORY.

Come, pensive spirit, moonlight of the mind,
Hallowing the things of earth with touch refined,
Unfold thine ample page, and let me dwell
Upon the days that were: I love thy spell,
And own the mistress of the magic art
That breathes a fresh existence o'er the heart.
Come, then, enchantress! with thy scenic power,
Illume the dullness of the passing hour;
Act o'er again what time has swept away,
And give me back each smiling former day;
Call up the rosy hours that danced along,
Gay as my spirit, joyous as my song,
When youth and health, and golden hopes were mi
Heaping with od'rous gifts home's hallow'd shrine.

PRINTED BY HERMANN WESTERHELDER

THE PARDON.

Calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
Milton's Penseroso

OLIVER P. AND THE WALDENSES.

BY PROF. SAMUEL M. HOPKINS.

One of the greatest chapters in the greatest period of English history remains, so far at least as popular use is concerned, still to be written. Just two hundred years ago, the line of hereditary succession to the English throne was broken by the most extraordinary convulsion. A monarch predestinated to ruin by the incurable vices of his temper and his education, and strong only in the power of those consecrated fictions which buttress up a regular government, however bad, laid down his head on the block. Into the vacant throne there mounted a man of the people. His strength and his weakness were just the reverse of those of the late king. He had no title known to the laws, no illustrious descent, no charm of manner, blended of majesty and condescension, to captivate the hearts of men. He was, on any theory of government, a usurper. But he was strong in the possession of right kingly qualities; a vigorous understanding; a resolute will, to which the wills of other men bowed down, and did reverence; and a conscious adequacy for the highest station, which made the "butcher's son" the calm, self-assured peer of the proudest hereditary sovereigns of Europe. He sat without awkwardness in the seat of the Stuarts, because he was jure divino "our chief of men;" a king after the old type of Saul, higher than all the people by the shoulders and upward. For the first time since the opening of the seventeenth century, England had a ruler who was respectable as a prince, or honest as a Protestant: a ruler not by accident, but by the pre-eminent force of character. Sunk into insignificance in the family of States during the feeble reigns of the two preceding Stuarts, as she was during the shameful reigns of the two others, whom an angry Providence still had in reserve, England rose during these nine years of magnanimous administration to be the glory of Protestantism, and the terror of the persecuting bigots of Europe. During a long barren stretch of almost ninety years, there was one English prince whom foreign nations respected or feared, and that prince was Oliver the Protector.

In the time of which we speak, there was, as there still is, a small district on the map of Europe, scarce equal in its area to the least of our counties, the seat of a people whose tragic history is more thickly strewed with the record of suffering than that of any other, except the "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast." Couched under the shadow of the Cottian Alps, and shut in on the other side by the sources of the Po, the inhabitants have, from our earliest knowledge of them, been penned, either from choice or compulsion, within the same narrow and rugged fold. Their villages nestle in the ravines (rather than valleys) of Angrogne, Saluzzo, and St. Jean. Their goats browse along the sides of the mountain spurs, which wall off with sky-piercing battlements each petty district from the other. To the south-east towers the lofty peak of Mount Viso. In the opposite quarter, at the distance of only thirty miles, glisten the cathedral towers of Turin, the residence for four hundred years of their despots and persecutors, the base and bigoted race of Savoy.

The people of this region, the Vaudois or Waldenses, were Protestants before the Reformation. They claim never to have made a part of the apostate Church of Rome; but that, from the earliest times running far back into the darkness of the middle ages, they have been recognized as dissenters from the Romish communion. They have more than one bloody title-deed to show, attesting the fact of their "heresy" before the birth of Luther; and this heresy we know to have consisted in that scriptural faith and service, according to which we worship the God of our fathers.

We omit any notice of the sufferings of the Waldenses previous to the middle of the seventeenth century. Repeated acts of outrage and massacre had been visited upon them during the preceding two hundred years. But the heaviest storm of Romish vengeance burst upon the valleys in sixteen hundred and fifty-five. In January of that year, a decree was issued by a Papal Inquisitor, under the authority of the Duke of

Savoy, requiring all the Protestant people of the valleys to quit their homes within three days, under pain of death, unless they were prepared to reconcile themselves to the Romish Church.

This brutal edict, it is to be observed, fell upon the inoffensive and helpless inhabitants of the valleys in the depth of winter. With only three days of preparation, they were required, with their aged, their children, their delicate women and their sick, to wander abroad, outcasts from home, in the midst of all the terrors of an Alpine January, and along defiles and mountain-sides difficult to traverse under the most favorable circumstances.

The terrors of this flight, it is vain to attempt describing. Many perished from cold and exposure. Many fell down the slippery rocks, and were dashed to pieces; some suffered the lingering agonies of starvation; and upon the more wretched families who were unable within the required time to begin their flight, there broke in a horde of French, Piedmontese, and Irish savages, compared with whose deeds the fury of the elements was gentleness. The miserable survivors, from their place of refuge, made their appeal for sympathy and aid to the Protestant Christians of Europe. Our tears, they said, are no longer of water, but of blood. Those who were once the richest among us, are reduced to beg their bread. Our beautiful and flourishing churches are scattered and in ruins. O, have pity upon the desolations of Jerusalem, and be grieved for the afflictions of Joseph! Compassionate the thousands of poor souls who have suffered things worse than death for the testimony of Jesus!

This touching appeal met with such a response in England as must gladden the heart of every Christian reader of history. The great Protector, in the language of one of the writers of the time, "rose up like a lion out of his place." He was not the man to look on idly when truth lay bleeding under the iron hand of Bigotry. His first and immediate act was to issue an order for a day of fasting and prayer, in view of the distressed condition of the Protestants of the valleys. The next was to direct that contributions be taken up in all the churches for their relief; and so deeply were the sympathies of British Christians stirred, that in a short time, near forty thousand pounds were contributed to this object; a sum fully equal, considering the higher value of money at that time, to two hundred thousand dollars of our currency. Of this amount, two thousand pounds came from the Protector's own purse.

But Oliver did not stop with this. He undertook the work of forcible remonstrance with the authors of the persecution. And with these steps opened that noble chapter in English diplomacy referred to in the beginning of this article. The heart that felt the atrocity of the massacre, and the insult it implied to every Protestant state, and the strong will that rose indignantly to rebuke it, did not lack the aid of the ready pen to convey its emotions. There was at the head of English affairs at that time, not only the mighty man and the man of war, but the counselor, the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator. The head of Moses was not left without the utterance of Aaron. In the office of Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to Cromwell, was that great master of language and of song, John Milton; and from his pen, in May of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-five, proceeded that series of letters signed Oliver P., which sounded through the states of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant, a note that made both the ears of them that heard it to tingle. With all the decorum and courtesy of official correspondence, it made known to the "Most Serene Princes" who were dipping their hands in Protestant blood, that the work of proscription must cease forthwith. "When intelligence was first brought us (was the language addressed to the court of Savoy) that a calamity so awful had befallen those most miserable people, it was impossible for us not to feel the deepest sorrow and compassion. For as we are not only by the ties of humanity, but also by religious fellowship and fraternal relation, united to them, we conceived we could neither satisfy our own minds, nor discharge our duty to God, nor the obligations of brotherly kindness and charity, as professors of the same faith, if, while deeply sympathizing with our afflicted brethren, we should fail to use every endeavor that was within our reach to succor them under so many unexpected miseries."

This firm and intelligible state paper language was enforced by the address of the British envoy, Sir Samuel Moreland, on presenting it at the Court of Turin. This brave and honest gentleman took no pains to conceal his disgust at the proceedings of the court, nor to soften the tone of indignant expostulation in which he set the crime before the eyes of the perpetrators. "Were all the tyrants of past ages alive again," said he, in the presence of the royalty and court of Savoy, "they would own, contemplating these atrocities, that they had been but tyros in the work of persecution. Angels are horror-struck at the spectacle Heaven is astonished with the cries of dying men, and the earth blushes with the stain of innocent blood."

The French king, Louis XIV., had lent his

troops to aid in the expulsion and slaughter of the Vaudois. To him Cromwell wrote, by the hand of Milton, in the same firm and energetic tone. Louis replied with apology and denial; alleging that he had given no orders to his troops to engage in any such business; and that the high value he put upon his own Protestant subjects would forbid his engaging in any attempt against the Reformed elsewhere. "So much in answer to your letter. But I cannot conclude without requesting you to be assured that upon every occasion you shall find how much I esteem your person, and that from the bottom of my heart I pray the Divine Majesty that He would have you in His holy keeping."—Louis.

It was, in terms, the great future absolutist of Europe addressing the representative of popular sovereignty. In fact, it was the doing of Cardinal Mazarin, who still held the reins of government; and the anxiously civil tone of the reply may lend some confirmation to the story, that the Cardinal was accustomed to change color at the very mention of the name of Cromwell.

To the Protestant Princes of Europe, Oliver wrote, inviting their co-operation in his remonstrances; and plainly intimating that if remonstrance failed, he was ready to join them in going any length necessary to arrest the persecution. As a specimen of this truly singular, because truly magnanimous and Christian style of diplomatic correspondence, we give (in an abbreviated form) one of the shortest letters, that addressed to the King of Sweden.

Most Serene King,—The report has no doubt ere this reached your dominions, of that most cruel edict which has been issued by the Duke of Savoy, by means of which he has utterly ruined his subjects of the Alps professing the Reformed religion; having given orders that they should be driven out of the places of their inheritance, unless they consented to embrace the Roman faith. The consequence has been, that many have been slain; the remnant, plundered and exposed to certain destruction, are at this moment wandering up and down with their wives and little ones, through desolate mountains of never-wasting snow, ready to perish through hunger and cold. Nor can we doubt that your Majesty is greatly troubled at these things. For though in lesser matters they differ among themselves, yet the hatred of our adversaries, which is common to us all, sufficiently demonstrates that the Protestant name and cause is one.

We have therefore thought it necessary to state to your Majesty what has come to our knowledge of the wretched and forlorn condition of these poor innocent people; and to give you to understand that we have already conveyed our sentiments in the strongest manner we could to the Duke of Savoy in their behalf. We are also persuaded that your Majesty, detesting such inhuman and barbarous massacres, has already, or immediately will, interpose your mediation with the Duke in favor of the little remnant of those poor men that are yet left unbutchered And if, instead of yielding to these remonstrances, he chooses rather to persist in his purpose, we declare that, assisted by your Majesty, and the rest of our allies of the Reformed religion, we are prepared to have recourse to such measures as may, to the utmost of our power, relieve the distress and provide for the safety of so many poor and afflicted people. In the mean time we hearty recommend your Majesty unto God Almighty.

Your Majesty's good friend,

Given at our palace at Westminster, May 25, 1655. Oliver P.

This correspondence was unquestionably a labor of love to Milton. His strong passion for freedom of worship, and his hatred of bigotry, poured themselves in the sonorous Latin periods of these letters. But this did not furnish vent enough for his indignant emotions. He seized his lyre and struck forth those sublime strains, too familiar here to quote, which have done more than anything else extant to relieve the ignominy of the sonnet.

This great episode in English affairs has been thought unworthy of any but the most casual notice of secular history. Hume barely refers, in passing, to the "mediation" of Cromwell with the French monarch; and intimates that through his influence a degree of regard was paid to the Protestant remonstrance, which the Protector himself had no direct means of commanding. But this is far from being true. The mediation of France was solicited as a courteous and customary means of obtaining what might be enforced, if necessary, by sterner methods. The English navy, under Cromwell, became as much more effective than before, as all the other parts of the public service. That great admiral whose name English song loves to associate with the name of "mighty Nelson," was displaying the meteor flag of England along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and striking a terror wherever his sails were seen. Turin was not so far from the sea that an army landed at Genoa might not easily reach its walls; and the plan of invasion by the allied Protestants was not only thought feasible, but was actually contemplated, should the persecution be persisted in. But it was better, if possible, to make peace

suasion do the work of fear; and though the aldenses could not be wholly withdrawn from the scope of Romish malice, yet that outward concession was promptly paid to diplomacy which might otherwise have been extorted by arms. And never did diplomacy engage in a nobler mission. It was pleading the cause of helpless innocence. It was the defence of down-trodden truth—the championing of those sacred rights so dear to the hearts of men, compared with which the ordinary objects of diplomacy are as the small dust of the balance.

The publication of Cromwell's private correspondence has given its quietus to the stereotyped clang which has so long rung all the changes on the Protector's "hypocrisy." It sets him forth through the record of his most intimate communings, as a man acting under a controlling, ever present sense of divine things. This public correspondence exhibits him as a great Christian statesman; one with whom the interests of humanity and religion had a weight which your legitimate red-tapist considers due to nothing but flags, boundaries, and trade. Between diplomacy rising up, like incarnate Deity, to relieve the oppressed, to judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow, and diplomacy wrangling about cotton and tobacco, who does not feel the difference to be as wide as from the equator thrice to the utmost pole!

LIGHT, ELECTRICITY, AND MAGNETISM.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS, ESQ.

Power Mysterious!
Whether in lightning, light, or heat you sleep;
Or in the needle true and tremulous,
Guiding the vessel o'er the desert deep,
Dreaded by all the ancients as portentous,
The moderns put you to each common use,
As o'er the fiend his spell the sorcerer throws.

Old Vulcan forged thee out,
Ready for Jupiter's revengeful hand,
Who hurled thee on the Titans in their rout,
That vainly would withstand his high command.
Then he piled on them Etna's mountain height:
There, while they writhe and twist their prison bars,
Release but sulphurous sighs and molten tears.

Art thou enchained to earth?
Joined like the soul unto an earthly prison?
The way thou comest, how thou goest forth,
Exceeds the little span of human reason.
And yet men cork thee up and handle thee,
Like Genii bottled in Arabian tales.
We lay our hand upon Leviathan's scales,
And bind him for our children in their play.

A dweller in the cloud
That seemed no larger than the prophet's hand,
Growing, the heavens to shroud,
Then walking on the pinions of the wand;
Ushering the rain upon the poor and proud;
Striking the mightiest mountain pine-tree dead,
Lifting the modest violet's drooping head.

Like a young bride,
Nature comes forth as roll the clouds away:
Her dusty robes she scornful casts aside,
As through her perfumed locks the breezes play;
And music welcomes her on every side,
And the deep broidery of her emerald vest
Is thick with seed pearl sown, and diamonds graced.

God's gifts to man
Come streaming with the light from flower and tree;
From every mountain-top and hidden glen;
From stars, that shed their rays like melody
And crystal waters, echoing stars again.
The music of the heavens men will not hear—
Beauty falls coldly on the eye and ear.

Rounding the frozen Horn,
The sailor climbs the swaying, slippery stay;
On the malignant darkness of the storm,
You leap, like some wild spirit on its prey;
Rending to atoms its fierce shadowy form;
Releasing its hid light like red heart's blood,
The vessel, bathing in its fiery flood.

The sailor's friend—
Illumining each rope, and point, and spar;

While toward the boiling lee the tall masts bend,
You hiss around him, in the heavy air;
And o'er the concave, sheets of radiance send;
And leaden mountains round the ship that rise,
Are tipped with burnished gold beneath thy blaze.

Amid Pacific Isles,
Kale's wild sulphurous waves are flashing high,
Devouring rocks, as snow, the melting rills,
When April suns are northward mounting high:
Beneath the waters deep Stromboli boils;
Like a tall beacon Cotopoxi burns,
And like a mighty piston Hecla charms.

The vine-dresser
Vesuvius upward tempts from steep to steep;
Holding in ambush back their mighty power,
In Etna's caverns deep the earthquakes keep—
Waiting the call of retribution's hour;
Then cities on earth-waves will toss like spray,
And over sunken lands roll the deep sea.

Cities cast down
Are not the proudest trophies of thy might;
Nor Staffa's pillar'd arches high upthrown
Above the tall cathedral's loftiest height;
Nor granite needles pointing to the sun:
For earth, though rolling on for endless years,
Will ever in her visage wear thy scars.

Is thine a link
Enchaining the invisible to man?
Lifting the veil above time's awful brink—
Calling the buried back to earth again,
Vampire and Dramon; all from which men shrink.
In the thick darkness of the night in sleep,
A spirit past the creeping flesh doth sweep.

Know you the vampire man?
That sleeps by day beneath the coffin-lid?
And walks by night upon the earth again
With blood from out his living victims fed;
(His dread recruits from out the tribes of men
The victim votaries of his awful trade
The living cannibals among the dead.)

Hast thou a tone
Known but to few and faintly echoed there?
A dim intelligence just felt and gone
As sparkles flash along the Electric wire,
Or bullets skip and dance the waters o'er,
Communing with the statues of the slain,
That shadowy watch o'er their own graves maintain.

Hast thou antennæ long?
Fibres invisible, though vast of reach,
Stretching the people of the dead among;
Telling some mutterings of their awful speech;
Bringing a dim light to some eyeballs strong
Which only the initiate may see,
Flashes from wavelets of eternity,

Are yours, dim mountains shown?
Above the shadowy mists that round thee close
There summits seem (so faint the light is thrown)
Half cloud, half true in undisturbed repose;
Or e'en their shadows still lakes resting on
Their forms so seldom seen; beyond the ken
Of the earth-gazing crowd of common men.

Darkness may reign!
But in the fashion of a man One comes
Who from our hell-bound limbs has struck the chain;
He called the wanderer from among the tombs,
And brought back reason to the fevered brain.
From Hades he the latest messenger—
Angels and spirits walk on earth no more.

Let there be light!
The awful accents chaos trembling hears,
And on the mental eye as on the sight,
The light increases with increasing years.
The earth is rolling in a path-way bright,
And brighter beams are beaconing it on
To the full glory of the eternal morn.

From off the earth
Since first the morning stars together sung,
Like the sun-painted plates, has *picture truth*
In myriad plates of light each instant sprung,
And still the endless chain is rolling on
Across the waves of vast eternity,
Carrying the pages of our history.

An Angel goes
Toward the far border of unending space,
And of earth's first beginning *present* knows
The tale; as light toils onward in its race,
To some far rolling star the Deluge shows
Nearer the Crucifixion, still more near
The papal deeds of Cruelty appear.

Light toils on
To reach the outside of eternity.
There's not an instant lost! all we have done,
In light eternally embalmed will be;
And when our bones to nothingness have gone,
The pantomime of all our actions flying,
Will onward roll in endless wave undying.

The hour will come
When they who to earth-chambers have gone down,
The gathered trophies of the hungry tomb
Will hear the awful trumpet's gathering tone.
May angels watch us in our silent home,
And tongues of fire above our sleeping dust
Mark us! as of the Pentecostal host.

REVERSES OF ROYALTY.

AN EPISODE OF HISTORY—FROM THE GERMAN.

BY W. A. G.

The bells of Ghent were ringing a merry peal, flags and banners hung from steeple and tower, and the streets were overflowing with the citizens dressed in their holiday attire. It was the birthday of the mighty emperor who had first seen the light within its walls, and though to-day was not even the hundredth time of its celebration, yet it was evident that it could not pass without extraordinary festivity.

Our attention, however, is not to be called to a scene of mirth or rejoicing, nor have we to chronicle the fate of one whose name threw a lustre over the place of her birth. But whatever were her failings, and they were not few nor light, who will say that they were not atoned for by the severity of her destiny? Whilst, then, the sounds of rejoicing were at the loudest, we must notice a heavy traveling carriage drawn by four horses, which came slowly lumbering along as it entered the gates of Ghent. It was an equipage which evidently belonged to some one of rank, for the mouldings were richly gilded, and the windows were of Venetian glass, in those days a great luxury. But it had seen its best days. The coats of arms, which nearly covered its panels, were scarcely any longer legible, the gildings were tarnished, and the horses, by their want of condition, showed that they were not fed by a pampering hand. Two ladies occupied the inside, one of whom, despite of her fifty years, might still have been called handsome. Her face and complexion betrayed her southerly extraction, and though her features were clouded with grief, there flashed forth every now and then from her eyes a glance of pride and self-consciousness. Her companion was a younger person, and altogether more feminine in appearance, but still the expression of her face was of high spirit, struggling with dreadful exhaustion. Eight days only before the time we write of, her fair head had fallen in effigy by the hands of the headsman; outside the carriage sat two female attendants, with a young page, and one who seemed to show to the full the wretchedness which was depicted upon the faces of his mistresses. It was an old man, whose hair was already white, whilst the velvet-laced coat which he wore accorded well by its threadbare look with the faded splendor of the equipage. The time had been when the travelers might have expected similar sounds of rejoicing to greet their ears, a concourse of people and the ringing of bells, and all in honor of themselves. Alas! those days were past. Just once the elder lady had allowed the noise to attract her attention to the street, but her look was speedily withdrawn. The memory of other times came over her, especially of the day on which she had made a public entry into this very town, attended by all that was fair and brilliant. Treachery and ingratitude had done much, and had yet their worst to do.

The carriage at length stopped, and the page descended to the window to ask the direction the carriage was to take. "To an hotel, Paulo, it matters not which." Soon after, however, as the carriage was again rumbling on, a sign caught the eye of the elder lady, and the check-string was hastily pulled. It was of a second-rate inn, and her companion asked with surprise, "What! here?"

"And why not?" said the lady, slowly. "It is the sign of the 'Helpful Mother of God.' We are deserted by all: perchance the blessed Virgin will shield me from the eyes of the world, and offer me a retreat where I may close my eyes in peace."

We resume the history after a lapse of seven months.

In the window of a small house in the street de la Crucé a light might have been noticed burning deep into the night; within the small scantily furnished apartment whence it issued, were four people standing mournfully around a bed, on which lay a someone sick unto death. The elderly lady whom we have seen before, and an old attendant whom we recognize by his faded velvet coat and white hair, were two of these; the others were a sister of a religious order, and a celebrated physician of Ghent. The patient we have also seen before: she was a lady whose

features still showed signs of beauty, though worn down low with bodily and mental suffering.

"Doctor," said the elder lady, her eyes swelled with weeping, "you say then that there is really no hope?"

"It is a light about to be quenched," he answered. "Human skill is of no avail here."

"There is then, indeed, no hope?"

"A miracle alone could save her;" and he added, low down, "this is not the age of miracles."

"And I do not hope," the lady answered, after a pause. "You told me she would die. These eighteen years you have told me truly all that was to come to pass; all my misfortunes. Just heaven, when will my cup of sorrow be full, how soon will thy wrath turn to compassion!"

There was a long silence. The doctor was the first to speak.

"Heavy indeed must have been the blow, which brought one so young as she is into a situation like this."

"You are right. 'Tis no light matter to have to leave country, children, friends, to escape the scaffold; yet so it has been; she had spoken against the King and the Parliament. The tiger in human shape, not satisfied with having driven me forth into exile, must also kill my dearest, my only friend. Poor, unfortunate Isabella! death is the penalty you must pay for your devotion to one deserted by all beside."

The invalid opened her eyes, her half-glazed look dwelt for a moment upon the speaker, a placid smile played along her pallid lips; she sighed, it was a gentle sigh, but with it her spirit departed. All was hushed; no sob or expression of grief broke the silence. The mourner had sunk upon her knees, and her face was buried in her hands. It was a spasm of woe. At length she rose; and, after gazing for a moment on the face of the departed, her hands firmly clasped together, she stooped, and imprinted a kiss on the forehead of the corpse. Then turning round, and drawing her figure to its full height, whilst her eyes sparkled, and her whole form seemed dilated,

"Triumph, vile priest!" she half screamed, "add another to your list of victims. Treacherous villain!—cowardly assassin!—take a woman's bitter curse—a curse," she articulated slowly, "heard by those blessed spirits who are even now wafting the soul of his victim to the courts of heaven."

"With her it is well," she added, after a pause, "but I remain here, deserted of all."

The old domestic threw himself at her feet. "By all,—but no, not by me."

"My faithful Mascali," she said, motioning him to rise; and her grief at length found vent in tears.

The day was breaking, and, with a low obeisance, the doctor and the servant had left the room. The old lady had sank into an arm-chair, whilst the Beguine, kneeling at the side of the bed, was offering up prayers for the soul of the departed.

It was high noon, when a gentle knock came to the door, and Mascali silently entered.

"Your grace," he said, "his majesty the king is below, and would wait upon you."

"Is his accursed favorite with him?"

"She is in attendance."

"I will see the King;—but, understand, alone."

A moment afterward, Mascali opened the door for a young man richly dressed, who sank upon his knee, as he became aware of the lady's presence.

"Mascali, a seat for his majesty, and leave us."

Mascali retired.

"Veramente, I was not prepared for this visit," said the lady, bitterly. "I thought you had yet delicacy enough remaining to have spared me this."

"I have been calumniated."

"With words! It were idle, when deeds speak for themselves—your latest deed has proved sufficient; comfort yourself with the thought that you need do no more."

"Did you but know——"

"I know enough, quite enough, too much—I know that whilst your friends were shedding their blood for you, you were a base coward and —ran away. I know that you have entered into a treaty with your most implacable enemy, the principal stipulation in which is, that I am to be given up. I know, too, that I am your mother, or naught could make me even suppose that you were the son of the bravest of monarchs, whose blood is already tainted by your infamous cowardice."

"This is too much," cried the King, springing up.

"You can get into a passion, then, yet! Is there, then, a single spark of courage still left?"

"O, I know the Countess hates me, and never ceases to calumniate me; but, by ——, she shall answer it."

"Yes, I know you have courage to face a woman."

"As I hope for salvation I will be revenged upon her."

The lady rose, drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a contemptuous smile, she said

slowly, "There, then, revenge yourself upon her corpse."

The color left the King's face, he staggered a pace or two backward, and laid a hand upon the speaker as if for support. She drew back, as if from the touch of pollution.

"What! I serve as a prop for you—Away with you instantly—rid me of your presence!"

The monarch reeled toward the door, and the lady's glance followed him till he was gone.

"The miserable creature!" she muttered; "and yet he can call me mother."

The next morning, a chapel in the church of St. Bavon was hung with black. In the middle stood a catafalk ornamented with a count's coronet; beside it stood the lady in prayer, and behind her Mascali, a page, and two female attendants, in deep mourning. On it was written—"Pray for the soul of the most noble lady Isabella, Countess of Fargis, Embassadress to the Court of the King of Spain and Emperor of all the Indies."

—

Twenty years ago, an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of the year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell upon the same tarnished velvet coat which we have seen before. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short "Good night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies who I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better, that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, "why that is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered, and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting your—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove

me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the Queen of the mightiest nation in the universe: and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and, drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gently commanding tone,

"Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and, taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning, a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; she had a small packet for him, and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written,

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the thirteenth of February, 1642. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the failing staircase—"Nothing! nothing!" He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse which lay before him with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it as suddenly fall, he cried,

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christina, Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the Just."

THE FADED ROSE.

ROSE! marr'd in budding bloom,
  I fondly read in you
An emblem sweet of one
  Who sorrow knew.

And, ere the loveliness
  Had pass'd of hope's fair wreath
Circling her untried life,
  She slept in death,—

Ere her bright beauty fled:
  And she so quiet lay,
That we but deem'd she slept,
  And veil'd the day

From those sweet eyes, whose beams
  Never again were shed
Upon the earth, from whence
  Her spirit fled.

Her sorrows all are hush'd,
  Softly her soul shall rest,
Waiting her number'd hour,
  On Jesu's breast.

WORDSWORTH'S ODE ON IMMORTALITY.

The feeling of immortality is one of the universal instincts. The young spirit has no conception of ceasing to be a spirit. The little girl in Wordsworth's poem insists that "we *are* seven," though two of the family were lying in the churchyard. The two had gone elsewhere—were no more seen—played no more with the remaining five; but yet they lived, and the brothers and sisters *were* "seven" as before. In this exquisite little poem, Wordsworth shadows forth the remarkable truth, that the mind of a child cannot realize the idea of death. There is deep meaning and significance in this native impress upon the conscious soul, fresh from the hand of its Creator. It is part of its original constitution—of its very being—the charter granted by the King of kings. We would lay much stress upon it; and not less that the feeling of immortality appears first *as* a feeling, in the emotional or intuitive part of our nature. There, in those profound, unfathomable depths, it lies, soon to be developed in buds and leaves, and to bring forth flowers and fruit, under the eclipse of sin and mortality, and even because of it. It is an original instinct of a created spirit, equally with that kindred but higher one of a creating spirit. The young intelligence is directed to look forward to unending life, on the one hand; backward, to a life which had no beginning, on the other. Searching attentively in those morning regions, we shall find that these feelings are inwoven with consciousness, with being, with rational life, as closely and inseparably as the principles of moral law are with the thing which we call conscience.

This intuition of nature has been embodied in the religious creed of all nations. From the earliest times, in all conditions of civilization, mankind have acknowledged a God, who was before them, and looked forward to another state of existence after death. But there have been doubters and deniers, which is by no means surprising. Those twin articles, which lie at the foundation of all creeds, would be received, we can imagine, with a child-like simplicity by the devout patriarchs and sons of God, in the primeval times, and cherished with a faith of which we can hardly form a conception in these days; for the *faith* which never doubted is a higher if not a different thing from the *conviction* which has fought its way to belief through the embattled host of doubts and contradictions. But as the ages rolled on, as civilization was developed, as men took note of the conditions of their life, and began to grapple with the problem of existence, the instinctive feeling of immortality was, naturally enough, taken from its proper place in the emotional region, or domain of the higher reason, and submitted to the analysis of the understanding. Philosophers must needs test the divine intuition with their logical formulas. Some specimens of the reasoning of the ancients have come down to us, very creditable to their ingenuity and cultivation. Of these a discourse of Socrates, as reported by Plato, is perhaps the most remarkable. This really great man's argument is a high argument, and is probably as conclusive as such argument, founded on mere logic, can be; and we doubt whether it has been excelled since his time. Those who have read Plato will remember that Socrates starts with the assumption of the preexistence of the soul. His whole fabric is built on this foundation. He makes a slight attempt to prove his postulate; but from its nature it is incapable of proof; and so, from this original defect, the whole argument, *as a thing of demonstration*, falls to the ground.

Perhaps it is not too much to aver that it is *incapable of proof*. It is too great to be compressed within the limits of syllogistic formulas. We have said that its proper place is the emotional region, or domain of the higher reason. It is a theme for meditation rather than for argument. Our hearts give us far more satisfaction in this vital matter than our understandings. But the natural instincts and intuitions are corroborated by the severest logic. There is no antagonism between them. The latter supplements the former, and both are raised to the highest certainty in the blaze of revelation.

We do not wonder that earnest natures strive for certainty and demonstration in the matter of their very life, or that philosophers and poets attempt to lift the veil, and throw a gleam of light upon the dark portal through which humanity passes into the unseen. Much ingenious speculation has been advanced on the subject; not without profit, we would hope, to the speculators themselves, nor to their attentive scholars. In the ode before us, Wordsworth does not proceed in the logical way. Indeed, one might read it and see no propriety in the name prefixed to it. He calls it—"Intimations of Immortality from Rec-

ollections of Early Childhood." The argument is veiled by the poetic vesture of a sublime philosophy. But the pearl is worth searching for; and even though we should *seem* to miss it altogether, and feel disposed to ask, after repeated perusals of the ode, "What does it prove?" we would venture to say that our labor is not in vain. Maybe we shall find something better and higher than direct proof, the reflex influence of beauty and spirituality, purifying and strengthening us—making us feel that we have *gained an accession of being*, and thus giving us a stronger consciousness of everlasting life. But our readers shall judge for themselves, after we have laid an abstract of the poem before them.

The poet, in the opening stanza, compares the world of his childhood, which lies mirrored in the first fair pages of memory, with the world around him, and feels that the ideal has a freshness and glory which the real has not—

> "There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparel'd in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

The season is in its full-orbed splendor. From this favorable point of observation he looks upon the glorious procession of nature, in the sky and on earth; but while all her shows and forms are unchanged to the outer senses, they are dimmer and colder to the heart and the senses within. The rainbow and the rose, the moon looking round her with delight in the bare heavens, the glorious birth of the sunshine, appeal to him with their beauties and splendors—

> "But yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

The birds sing joyously; the young lambs bound as to the sound of the tabor; all the earth is gay; but "to me alone there came a thought of grief."

e feels that this mood of mind is a dissonance in the harmony of nature, and makes an effort to subdue it. He is partially successful, but only for a moment, for—

> "There's a tree of many one,
> A single field which I have looked upon,
> Both of them speak of something which is gone.
> * * * * *
> Whither is fled the visionary gleam—
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

There is no denying or concealing it. The happy harmony and communion which once existed between the poet and his external environments has been superseded by a cold vacancy and life-weariness. Why is it so? Because the soul is from home—far inland in the wilderness; because in the spirit's sounding-shell of consciousness, as in the shell on the sea-shore, the lullaby of the immortal waters far away awakes longings which earth cannot satisfy.

The passage in which the fanciful notion of the soul's pre-existence is set forth is the following:

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar,
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And in utter nakedness;
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
> From God who is our home."

It is a full organ-swell of the loftiest music. It were difficult to transcend the deep diapason of its key-note—"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting!" This is the turning-point of the poem—a passage beautiful exceedingly. The child is a "trailing cloud of glory" from his home, which is God. "Heaven lies about him in his infancy," like a warm twilight on the green fields of June. As he travels westward, shades of the prison-house gather around him, ever deepening. Deeper and deeper still they gather about the youth; yet he is nature's priest,

> "And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended."

At length the process of naturalization is completed. The man looks around him, but, like Mirza, after the good genius had left him, sees nothing but the things of common day, and in the painfully pleasant remembrance of a clearer and warmer vision, exclaims—

> "Turn wheresoe'er I may,
> By night or day,
> The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

The condition and circumstances of the man in these inland solitudes are then indicated. Earth does her best to fill the vacuum of the heart. She puts on her smiles and witcheries to win it to her love. She entices with all her pleasures, and even "with something of a mother's mind, and no unworthy aim," does all she can to bless her foster-child, and make him

> "Forget the glories he hath known,
> And that imperial palace whence he came."

Here there is a pause in the mind of the poet, a moment of rest, a mood of thoughtful contemplation, and then reversion to the ever-lovely, ever-attractive scenes and thoughts of childhood. He calls upon us to "behold the child among his new-born blisses," enjoying his fresh existence, working incessantly with the tools in his new

workshop, and anticipating the work of riper years. In a passionate apostrophe of sympathy, the poet calls him "the best philosopher"—an eye among the blind, "reading the eternal deep" —a "mighty prophet"—a "blessed seer," over whom his "immortality broods like the day." In anticipation of the sorrows which years would bring, and of the eclipse of the morning vision, he mournfully asks—

> "Why with such earnest pains dost thou invoke
> The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
> Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?"

We have here another pause. The action of the poem is again suspended, and the poet wrapped in contemplation. Twice he had ascended to the sources of human life—to the summits of the heaven-kissing mountains where the child makes his first appearance on earth wrapped in the splendors and beatitudes of heaven. Twice had he traced this river of God down to the lower regions; twice had he seen the "trailing cloud of glory" stripped of its flame-paintings and heavenly rainbows, and become a thunder-cloud, instinct with lightning-passions and the elements of strife. Is this the history of humanity? Has it no other and better aspect? It has; and the poet proceeds to point it out. Awaking from his revery, he exclaims—

> "Oh joy! that in our embers
> Is something that doth live—
> That nature yet remembers
> What was so fugitive!"

But why this exclamation, if the remembrance of the past only imbitters the present? But it is not so. The deep philosophy of the poem, the meaning and import, the sacred use of those delightful memories which linger in the bosom of all men, the "babbling of green fields," the moral use and purpose of the pure and beautiful, now begin to be developed, or at least indicated. We look too narrowly, too superficially at those things. We gaze wistfully at the morning lights from a low point of observation, and fail to perceive that they shoot overhead, far above the clouds which envelop us in the valley of humiliation, and gild a far-off spot, the portal of another world. Remembering "what was so fugitive" from this Pisgah-height, the poet exclaims—

> "The thought of our past years in me doth breed
> Perpetual benediction."

This blessing and blessed mood is not induced solely or principally by the remembrance of the "delight and liberty," and "simple creed" of childhood. He raises his song of praise for the "obstinate questionings" with which he had been assailed—for the "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized"—for the "high instincts" before which he had trembled, "like a guilty thing surprised;" but chiefly

> "For those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day—
> Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence."

In the light and strength of these truths and emotions, which he declares to be perennial and indestructible, the poet is wrapt and endowed with "the vision and the faculty divine;" and

> "In a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

These truths bring peace to the poet. They link the past to the future; they bridge the chasm of time, which lies between the two eternities; and shed a divine illumination upon the pathway of human life. Life is no longer an accident—a foam-bubble on the tide of the ages, sparkling for a moment, and then sinking for ever. It is a stream from the infinite fountain of being, never to be dried up; it is a star which knows no setting. The world is no longer the empire of Ahrimanus—no longer an old, worn-out world, but fresh as it was to the heart of childhood. It may be true that

> "Nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;"

yet in a closing apostrophe to his beloved nature —to fountains, meadows, hills, and groves—the poet can say—

> "Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
> I only have relinquish'd one delight—
> To live beneath your more habitual sway.'

He concludes his song upon the key-note which vibrates through all its cadences:

> "Thanks to the human heart, by which we live—
> Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears!
> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

You have marked the calm and silent ways, and sublime processes of nature. Sad and solemn is the desolation of winter. Earth lies spell-bound in the chains of frost and snow; storm and

tempest hold undisputed sway. But silently, gradually, almost imperceptibly the days lengthen, and gain upon the domain of night. Mild breezes spring up from the south and west; the northern blasts muster their forces against the gentler influences; but the day-god rises higher and higher in his course, silently, majestically. The genial southern breezes, like the spirit of meekness, return, and at last gain the ascendant. The spring showers fall, the south winds blow, the dews distill through the ambient air, the sunlight spreads its warm mantle upon the tender grass and rising flower-buds: slowly, silently, almost imperceptibly, the fields are covered with verdure; the buds develop into flowers. We have the "joyous freshness of May," "the leafy month of June;" in due time the full maturity of the golden autumn. Great transformation! glorious consummation! But whence and how? We trace it to the skyey influences, to the contact and communion of earth with heaven, to the mystic power of nature in her on-goings of beauty and purity, silently insinuating her vitality into the organic forms of matter, and assimilating them to her own likeness. But the transforming power did not formally proclaim itself. The spring showers and breezes, the summer dews and sunshine, did not previously announce that their mission was to crown the year with plenty. Earth, also, like a trusting, loving child, happy in the light of a father's eye and mother's tenderness, never asked the skyey powers (if we might use the bold figure), "Can ye make me beautiful and fruitful?" but was well content to grow daily in beauty and fruitfulness.

It is so also in the spiritual world. Its ways and processes are even more slow and silent than those of nature. It is emphatically said, "It cometh not with observation." The influences which move, and change, and build up a rational spirit, are more subtle than those of the sun and atmosphere, of magnetism or gravitation. Reading the lesson of nature in the outer world in this light, we here pause, and leave whatever of vital force or beauty is in these extracts to find its way to the heart and intellect of our readers. "For you the muse," says the author of them in one of his sonnets—

> "For you she wrought; ye only can supply
> The life, the truth, the beauty."

Most readers will probably be at a loss to find how or at what point the ode bears upon the question of the soul's immortality. We think we have discovered the point of contact, and could make it clear to our readers; but as the logical argument is by no means our purpose in this paper, we prefer rather to recommend repeated perusals of our abstract, and of the poem in its entireness, to as many as can lay hands on it. We venture to hope that thus a higher and happier feeling than that which springs from the most logical conclusions of which moral and spiritual truths are capable, will be generated—that the mind and heart, which, by contemplation and calm meditation meet and mingle, and hold communion with the profound truths and lofty imaginings of the poet, will grow in strength and beauty, not less certainly than the fields and forests under the natural influences of spring and summer. This is our philosophy of life, and growth, and development; and it is our conviction that higher aim can no priest or teacher propose than to bring the truths of the moral and spiritual kingdom to bear in their sublimities and beatitudes upon the human soul.

JOY AND HOPE.

Joy's a sweet, yet fragile, flower;
It loves bright lands and sunny skies;
When days are dark, when tempests lower,
It droops to earth, and fades, and dies.

Hope brightest blooms amidst the storm!
Its verdure owns not Fate's control:
Joy comes array'd in mortal form,—
Hope dwells a portion of the soul.—W. L. G.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., DETROIT.

In what consists the elevation and happiness of a nation? Not in the splendor of its government. Not in the grandeur and superior refinement of its rulers. Not in the wealth and luxury of a privileged and noble class. Not in the security and efficient control of a pampered aristocracy Not in the strength and glory of its armies and navy These may all be had, as history has proved, and yet the great mass of the people be oppressed, degraded, corrupt, and little of domestic peace and tranquillity be known.

The elevation and happiness of society can only be secured by the elevation and happiness of the different families and members composing that society Nothing can be effectual for this end, which does not enter the household and the heart, and contribute to produce and promote intelligence, order contentment, and industry These form the main elements of national prosperity. Wherever they exist diffusely among the mass, there must be both national happiness and national aggrandizement. We say nothing of the tendency of Christianity to elevate and bless, as it makes the subject of its influence aspire to the society of God, of the spirits of just men made perfect, of the angels who kept their first estate, the loftiest intelligences—the best society in the universe,—as it thus, of necessity, expands and strengthens the mind, and as it throws in the radiance of hope and joy, by unfolding the prospect of future scenes, of high and ennobling immortality; but we speak only of its improvement of men's temporal condition.

Let the appropriate influence of religion find its way into the different families that compose a community, and there you will see the most f fectual restraints imposed on discord and strife, and the most powerful incentives to promote order, intelligence, contentment, and industry. For he that is actuated by religion is affected by the fear of God, and the fear of God is a much more powerful principle than the fear of human laws, or of the authorities intrusted with the execution of those laws. The ignorant and impoverished are apt to feel, that the laws and the government are their enemies, or at any rate, that, while society owes them a subsistence, it does by these means throw obstacles in the way of their receiving it. So far from having respect to the general order and happiness of society, they are willing to sacrifice all to their selfishness, and to prevent confusion and mischief, rapaciousness and crime, the strong hand of power, with all the accompaniments of courts and jails, penitentiaries and military force, must inspire terror

This fear is not effectual; the fear of God, however, is. It accompanies the man affected by it into all the intercourse of life, and sheds its controlling influence over all his conduct. When true religion enters the cottage of the thief or drunkard, or the palace of the proud oppressor, it brings its own peculiar energies to bear upon their inmates. It starts no philosophical discussions about public morals, the comforts of sobriety, the advantages to be derived from holding sacred the rights of property, or the necessity of civil government for the general weal. It takes a much more direct method to accomplish its ends. It asserts and exalts the law of God, which requires, "As ye would that others do to you, do ye even so to them." It requires that each man regard and love his neighbor and his brother, as himself. It pours out the denunciation of Heaven on high and low, who dare to violate its high behests. It imparts a few simple and salutary principles, and engraves them on the tablets of the heart, so that its subject can never plead ignorance, but carries with him, through all the varieties of human condition, and complicated human relations, his guide and instructor in the path of duty; "teaching us to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly righteously and godly, in this present evil world;" "to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates," to render unto all men their dues, "tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear honor to whom honor, to owe no man, but to love one another;" "to put away all anger and malice, envy and revenge, those stormy passions, which keep society agitated and unsettled, and to abstain from all lying, and backbiting,

and reviling. It is obvious that nothing possesses half so much intrinsic power, or is so admirably and universally adapted to diffuse throughout the community a love of order, a respect for the laws, the spirit of contentment and goodwill, and the diligent efforts of a healthful industry,—the very elements of public prosperity.

Religion meets man in the lowest depths of his degradation and misery, and, speaking in the soft tones of heavenly mercy, words of peace and encouragement, inspires him with hope, and prompts him to commence a thorough renovation of his life. It meets him in his helplessness, and when through conscious weakness, and fear of temptation, he scarcely dares to form a resolution to change, it proffers its aid, directs him to the treasures of wisdom, and of strength laid up for him in Jesus Christ, and persuades him to hope and believe there is salvation for him. It meets him in his ignorance, and when he knows not where to look, what to do, in whom to trust, or from whom to take counsel, presents, as the friend and companion of his steps, the mighty Son of God, on whom to lean, and through whom to escape from every fear and foe. It meets him in his different relations, as parent, husband, child, brother, friend, neighbor and subject, and vouchsafing its counsel and safe conduct through all the different and difficult circumstances of his condition, assists him in the discharge of every duty, and moulds his character after the graces of the Spirit of God, "against which there is no law." It meets him in his different trials and afflictions; the difficult passes through life, and administers courage and consolation, wiping away the tears of his sorrow, dissipating his anxiety about his own and his family's welfare, soothing him on the bed of sickness, comforting him in his afflictions, supporting him in his trials, fortifying him for disappointments, lifting him up in his despondency, exciting him with the hope of future good, dispelling the fear of death, throwing around him in his dying moments the arms of everlasting love, and pressing his spirit beloved to the bosom of his Heavenly Father.

There is nothing which lends such a mighty helping power to the suffering and oppressed, who with weary spirits and decaying energies, begin to lose their patience and their hope, while grappling with the hardships of life. There is nothing which can light up the humble abode of poverty with the bright sunshine of peace and hope, and dignify the privations, toils and sufferings incident to penury, and brace, with the firmness of heroic fortitude, the man who sees his scanty fare becoming more and more precarious, his children wasting with disease, and the partner of his cares sinking under the pressure of their trials. There is nothing which can so soften the rugged, polish the rude, enlighten the ignorant, sustain under heavy pressure, and direct under circumstances fraught with perplexity. Where was there ever such a magic power brought to bear upon a people to improve the condition of the poor?—to expel discontent and gloom?—to substitute peace for anxiety, confidence for fear, hope for despondency, joy for sorrow, purity for pollution?—Nothing can equal it, nothing compensate it. It is this, and this alone that can equalize the allotments of Providence, and place every man in a condition to rise to respectability and happiness.

Talk not of agrarian laws, or the equal distribution of property, to improve the condition of society! Suppose you could fill the land with families of opulence, you could not fill those families with happiness, not even with contentment. Wealth has no power to relieve from care, and fill the home and heart of its possessor with bliss. But introduce the religion of Jesus Christ among the people,—let it enter the households of the poor, and inspire the tenants of the humble cottage, with the hope of that inheritance which is "incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away;" and teach them how their trials, which are comparatively but for a moment, work out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," yea, that their very poverty is proof of His favor, who hath chosen them "rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom," and you do more than all the legislation, wisdom and philosophy of man, and the resources of governments, can accomplish, to fill the land with contented and happy families, and ensure the greatest amount of happiness consistent with a state of moral discipline.

Let the records of history be consulted. Contrast the most refined and brilliant nations of antiquity, with those that Christianity has moulded, and civilized by its influence, and tell the result. The splendid monarchies and despotisms of Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon, of Persia, Greece and Rome, did indeed ennoble and exalt the crown and aristocracy, and dazzle the earth with the glory of their armies, the costliness of their palaces, the wonders of their architecture, and the richness, delicacy and extravagance of their luxuries, but they held the mass of the people oppressed, degraded, brutalized, with little or no knowledge of the bliss of domestic life. Nor did the proud republics of Greece and Rome accomplish more. They merged indeed the family in the state, and extinguishing the feeling of individuality in the paramount and absorbing

claims of the body politic, afforded but little opportunity to indulge and cultivate the domestic virtues, or ply the means, or know the sources of domestic happiness. The government was not the guardian angel of the people's happiness, protecting them in their inalienable rights, and facilitating the development of their powers, and the attainment of their happiness, in the exercise of those rights, but the people were led to sacrifice their individual and domestic enjoyments for the welfare and glory of the government. Their laws and public institutions tended not to equalize and diffuse the means of happiness, but to concentrate the sacrifices of individual and domestic happiness in the glory of the republic. And hence they never could perpetuate their republics, or protect themselves against the encroachments and ambition of aspirants after fame and power. Corruption and ignorance increased, and on the ruin of public morals, and amidst the prevalence of public distress, designing demagogues, through flattery and deceit, persuaded them to erect the despot's throne.

We look in vain to any social changes or arrangements which overlook the influence, or disown the authority of Christianity, for any of those great and permanent results, which are dear to every friend of virtue and humanity. What influence but that of Christianity has ever banished gross vices from their public haunts, and forced their perpetrators to hide them in the darkness of secrecy? We look in vain for the universal diffusion of the blessings of a wholesome moral education, for the creation and endowment of hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, houses of refuge, and other kindred institutions, which Christianity has scattered so profusely among modern nations, for the relief and mitigation of the sufferings of the helpless and wretched.

Where have you found among the nations of antiquity any thing like the influence which Christianity has exerted, and is still exerting, to eradicate slavery from the earth, and break the yokes and fetters which cupidity and cruelty had forged? It is to Christianity the world is indebted for the elevation of the female sex from that degradation and servile condition in which they were held by the ancient heathen, and are yet held among anti-Christian nations; for those happy influences which have meliorated the state of human society, consecrated the ties which bind together the husband and wife, the parent and child, and introduce to our firesides all the virtues which sweeten every domestic relationship, and give endearments to home; for the laws which protect the weak from the rapacity of the strong, the widow in her solitude, the orphan and the fatherless from the cunning and arts of those who would rob them of their rights, and for that sound healthful public opinion which alone can furnish an effectual guaranty against the evils, infallibly and abundantly resulting from the disrespect of oaths, the venality of judges, the violation of public pledges, the treachery of public servants, the default of public officers, the recklessness of corrupt legislation, the chicanery of the bar, the subserviency of public functionaries, the selfishness of mercenary individuals, the cupidity of swindlers, and the dishonesty and vindictiveness of moneyed corporations.

"If you are in search of the attributes which give dignity to a state," says an eloquent divine, "of the virtues which shed a lustre and loveliness over families, give value to what is magnificent in enterprise, refined in civilization, lofty in ethics, admirable in jurisprudence, you never think of turning to any but a Christianized territory, in order to obtain the most signal exhibition; and just in proportion as Christianity but gains a footing on the territories of heathenism, there is a distinct improvement in whatever tends to exalt a nation and bring comfort and respectability to its households." It has ever proved itself to be the great civilizer of nations, the great heightener of morals, the soother of the afflicted, the patron of the destitute, the friend of the oppressed. Of a nation under its control, and by whom its restraints are reverenced and cherished, it may well be said, "Happy is the people that is in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

THE BETTER WISH.

My better reason should the world efface,
Should in my heart its best affections perish,
And all the love I fondly learned to cherish,—
Then take me, Death, at once to thine embrace!

But may I better pay kind Nature's debt,—
Feel to the last with all a poet's feeling—
Nor cloud, when o'er my eyes Death's films are stealing,
My spirit with the ashes of regret.

THE SLAIN OF THE SEA.

A SCRIPTURE SKETCH.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

BEHOLD! the wide sea-shore is covered with Egypt's dead. There lie scattered upon its shining sands, the horse caparisoned, and his rider armor-clad, ready for conflict with the fugitive bondmen—and all silent and slumbering, the dark waters conceal in the chambers of the deep Pharaoh's chariots. And who is he that hath discomfited the foe, and wrought so great deliverance? But hark, and listen to the song of triumph and of praise to Jehovah, that reverberates along the shores of "Egypt's dark sea," as its deep intonations rise from the assembled multitudes, and swell the full chorus responsive to the voice of their great leader:

I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The LORD is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation:
He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation;
My father's God, and I will exalt him.
The LORD is a man of war: the LORD is his name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea:
His chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.
The depths have covered them:
They sank into the bottom as a stone.
Thy right hand, O LORD! is become glorious in power:
Thy right hand, O LORD! hath dashed in pieces the enemy.
And in the greatness of thine excellency
Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee:
Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.
And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together:
The floods stood upright as an heap,
And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake,
I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them;
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.
Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them:
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
Who is like unto thee, O LORD, among the Gods!
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders!
Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them.
Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed;
Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.
The people shall hear and be afraid:
Sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina.
Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed;
The mighty men of Moab! trembling shall take hold upon them;
All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away.
Fear and dread shall fall upon them;
By the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone;
Till thy people pass over, O LORD!
Till the people pass over, which thou hast purchased.
Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance,
In the place, O LORD! which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
In the sanctuary, O LORD! which thy hands have established.
The LORD shall reign for ever and ever!

Proud Pharaoh! the slave is now free beyond the floods; thou art at last overtaken in thy haughtiness—and the majesty of thy power is cast into the depths of the great waters. The might of man lifted not up those waters—they went not back for fear of the rod and right hand of Moses! It is Jehovah that hath triumphed—it was at his word that the deep gathered itself into heaps on either hand. The vengeance of the Most High could not sleep always—his wrath could not always be restrained. Four hundred and thirty years did he witness the oppressions of thyself, and the Pharaohs that sat upon thy throne before thee; but the great day of his wrath and the fierceness of his indignation have come upon thee—and the hosts that thou didst bring up from the land of the Pyramids, "the sea covered them—they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

Mighty monarch! seven times didst thou turn a deaf ear to the petitions of Moses and Aaron for the emancipation of their brethren in bonds; and often wast thou visited with signs and wonders from the Lord of Hosts, because thou didst harden thy heart, and set thy face against the children of Israel. Madman of Egypt! knowest thou what caused thy beautiful river to be turned into blood, and the inhabitants of its waters to die, and blood to be throughout all the land of the Nile? Tell us wherefore from the streams and the pools of water in all thy borders, thou wast visited of reptiles—and why there fell upon thee the plagues of loathsome vermin, and

noisome flies, and wasting murrain, and burning boils, and smiting hail, and devouring locusts! Didst thou call upon the magicians, with their sorceries and enchantments, to deliver the land —or upon the LORD OF HOSTS who is "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders!" Thou wouldst not let go the bondmen, till thick darkness that could be felt, enshrouded for three days thy whole kingdom—nor until the Angel of Death had smitten all the first-born of man and beast in thy dominions. Miserable man! the measure of thine iniquity is full—and thou art destroyed!

Man of God! we have seen thy miracles and listened to the midnight cry of Egypt's affrighted inhabitants, when the Lord smote all their first-born, and there was not a house where there was not one dead. Great Liberator! on the night of the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, thou didst lead forth from the house of bondage six hundred thousand men, and with thy rod didst make for them a pathway through the depths of the sea.

Sing ye to the LORD! for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

"Via lucis, via crucis."

BY REV. T. F. R. MERCEIN.

NIGHT wanes—and calm, forgetful sleep,
Woos even those who watch and weep;
Yet oh! ere breaks the sunlit day,
Arise! to do—to bear—to pray!
The first, the second Adam's brow,
Are eloquent to such as thou,
"No cross, no crown!"

Oh, Toil! still strike, and weave and plough!
Unless thou reap, in death we bow!
Oh, Thought! still search each labyrinth through,
And give the imprisoned world a clue!
Oh, Love! whose kiss all care beguiles,
Still wreathe thy breaking heart in smiles!
"No cross, no crown!"

But fails thine arm for lack of bread,
Till those for whom it toiled are dead!—
Must Thought, Cassandra-like, stand by,
And prove her slighted prophecy!—
Is Love received not of its own!—
Till life seems one expiring groan,
A cross—no crown!

Mount of the Cross! thou, thou canst tell
How high the surge of woe may swell!
The scourge—the gall—the encircling thorn—
Ah, foes like these, His soul might scorn!
But oh! that sinking agony—
Eli, lama sabachthani!—
He wears the crown!

Oh, Grief! beneath thy stroke could He
Forget His own Divinity!
And shall we dread our puny death,
Who, unforsaken, yield the breath?
Let every rock uprear a cross!
Heaven has another name for loss—
The crown—the crown!

THE PRINCE OF ORATORS.

BY N. CLEAVELAND, ESQ., BROOKLYN.

In tracing the history of Eloquence, we are struck with the remarkable fact, that its earliest annals are also those of its most signal triumphs. In that age of wonders, when Athens burst upon the world in all the splendor of her literature, her arts, and arms, Eloquence was born. Like that most beautiful of the mythologic fancies, the Goddess of Wisdom, it seems to have sprung at once to perfection, full-armed and glorious. We know, indeed, that Greece abounded in orators, before the age of Demosthenes. But the earlier and ruder efforts of the art, like the impassioned *talks* of our own Aborigines, perished with the occasions that produced them. The eloquence of Pericles, indeed, was of a higher stamp. He seems to have been the first great orator of Greece and the world. But though we are told, and can believe, that "he thundered, and lightened, and shook all Greece," no authentic specimen of his powers remains. Of the Athenian orators immediately preceding, and cotemporary with Demosthenes, we shall make no mention here, dimmed as they were, and ever must be, by his incomparable splendor.

The superiority of Demosthenes, and his claim to rank as the greatest of orators, is universally admitted. His reputation, like that of Homer, than which it is only *less* ancient, may be considered as resting on an immovable basis. It is established by the admiration of his acute and fastidious countrymen—by the unbounded sway which he exerted over them—and by the dread with which he inspired their foes. Cicero, the all-accomplished orator, philosopher, and statesman —Quintilian, the greatest of rhetoricians—and Longinus, the ablest of critics—alike awarded to him the palm of unrivaled eloquence. Nor has the decision of antiquity been reversed by the moderns. Little as his sententious energy has been imitated, its vast superiority is conceded by all.

Demosthenes, for obvious reasons, is much less known than Cicero. Selected orations of the latter form a part of the preparatory course for college, while the former is scarcely studied, even in college. To read the Grecian orator in his own tongue, with a just appreciation and relish of his merits, requires a familiarity with the language, which comparatively few attain. The Greek of Demosthenes is by no means easy. The very excellencies of his style, its conciseness and idiomatic structure, render the acquisition a serious labor, even for those who have become familiar with other Greek authors. He has indeed been well translated. Few, however, take an interest in translations, which was not first inspired by the originals. It must be remembered also, that the best translation is an *imitation* rather than *facsimile*—that the Greek and English idioms are widely dissimilar—and that there are peculiarities in the style of Demosthenes, which render the transfer *especially* difficult. In view of these considerations, it may seem less strange, though not perhaps any the less to be regretted, that the acknowledged Prince of orators should be so little known, and so imperfectly appreciated.

Demosthenes was eminently argumentative. No orator can be named, who, in this respect, is more original, more ingenious, or more logical. In statement, he is succinct and clear. His arrangement is perfect without the show of arrangement; and he is unerring in the sagacity with which he discovers his own strong points, and the weak ones of his adversary.

But his argumentation is never dry—it is never cold. His reasoning seems to proceed as much from the heart as from the head. He so intermingles his declamation with his argument, that it never appears to *be* declamation. Through the entire texture of his discourse, reason and passion, passion and reason, like warp and woof, are beautifully interwoven. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of this peculiar feature, that his argument is impassioned, and his declamation logical. The profound, brilliant, impetuous flow of his eloquence is like that of some great river, when having escaped its rocky barriers, it has gained the gentler inclination of the alluvial plains; no longer chafed and frothy as among the hills, nor discolored yet by admixture with the sea;—deep, clear, rapid, sparkling,—it rolls along, a noble image of beauty, grandeur, and irresistible power.

His conciseness has already been named. This trait was carried by our orator to such an extreme, that some have even deemed it a fault. But this we would be slow to assert. It is unquestionably one great source of his power. Everything is finished with consummate care. Every word is significant and apt; and that very place is assigned to each, which makes it most effective. Hence, indeed, arises no small part of the difficulty of transfusing his spirit and power into another language.

With that exquisite tact, which never forsakes him, he stops always at the precise point of greatest effect. Having made a bold or happy stroke, he passes on to his argument or inference. By no needless explanation—by no superfluous embellishment, does he endanger the effect, or incur the hazard of "tearing his subject to tatters." How unlike, in this respect, to most orators of modern times!

But nothing seems to have attracted the wonder and admiration of his readers so much, as that oblivion of self which is conspicuous on every page. It is to the Olynthiacs and Philippics that we now refer. In these immortal productions *Demosthenes* seems to be nothing:—his subject—his cause—his country—*every thing*. Widely different was the case with Cicero, whose elaborate pictures rarely failed to exhibit the orator himself the most prominent figure in the foreground. While we follow the Grecian orator, we cease to wonder at his success. Such earnestness and sincerity; such all-absorbing, self-renouncing patriotism, exhibited with such force of argument, and such powers of appeal, could not but be resistless, for we cannot resist them ourselves. Once fairly in the stream, the torrent bears us on. We think not of stopping—we cannot stop if we would. Unreluctant captives, we surrender at discretion, and realize that it is exciting and delightful, thus to feel the influence of one master mind;

> While still "our little barks attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale."

It is well known that all the essential powers of the Athenian state were vested in the people. The government of Athens was, to all intents, an unmixed and unmitigated democracy. All matters, both of internal and external policy, all questions both of peace and war, were debated and decided in the popular assembly. The Athenians were a remarkable race;—a people of ardent temperament—and clear and active intellect. Perhaps no other community of equal extent has ever existed, so polished, so universally literary. Accustomed to constant attendance on dramatic exhibitions—that faultless drama, which, to this day, is the unrivaled model of simplicity and beauty; living in an age and land in which the fine arts, history, poetry, and eloquence were carried to the very zenith of perfection,—the Athenians had become, in all matters of taste and language, ingeniously acute, fastidiously critical. Prone to admiration, more prone to distrust; passionately devoted to war and glory—still more devoted to pleasure and ease; indolent, fickle, turbulent at home—when abroad, active, patient, brave; the Athenian character was a singular compound of good and evil. Such was the people whom Demosthenes addressed.

Let us enter their assembly. The place of meeting is an amphitheatre of vast extent. Its canopy is the open sky. In the rear, but high above them, towers the Acropolis, glorious with that architectural splendor, on whose crumbling relics we still gaze with the admiration of despair. Before them is the blue Ægean—their gallant navy riding by the shore, and in the distance, "unconquered Salamis," the scene of its early glory. On those stone-benches are seated, within reach of a single speaker's eye and voice, an entire myriad of human beings—met here on terms of perfect equality, to deliberate on the state of the nation. The civil and military power which they wield, is no other than that which once repelled the millions of Persia—and which since, on a thousand hard-fought fields of intestine and of foreign war, has drawn around it all that sympathy which we naturally feel in brilliant success and unparalleled disaster. All feel it to be a scene of overwhelming interest. The moment is big with the fate of empires. On the decisions of the hour may depend the question, whether Athens shall longer be the eye of Greece, and glory of the world. Nay, more—freedom and slavery—national existence and national extinction may now be oscillating in the balance of Fate.

Philip of Macedon, an ambitious and able monarch, has long been aiming at the sovereignty of Greece. No means likely to effect his purpose have been left untried. One after another of the Grecian states has yielded to Macedonian arms, or arts, or gold. Athens alone was competent to resist the usurper. Moved by the threatening danger and the harangues of Demosthenes, more than once has she roused herself to action, and after checking the tyrant's career, sunk again into security. But intelligence has come of new and more alarming encroachments. Treaties have been violated; provinces overrun; cities in alliance conquered and destroyed. The designs of the king are but too manifest—the danger is

great and imminent. Already has the herald, according to custom, called on those who have anything to offer in the present emergency, to come forward and give their advice. Already has age uttered its warning voice, and eloquence painted in glowing colors the magnitude and difficulty of a war with Philip. The timid, the prudent, and the venal, have united in magnifying the power and clemency of the monarch; in portraying the weakness of the republic, and in urging the necessity of conciliation and submission. There are evident indications that the advice is not unwelcome to the indolent and pleasure-loving sons of Athens. Dares any, under these circumstances, offer a contrary opinion? Considering the fearful odds and the great uncertainty, will any venture to propose a war with Philip, knowing that should the measure be adopted, and prove unsuccessful, the author of such advice makes himself liable to the penalty of death, under the laws of his country. But lo! Demosthenes ascends the rostrum. Self-possessed, unassuming, yet conscious of his powers, it is his purpose to stem the tide which he sees advancing; to roll back the current; to operate, in other words, on this mighty mass of mind, and bend, and melt, and mould it to his own. He spends no breath in labored introduction, but enters at once on his subject. In terms of cutting severity, he chides the supineness and false security of his countrymen. Yet so unquestioned is his integrity; such the sincerity of his patriot ardor; so evidently good his motive,—that he awakens no resentment, excites no feelings but those of shame. He allows, indeed, that much is lost,—but much still remains. He suffers no despondence. He unfolds the resources of the state, and convinces his countrymen that nothing is even now needed but resolution and perseverance. Above all, he portrays with vivid brightness the injustice and the designs of Philip. The ambitious *monarch*, the unprincipled *man*, is set before us. Every winding of his crooked policy is unraveled; every latent motive set in the blaze of day. As he proceeds, indignation glows in every breast—quivers on the lip—kindles in the eye.

Finally, he calls up the images of the past The earlier glories of Athens; the spirit of their fathers, who preferred death to ignominy; that renown, beyond the reach even of envy, which they won; the institutions which they bequeathed, and the monuments of their taste and glory still clustering thick around, are touched with equal rapidity and power. One victory, at least is gained—the victory of the orator. Ten thousand minds feel and acknowledge the mastery of *one*. Yet such is the charm of his eloquence, that they think not of *him*—they think not of *themselves*. High thoughts of country fill every soul. At his Caducean touch, irresolution and pusillanimity have vanished. Philip is no longer dreaded; the Macedonian phalanx is no longer invincible. Marathon and Platæa are before them. Mars once more woos them to his fierce embrace, and Minerva, their own Minerva, marshals them to victory.

> "The jarring States obsequious now
> View the Patriot's hand on high,
> Thunder gathering on his brow,
> Lightning flashing from his eye!
> Borne by the tide of words along,
> One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
> To *arms!* to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.
> Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
> Lead us to Philippi's lord—
> Let us conquer him, or die!"

PURITY AMIDST TEMPTATIONS.

> As there are shells in yonder hoary deep
> Have caught a rose-tint from the orb of light,
> All delicately shadow'd o'er, despite
> The slimy things and terrible, that keep
> Dark dwellings there, and in corruption steep
> The hues they may not tarnish; so, my bright
> And pure of soul—though all around
> Thy thoughts, thy will, in beams of h

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CITY OF GOD.

BY GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D.

WANDERING once in the region of the Kennebec, I fell upon an old volume of "Pious Breathings," being the "Meditations of Saint Augustine; his Treatise of the Love of God; Soliloquies and Manual, to which are added Select Contemplations from Saint Anselm and Saint Bernard, made English by George Stanhope, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, the fifth edition, in 1720." Interested in all of the book, I was particularly charmed with the twenty-fifth chapter, entitled "The Pious Soul's Desire of Heaven," which, it is not at all improbable, may have been in the original the source of some of the old hymns upon the Celestial City, which are so beautiful, and may be taken as the key-note of that grand harmony which pervades his celebrated work, the "City of God." Be that as it may, the meditation is such lofty devotional poetry, though in prose, that a transcript of it cannot be without interest; and if, to vary its form, it be reproduced in unpretending verse, whereof the excellency of the devotional material will make up for the roughness of its form, it may be forgiven.

"O heavenly Jerusalem!" exclaims St. Augustine; "our common Mother, the Holy City of God! Thou beautiful Spouse of Christ! My soul hath loved thee exceedingly, and all my faculties are ravished with thy charms. O what graces, what glory, what noble state appears in every part of thee! Most exquisite is thy form, and thou alone art beauty without blemish. Rejoice and dance for joy, O daughter of my King! for thy Lord himself, fairer than all the sons of men, hath pleasure in thy beauty.

"But what is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him and found him, I held him fast, and will not let him go, till he bring me into his House, into the secret places of his Tabernacles. O glorious Metropolis! there shalt thou fill me with the plentiful communication of thy pleasures, so that I shall never hunger, neither thirst any more.

"O how happy will my soul perceive itself, when it shall be admitted to see thy glory, thy beauty! to view the gates, the walls, the streets, the stately buildings, the splendor of thy inhabitants, and the triumphant pomp of thy King enthroned in the midst of thee! For thy walls are of precious stones, and thy gates of pearl, and thy streets of pure gold, continually resounding with loud Hallelujahs. Thy houses are founded upon hewn square stones, carried up with sapphire, covered in with gold, and no unclean person can enter into thee, no manner of pollution abide within thy borders.

"Sweet and charming are thy delights, O Holy Mother of us all! Subject to none of those vicissitudes and interruptions which abate our pleasures here below. No successions of night and day, no intervals of darkness, no difference of seasons in their several courses. Nor is the light derived from artificial helps, or natural luminaries the same as ours; no lamps nor candles, no shining of the moon nor stars, but God of God, and Light of Light, even the Sun of Righteousness shines in thee, and the white Immaculate Lamb; He it is that enlightens thee with the full lustre of his majesty and beauty. Thy Light of Glory, and all thy happiness, is the incessant contemplation of this Divine King; for this King of Kings is in the midst of thee, and all his hosts are ministering round about him continually.

"There are the melodious choirs of Angels; there the sweet fellowship and company of the Heavenly inhabitants; there the joyful pomp of all those triumphant souls who from their sore trials and travels through this vale of tears, at last return victorious to their native country. There the goodly fellowship of Prophets, whose eyes God opened to take a prospect of far-distant mysteries. There the twelve leaders of the Christian armies, the blessed Apostles; there the noble army of the Martyrs; there the College of the Confessors; there the holy men and women, who, in the days of the flesh, were mortified to the pleasures of sin and the world. There the virgins and youths, whose blooming virtues put forth early fruits, and ripened in piety far exceeding the proportion of their years. There the sheep and lambs who have escaped the ravening wolves, and all the snares laid for their destruction. There all rejoice in their proper mansions;

and though each differ from other in degrees of glory, yet all agree in bliss and joy, diffused to all in common; and the happiness of every one is esteemed each man's own.

"For there Charity reigns in its utmost perfection, because God is there all in all; whom they continually beholding, continually admire, and praise and love, and praise without intermission, without end, without weariness, or distraction of thought. This is their constant, their delightful employment; and oh! how happy shall I be, how exquisitely, incessantly happy, if, when this body crumbles into dust, I shall be entertained with that celestial harmony, and hear the hymns of praise to their Eternal King, which troops of angels and saints innumerable are ever singing in full concert! How happy myself to bear a part with them, and pay the same tribute to my God and Saviour, the Author and Captain of my salvation! To behold his face in glory, and to be made partaker of those gracious promises, of which he hath given me the comfortable hope, when saying to his Father, 'I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold the glory which I had with thee before the world was!' And again, supporting his disciples against the tribulations which they should encounter here below, 'If any man love me, let him follow me, and where I am, there shall also my servant be!' And in another place, 'He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him!'"

Thus far the meditations of the holy Augustine. He was a man of great mind and deep piety—a most remarkable creation of the grace of God, at a time when the whole church of Christ was beginning to be corrupted from the simplicity of the New Testament Christianity.

It will vary the beautiful meditation, if it does not improve it, to put it into a new form. The New Testament descriptions of the glories of the New Jerusalem are so ravishingly beautiful, yet so simple, that we have but little else to do, but to turn the expressions into metre, leaving them in their simplicity, and they seem to flow as naturally in the form of poetry as of prose.

THE HOLY CITY.

O Heavenly Jerusalem!
Thou City of my King!
When shall I come to taste thy bliss,
Thy joys when shall I sing!
O blessed Mother of us all,
My soul longs after thee!
When will my Captain take me up,
Thy stately grace to see!

O, sweet and charming thy delights,
Thou Holy Mother dear!
No stormy days, nor darksome nights,
Nor winter in thy year.
No dimly-burning lamps, nor stars,
Nor melancholy moon;
But God thy Light, and the White Lamb,
Make thy eternal noon.

O noon most sacred, sweet, and bright,
That clearly to thee brings
Thy Lamb's full glory, and the light
Poured from the King of kings!
How soft on veiling wings it falls,
Of those celestial choirs,
That stand around the throne, and burn
With Love's seraphic fires!

There Love reigns in its utmost bliss,
For God is all in all,
They love and praise, nor ever cease,
Nor feel distracting thrall;
But in and out thy Gates of Pearl,
They shining do appear;
Their songs float o'er thy Jasper walls
All ravishingly clear!

How happy shall I be, O Lord!
If, when this body dies,
To that Celestial Harmony
My blessed soul may rise;
If I may hear the hymns of praise
To their Eternal King,
Which troops of Angels and of Saints
Forever there do sing.

There the melodious Angel bands
Sweet fellowship of Heaven!
There the triumphant souls to whom
The Crown of Life is given!
O joyful pomp, when from their tears,
And trials of the way,
The exiles do return from earth
Home to their native day!

O goodly fellowship of Saints!
O Prophets taught of old!
The blessed twelve Apostles there,
The leaders of Christ's fold!
The Martyrs' noble army there,
In glorious array;
The Holy Virgins, in white robes,
And fairer than the day.

O glorious Metropolis!
Thou Holy Mother dear!
My soul is ravished with thy bliss,
How can I linger here!
O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
My soul longs after thee;
When will my Captain take me up,
Thy glorious face to see!

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY REV. JOHN MITCHELL, AUTHOR OF "MY MOTHER."

It is the belief of some, that man's fall extended to the brutes—that, as man renounced his allegiance to God, so they threw off theirs to man, and became vicious and untractable to us; and not only so, but dissolved all bonds among themselves, and became mutually ferocious and distrustful. This opinion is avowed by Charlotte Elizabeth, in her admirable little book on "Kindness to Animals," and by others. What arguments are advanced to sustain it, I am not distinctly aware. Perhaps it is an inference from the apparent tractableness of the brutes originally, when God brought them to Adam to see what he would call them.

But to find in Adam's sin a direct moral cause for the dispositions and behavior of the brutes seems to me an extension of the Assembly's Catechism which is hardly admissible. I cannot think that they either "sinned in" or "fell with" Adam "in his first transgression." I do not imagine that beasts of prey became such in consequence of the fall; or that the lion's paws, the shark's teeth, the vulture's beak and claws, and all the peculiarities of creatures carnivorous, piscivorous, vermivorous, &c., had no appropriate and intended use prior to the exodus from Eden. Their original and proper natures were, as I suppose, essentially what they now are—in kind certainly, if not also in degree.

There may, however, have been a physical consequence of the fall, which has extended itself to the brutes. Since the ground is cursed for man's sake, and the earth thereby rendered a less agreeable habitation for them, as well as for us, than it would have been had man continued holy, it may be that the ferocious beasts have been made more fierce, and the weak ones more timid by the change; and that so their uncomfortable relations with each other, and their untowardness to us, may have been aggravated. So far as moral causes operate to make them what they are, those causes are not to be looked for in the eating of the forbidden fruit, directly, but in the actual treatment which the brutes receive from man. Goads, traps, and guns are enough to make them shy of us.

The effect of gentleness on animals, in our treatment of them, was the subject of my rambling thoughts when I took my pen—having reference specially to animals of the domestic kind. If the subject has already been discussed a thousand times, it has not been thereby rendered irksome; for where benevolence is concerned, and a pleasing study opened to us, the interest is permanent.

Man was, and is, the constituted lord of the brutes. They are therefore, by the Creator, so far impressed with fear of him, as to render them susceptible of being subjected by him. But I imagine that their perception of man's ungentleness, in his tones, looks, and gestures, and especially their experience of his treatment of them, so often positively cruel, and so seldom considerately kind, make them more afraid than they naturally would be, and more than is desirable. They are less docile in proportion as they are excessively or unnaturally afraid.

Brutes, of every species, have an instinctive dread of some things; they have an acquired dread of other things. The roar of an approaching tornado sends the cattle out of the woods, lest the uprooted trees should crush them. Thunder sends dogs under the bed, or table, and fishes to the deepest of the water. The wolf's howl alarms the sheep. The hawk's cry, or shadow, causes the hen to call her brood under her wing. These are instances of instinctive fear. And, to a certain degree, brutes have an instinctive fear of man; but they have also an acquired fear of him. In the first instance in which a stone is picked up to be thrown at a cow, she pays no attention to it, apprehending nothing till she feels the sting of it; but after being driven to pasture a few times by an unfeeling boy, she winces as soon as she sees you stoop. When a horse feels the rowel thrust into his side, the most sensitive part of his body, or receives a blow or two from a Balaam's club, he thinks that one man, at least is ungentle, and his suspicion or dislike of one is naturally enough extendible to the species. A dog, caressed at one moment and kicked at the next, believes, with regard to one man, that he is

either capricious or hypocritical; and though he has the good sense and charity not to include all men in one and the same category, he prudently resolves within himself, that he will in future use some little caution, and study a character before he confides in it. These are instances of acquired fear—greater than the natural. Take another. A gentleman who valued himself on his power with horses, asked me to take a ride with him. He had inspired the horse with a mysterious dread of a low sibilant sound which he made over the tip of the tongue, of which he gave me a specimen. It was hardly audible, and yet it agitated the horse, as if a wild beast had been after him. "By continuing the sound," said he, "I could drive him to madness." But it was a dangerous trifling with the animal; for as a neighbor was driving him through a wood one day, a locust, in very good imitation of my friend, set up his hissing song from an overhanging branch, and startled him to that degree that he became unmanageable, running and breaking the carriage, and endangering the life of the rider. The horse was an old one, perfectly well broke, and gentle with the exception of this particular fear.

One more instance I will mention, as it illustrates both the horse's capacity for learning, and his apprehension of the repetition of an injury once experienced, whether from a human or a different agent. The animal had learned to draw water for himself, catching the well-pole with his teeth, and drawing it down and up by hitches, as a man does who uses only one hand. On one occasion, having dipped the bucket and drawn it partly up, it being icy about the well, his feet slipped, he missed his catch at the pole, and the sweep came down and hit him on the head! The poor beast could not be induced to go nigh the well afterward. He had had enough of drawing water.

Now if the brutes are impressed by the Creator with a certain fear of man, for useful ends, that fact indicates to us that we have to begin with them by gaining their confidence. Fear is their natural feeling; confidence an acquired one. If we begin, then, by abusing them, we shall aggravate their fear, and set them further off. And the confidence of animals once lost, is not easily regained; their suspicion once excited, it is difficult to lay it. Yet this is what we too often do, from the first of our dealing with them to the last. We maltreat them, and then wonder at their behavior toward us. And note, too, that fear in animals is sympathetic and contagious. The alarm which one manifests is caught by others; and thus they learn of one another to be afraid of man. They are also emboldened by one another. The hunter makes use of the tame bird, or animal, to decoy the wild. Where the leader of the flock goes, the rest will follow. The dog that claims your acquaintance in the street, brings his fellows about you to share in your attentions, though they would have shunned you but for him.

I do not question that it may be necessary sometimes to chastise the obviously conscious misbehavior of a beast, and sometimes to stimulate his indolence with the whip; but I believe that castigation, and especially severe castigation, is the exception, and not the rule; and that in the ninety-nine cases, even of refractoriness, gentleness and patience are the better method. I do not believe that the Creator has made the brutes to be ruled by cruelty and fear, rather than by kindness and confidence. He has made them susceptible of kindness, and intends their subjugation by that means. Their fear we can easily excite at any time, if needful; their confidence is what we want, in order to their docility and usefulness; and that the Creator has left to our gentleness to gain.

These ideas accord with the character of God, and with his precepts. And they accord with facts. The best used animals are the best behaved. The spirit and docility of the Arab's horse are not more proverbial than the owner's kindness to him. The finest stage-horses in the world you may find on certain mail lines in England where they make no use of the whip; and the safest and least timid horses are those which are exempted from that barbarous and absurd practice of putting blinders to their eyes. Let the creature *see* that there is no danger, and he will imagine none. Or, if you are to forestall his fears by interfering with his senses, why not stop his ears also? The horse, like the hare and many other creatures, uses his ears to learn the approach of danger, as well as his eyes; and when his ears apprise him of danger from behind, he wants his eyes to see what it is that is coming, and whether the danger be real or not. We may suppose, therefore, that, but for the occasion the driver himself has to make use of the animal's ears, in managing him, the same absurdity which blinds his eyes would stop up his ears also.

I knew a man whose ox-team was always in difficulty at the foot of a hill; and why? Because he was fretful and impatient with them, and anticipating that they would give back at a pinch, would begin to vociferate and whip beforehand at such a rate that the poor cattle were irritated and put into confusion. One would give

a jerk, and then another, no two of them drawing together; and so the load was at a stand. "Dear me!" says the man, "how they act! Did anybody ever see such cattle!" Another man, neighbor to him, could, by a different method, command the utmost united effort of his oxen. A few gentle, encouraging words would induce them to put-to their necks with hearty bovine good will, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," the load was out of the slough. And then, instead of a continued whipping and bawling to keep them going, in case the road was still difficult, they were permitted to take breath a moment, before they proceeded.

Indeed, I think that observation justifies me in saying that you may know much of the dispositions of individuals by the behavior of their animals. I have seen not only the unsteadiness, the violence, the savageness of some, and the gentleness and patience of others, in the management of their animals, produce their counterparts in them, but I have seen the very oddities of masters exhibited in the ludicrously eccentric, and otherwise unaccountable behavior of their beasts.

This gentleness, of which we are speaking, produces its effects on the feathered and scaly races, as well as on quadrupeds, and on the undomestic, as well as on the domestic. You may teach a shoal of fishes in an artificial pond, and I presume in a natural one, to come about you, and look at you, and ask for food, and may induce them to eat out of your hand. Leave the bird's nest unmolested in the tree beneath your window, and she will come and refit, and occupy it for a series of years, and cheer you with her song. Never mind, if she takes a little of your small fruit for herself and young ones. If there were no other means of attracting the robin to my homestead but planting a cherry-tree expressly for her, I certainly would do it, and think myself richly repaid by her company and music. I accustomed a flock of doves to feed freely out of my hand, and some of them would go so far as to strike me with their wings, if I affronted them. Crows are the shyest of creatures, and yet they may be tamed even to an annoying degree of familiarity. Hares and pheasants are naturally timid, and yet there are public parks in Europe where, under protection of the game laws, you will see scores of them running about, quite familiarly, among scores of people riding and promenading. The same may be said of the deer and the gazelle. The giraff has his home among the wildest and fiercest creatures of the torrid zone; yet, in the hands of man, with proper treatment, he becomes gentle and domestic. Bears have often been the playthings of children. Such is the power of gentleness and kindness with all sensitive things. I will not speak of the imprisoned creatures of the menagery. Theirs is the discipline of severity and fear; which, like the old human prison discipline, makes the subjects of it more fierce and sullen than they were while at large. Yet the keepers, with some mixture of gentleness, do wonders even with the lion and the tiger. Kindness overcomes the very instinct of animals, in making them willing to forget their proper haunts for the society of man. It makes them civil to each other, as well as to us. I have seen, at a friend's house, a cat and a dove taking their meals together; and such was the confidence of the bird, and the forbearance of the cat, that she would sometimes allow the bird to drive her away. You may have met with one of those little menageries carried about for show, called the "amicable family," in which a number of creatures naturally averse to each other's society, as the hawk and the sparrow, the cat and the mouse, have been taught to dwell together in harmony.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

We have all our happy moments—there are countless streams of bliss
Flowing down from heaven to cheer us e'en in such a world as this,
Like sunny gleams in April bursting through surrounding showers,
And gladd'ning every heart with news of summer's hours.
Life hath many happy moments, from beside a mother's knees,
When our spirits were like aspen leaves that bend with every breeze,
Till that second childhood, when the heart has faded like the hair,
And a world of pleasure lies concealed within our easy chair.

THE VALUE OF HALF AN HOUR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE EMPIRE—FROM THE FRENCH.

Upon a beautiful forenoon of spring, when the sun was scattering abroad its brightest and most splendid rays, a troop of juvenile idlers was playing in the garden of the Palais-Royal. They hung suspended by the hands upon the iron rails which surrounded the parterres; they leaped like squirrels down upon the grass, threw stones at the flowers, and now and again contrived to discover some new form of mischief whenever the gardeners had turned their backs. In such circumstances, indeed, everybody knows that the imagination of a mischievous Parisian boy is never at fault. The Germans, who used to twit the French with ranting couplets and sarcastic refrains, expressive of the latter's inability to cross the Rhine—the Germans, who refused to sell their horses to the imperial cavalry, and who would have refused them spurs and stirrups to boot, have now, however, generously illuminated France with the brightest works of their national industry, that is, with those German lucifer-matches, which, unlike their solid manufacturers, blaze up with a little friction. The *gamin* of Paris, especially, has taken advantage of, and makes a great use of that bright and flaming invention, and always carries in his pocket a supply, with which he contrives to work all sorts of mischief. It is well known, that during the Empire, a cannon was placed in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, and so arranged with a sun-glass, that it would explode precisely as the sun reached the meridian. The leader of the little band we have spoken of, seizing a favorable moment when no person observed him, nimbly scaled the balustrade, and glided on his hands and knees toward the cannon. It was no more than half-past eleven now; but between the finger and thumb of the young artilleryman beamed a chemical match, which took upon it to play the part of the sun, and the cannon accordingly made its official detonation. At the same moment, and at all parts of the city—in the lanes, galleries, coffee-houses, and places of business, everybody pulled out his watch to verify its exactitude; and this simultaneous operation was followed by a general movement of surprise, which was accompanied by the following tacit reflections:—"Well, that is singular!" "I believed that my watch was a good goer!" "Eh, what! am I half an hour behind, and my watch a warranted one, which ought not to have varied a minute in a month?" "Ay, this is the first time that my Breguet ever fell into the same mistake." The horologers were more astonished than anybody else. Nevertheless, the majority of them yielded to the force of the cannon's evidence, two or three daring spirits only having hardihood enough to advance the audacious proposition, that it was the sun which had gone wrong. Saving these rare exceptions, everybody who had heard the report of the cannon—makers of time-pieces as well as those more simple folks who kept time according to their pieces—gave the long handles of their clocks and watches one half-hour's turn forward on the dials, and went about their business again. Of course, there were not many people who could be found bold enough to impeach the infallibility of the sun.

At the first glance, nobody would believe that anything very serious could accrue from this mischievous trick of a child with a match; but the consequences were nevertheless very grave and important. People cannot with impunity break off half an hour from the circle of time; and everybody knows that a watch which is addicted to an erratic course of procedure, and is not very scrupulous about its character for veracity, has frequently involved people in errors which were the preludes to numerous accidents, and adventures more or less momentous.

"Already mid-day! Waiter, hand me my bill." These words were pronounced by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Vefours, and who appeared to be a prey to perplexing thoughts. It was M. Dupin, the banker, whose affairs were supposed to be in a flourishing condition, but who had himself for some time been seriously alive to the reverse fact, and who knew that now he could no longer maintain his credit. M. Dupin left the coffee-room with eager and hasty steps

and, as he walked along, drew from his pocket-book a letter, which he now and again regarded with an anxious look, and which he had read for the twentieth time. It ran thus:—

"My dear Friend—You have acquainted me with your disastrous position, and you have told me that your only hope is in me. Alas! my own resources are insufficient to meet the exigency, but I shall endeavor (with little hope, I avow) to find some one who shall assist us in this matter. It is possible that I may be successful; and, depend upon it, I shall endeavor to the utmost of my power to save you from failure. If I am to succeed in realizing the sum absolutely necessary at this time, I shall do so this morning, and shall bring it to you exactly at twelve o'clock, in the Orleans Gallery, where you will please to wait on me. I do not wish to call at your house with it, because I wish to spare you the pain of a somewhat embarrassing visit. If I am not there precisely at the hour, the game is up; I shall have failed, and you must consequently lose no time in carrying out your design of departing. When you have gone out of the way, your creditors will be more accommodating. You understand why I do not wish to be myself the bearer of bad news. I do not wish to be seen with you in the critical moment, lest my uncle, to whom, I believe, you are due some twenty thousand francs, should hear of it, and whose avarice would prompt him never to forgive me, if he supposed me to have aided in your flight. In case of misfortune, dispose of me. "Thy friend indeed,

"Lucien Bonaparte."

"Here I am now, at the fatal moment when my fate must be decided," said M. Dupin, as he walked hastily up and down the gallery. "I have reached the middle of that rapid current down which has glided so many fortunes: nothing can now arrest me. I have achieved my ruin by that vanity which impelled me to conceal my situation when I had still time enough to resign myself to an honorable fate. All my plans to sustain myself are crushed under foot, if Lucien's intervention is impotent. If he does not bring me a hundred thousand francs, which I am compelled to pay to-day, then I am gone." Whilst he made these cruel reflections, the banker looked twenty times at his watch, for the hour seemed to glide slowly on, notwithstanding his sufferings, and although the departure of each minute was to him the flight of hope. The indicator marked the hour at last—the fatal term which sealed the fate of the unfortunate man; and as he beheld the inexorable sign he felt a cold perspiration burst from his aching brain. "The hour, and Lucien not arrived! Then it is now accomplished." Still the despairing man walked from one end to the other of the gallery. He looked at all the passages, seemed anxious to leave the place, and still his footsteps lingered. It was only when his watch marked twenty-five minutes past twelve that the unfortunate Dupin hurried from the Palais-Royal. At the same moment his friend entered the Orleans Gallery, five minutes before the time fixed; for it was really five minutes less than twelve, but the banker had regulated his watch by the report of the cannon.

As Dupin walked from the Palais-Royal, he stepped into bankruptcy. A post-chaise had been hired, as a precaution in case of failure, and he sprung into it, and dashed off at full gallop, just as Lucien, who had carried him a cheque for a hundred thousand francs, was puzzling himself to find some motive for his absence. Would Lucien have believed the secret to have lain in that lucifer-match, the first effect of which had been a commercial disaster!

At the same hour a beautiful lady, in most elegant attire, swept gracefully into the passage Delorme. She made two or three very quick turns, and as she did so, an observer might easily have remarked upon her charming face an expression of mingled surprise, impatience, and anger. "It is very singular," said she, in a tone of evident vexation; "my watch is correct, since I have just received it from my watchmakers in the Palais-Royal; it is ten minutes past twelve. M. Leopold ought to have been here, to have accompanied me to the museum, and yet he has not made his appearance."

The surprise, impatience, and anger of the lady redoubled each moment, and truly they seemed to have sufficient cause to do so. Young, beautiful, rich, a widow, and surrounded by admirers, Madame de Luceval had especially distinguished from the crowd of her adorers M. Leopold de Versy. She had led him to hope, a little before to-day, that she might consent to resume for him the chains of Hymen, and in the meantime she had very willingly accepted his arm to visit the exhibition of the Louvre—a precious and enviable favor, which Leopold had accepted with gratitude; and yet, at the hour specified, he had failed to meet her.

"I expected to be outdone in punctuality," added Madame de Luceval, in a tone of vexation, "but I am mistaken. He has indeed a sufficiency of presumption!" she exclaimed, tossing her head. "He does not pride himself upon exactitude certainly; and if he puts off this way at this point of our correspondence, what shall it

be when he has assumed the title of husband! M. Luceval had this same fault, and I know what I have suffered. My re-marrying only to fall into the same meshes would be rather a monotonous succession of events. I vow that my second husband shall differ from the first somewhat, and if it is our fate that we must suffer all sorts of wrongs and neglects from the haughty messieurs, I shall desire at least the benefit of variety." It will be seen that Madame de Luceval was not very exacting. The watch, consulted for the last time, marked eighteen minutes past twelve. "My patience is exhausted," said the beautiful widow. "The most rigorous politeness only accords a quarter of an hour to your lagtardies, and in this case, where I ought to have found eager impatience, it is too much of me to have exceeded that space. To wait any longer would be a loss of time indeed."

Having said this, Madame de Luceval walked home, and Leopold, who arrived, all impatience, ten minutes before the hour appointed, had plenty of time to cool himself in the passage. It was now his turn to indulge in bitter reflections. "Has she forgotten? Will she come? Is she playing with me? Is some other than I the happy he? But no, it cannot be——" Leopold paused and pondered for a few seconds; then shaking his head dubiously, he exclaimed, "Ah, these widows! with them a person never knows how to reckon; they have so much experience, and so much latitude of action." Four o'clock at last sounded at the Tuileries. "At least," said Leopold, with a very faint smile, "I shall find her again at home, where she invited me to dine. I shall not have lost more than a part of this precious day after all. A dinner, too, almost in *tete-a-tete*, for we shall have nobody with us but her deaf old uncle." Leopold accordingly walked briskly to the house of Madame Luceval.

"My mistress has gone out," said the maidservant, as she held the door in her hand.

"Indeed! Then I shall wait for her; I have done so since morning," said Leopold.

"But madame may be very late before she returns home," said the *femme de chambre*, looking down at her pretty foot, as she beat lightly on the ground with it.

"She always comes home to dinner," said Leopold.

"Not always," said the girl, saucily. "Madame went out just about an hour ago, and she said that she would dine in the city."

"Gone to put the finish to me!" thought Leopold, as he walked rapidly and angrily away.

Each was as much piqued as the other, and, instead of explaining fully, they shut themselves up in the silence of wounded dignity, which very often destroys the flowers of love. And what was the result of this little quarrel? Just this—that the projected marriage was irrevocably broken up, and that Madame Luceval sought from that moment a husband whose exactitude would be secure from every light suspicion. Who would have anticipated such results from a cannon discharged before its time—not the signal-gun of two hostile armies lying grinning at each other, or of two fleets ranged in order of battle, but the insignificant little cannon of the Palais-Royal, fired by an urchin who wanted to mystify the sun with a lucifer-match!

Doubtless the report of the cannon of the Palais Royal produced other consequences as serious and dramatic as those which we have recounted; but we have nothing more to advance than a petition for pardon in favor of the artilleryman, for certainly the urchin knew not what he did.

IF I WERE KING!

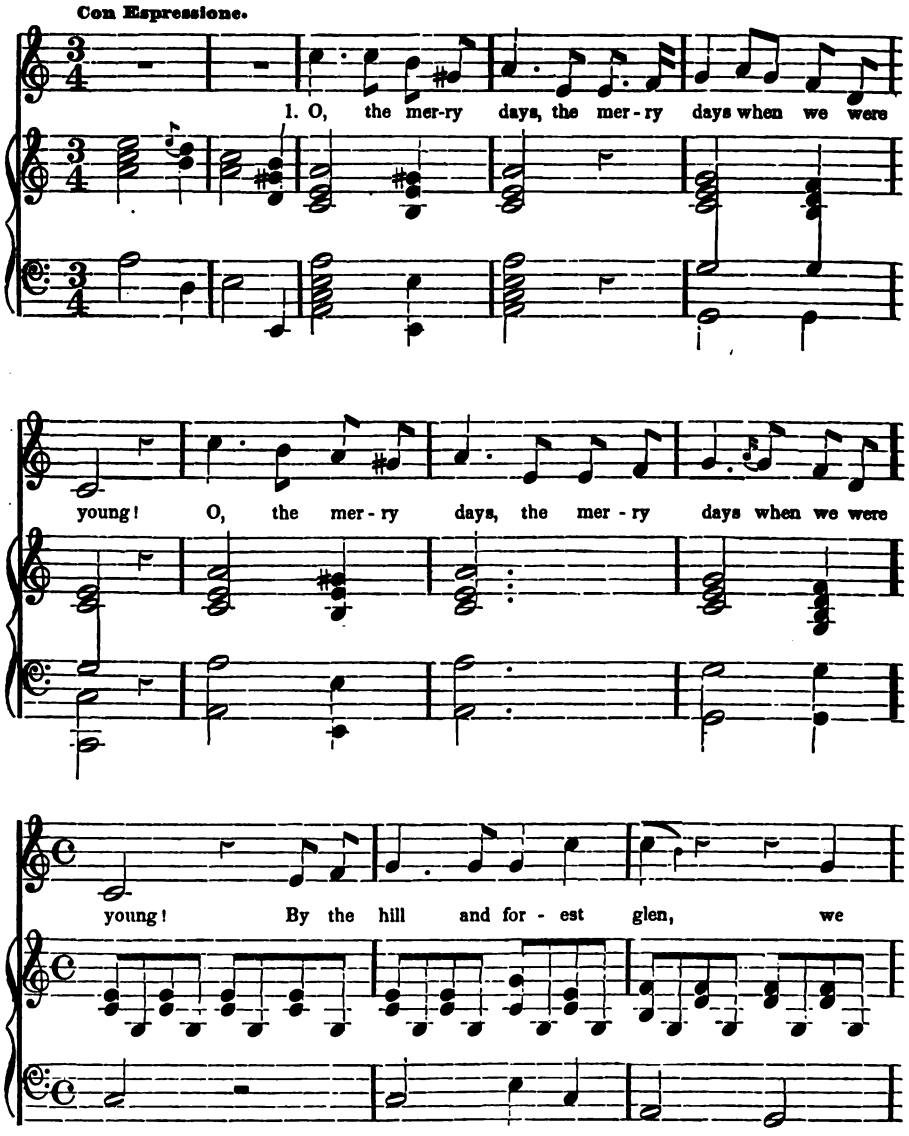
If I were King of my fatherland,
On some bright eastern shore,
I would not stand with armed band
A blood-stain'd son of war;

My flag should be on the olive-tree,
My people's wants my own,
Never should right give way to might,
Or good men sink unknown.

The sword might rust in mouldering dust,
Each warlike trapping fade—
For peace is more the wide world o'er,
Than conquest's gory trade;

My constant care would be to share
An equal right to all,
Not make the store of great men more,
By taking from the small.

O, THE MERRY DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.*



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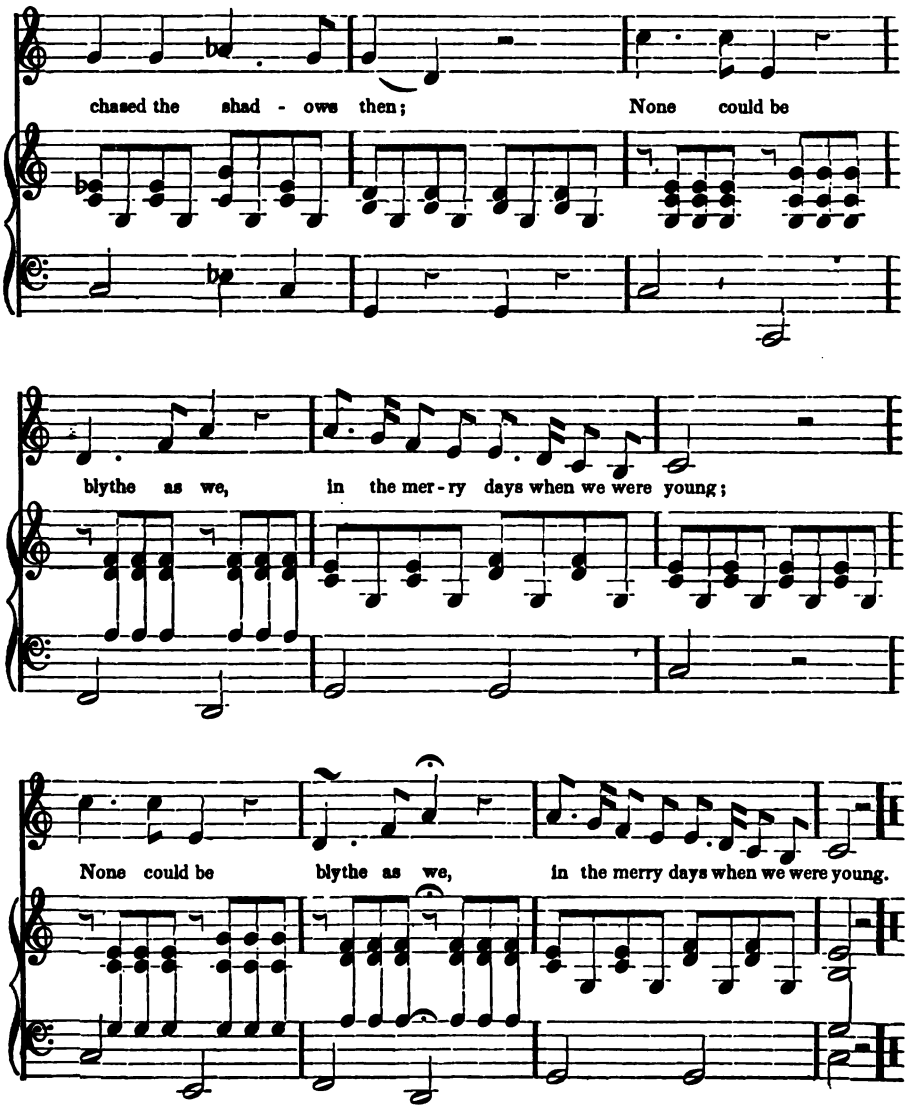


2.

Past those sunny hours with all the joys that youth could bring,
And now in wintry bowers we sigh to lose our happy spring,
When Love and Friendship smiled, and careless hope beguiled—
Ne'er shall we others see like the merry days when we were young,
Ne'er shall we, &c.

3.

Mute the echoes now that rang so wild with childhood's glee,
And tears begin to flow where only smiles were wont to be;
But though our path be drear in age's duller year,
Still shall seem sweet the dream of the merry days when we were young,
Still shall seem, &c.

"PEACE, QUIET, AND FAST:"

(SEE PLATE.)

MILTON's touching and incomparable Il Penseroso furnishes our artist another fine subject, the grace and beauty of which we are confident will be admired. The metaphor which has been seized upon for illustration, singled out of the group of inimitable images which compose the Poem, is the following:

> Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast, and demure,
> All in a robe of darkest grain,
> Flowing with majestic train,
> And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
> Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
> Come, but keep thy wonted state,
> With even step, and musing gait,
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
> There, held in holy passion still,
> Forget thyself to marble, till,
> With a sad leaden downward cast,
> Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
> And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
> Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
> And hears the Muses, in a ring,
> Aye round about Jove's altar sing.

THE PARDON.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE beautiful plate which accompanies our present issue tells its own tale, and imparts a lesson to the impressiveness of which language could but little add. Penitence for wrong-doing, inspired by kindly yet judicious and firm parental discipline, and the joy of forgiveness based upon sincere amendment, are indicated in a striking manner by the painter's touch. There is a world of instruction in the sentiments expressed in the attitude and looks of these participants of the family scene, which unquestionably it entered into the purpose of the artist to represent. Winterhalter is a German by birth; but by long residence has been naturalized in England, where he enjoys great reputation as a painter of graceful and unpretending compositions, and especially of portraits. His fine drawing and delicate execution make him a favorite artist with the aristocracy. He must now be somewhat advanced in life. The present is an early picture, more decidedly German in its line and accessories than his more recent pictures.

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

BELISARIUS.

SACRED MUSIC.

BY REV. ABSALOM PETERS, D.D.

Music has its foundation in nature. Regarding it as simple harmony, it is not altogether fanciful to conclude, that there is music in all the works of God. The whole creation is a unit, made up of an infinite variety of parts. Hence we call it the universe. The parts which compose it, from the smallest atom to the largest world, are adapted and proportioned to each other with mathematical exactness. This law of proportions exists in sounds addressed to the ear, no less than in the magnitudes and motions of visible things. In pursuance of it, one may compose a tune with as much scientific exactness as he can calculate an eclipse or construct a railroad.

On this law of proportions the science of music is founded; and because it is a universal law, extending through all nature—at least as far as the laws of nature have been investigated—some learned men have maintained, that the motions of the heavenly bodies may be expressed in numbers, corresponding to those which express the harmony of musical sounds, and that thus there is a "music of the spheres," inaudible, indeed, to us, but heard in heaven, to the praise of God. An idea like this seems to have been entertained by inspired minds. Isaiah says,

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

And again,

"Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it;
Shout, ye lower parts of the earth!
Break forth into singing, ye mountains;
O forest, and every tree therein!"

The Psalmist says,

"The little hills rejoice on every side.
* * * * *
They shout for joy; they also sing."

And again,

"Praise ye Him, sun and moon!
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters, that be above the heavens!
* * * * *
Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps!
Fire and hail, snow and vapors,
Stormy wind fulfilling his word!
Mountains, and all hills,
Fruitful trees, and all cedars!
Beasts, and all cattle,
Creeping things, and flying fowl!"

These are specimens of the manner in which inspired worshipers were accustomed to conceive of the harmony of the universe, as uttering in music, the language of praise to Jehovah. The revealed idea, in these passages, would seem to justify the conception of old Pythagoras, and of the immortal Kepler, in his "Harmonices Mundi," and to intimate that there are numbers and musical intervals in the motions and distances of worlds and systems, by which all nature is vocal with music, and suns and stars are

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

But however this may be, it is beyond all question, that the foundation of the science of music exists in the laws of nature. It is equally clear, that the art of music has its origin in the nature of man. Certain tones of the voice are the natural expressions of pleasure and pain. These are the germs from which music has grown up to be a universal language of emotion. There is, in our nature, an intimate connection between the emotions of the soul and the sense of hearing. Objects of sight address themselves more especially to the understanding; but feeling expresses itself most readily in tones addressed to the ear. Joy, fear, anger, desire, and all the passions, have each a peculiar tone, which is understood by every human being. These tones, prolonged, and divided, and varied, and intermingled, and associated with rhythm, or poetic measure, constitute music or song, in which thousands may join in uttering the same tones, and expressing the same feelings.

It is certain, also, that the love of music, or of the excitement which it produces, is one of the most universal principles of the human soul. It pervades all tribes, all ages, all classes of human

beings. There are few, and perhaps none, who do not admit its power, in some degree, to affect the feelings. Insensibility to music must be referred to a defective organization, at least in the sense of hearing; while the whole conformation of some men is probably much better fitted than that of others to enable them to receive pleasure from this source. But it is difficult to conceive of a human system—of a set of nerves—which is incapable of being moved by music. In the beautiful language of Cowper,

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
> With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

And there is no limit to the refinement and elevation to which the art of music may be advanced. Its power is as immeasurable as the capacities of the human soul for pleasure or pain.

This natural taste and aptitude for music, had man remained holy, would have been to all a source of delight ineffable, like that which is felt in the music of heaven. For there is music in heaven. There was an occasion, as we are expressly assured, when "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." And on another and greater occasion, a multitude of the heavenly host came down, *singing*, in the hearing of mortals,

> "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace;
> Good will toward men."

The gift of music to man, then, was an angelic gift. It was a good gift, intended as a source of happiness, and as an instrument of worship and praise; and had man remained in his first estate, he might have continued to possess and enjoy it, in a degree but a little lower than that of the angels. Every bosom would have swelled with grateful emotions, and every voice would have been tuned to the high praises of God. But this "Paradise" was "Lost;" and the prince of English poets, with his accustomed adherence to the truths of revelation, thus describes the occasion and consequences of the fall:

> ——"disproportioned sin
> Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din,
> Broke the fair music that all creatures made."

Such was the effect of the introduction of sin into our world. It broke up the proportions of things. It destroyed the balance and harmony of man's moral character; and the gift of music, that delightful pledge of heaven's joy, became the servant of sin. In man, fallen, it was perverted and abused. His song was henceforth the song of fools. His voice, so admirably fitted to celebrate the praises of the Most High, and to awaken in his own heart emotions of piety and reverence, was employed in setting off the festive ditty, and in giving interest and influence to the profane jest; or it was used to inflame the passions of the battle-field, by the death-daring strains of the war-song. And the song of the drunkard was substituted for the hymn of praise.

Yet the power of music and the love of music remains, amid all this ruin. This is proved by the universal propensity of men to employ it in scenes of revelry and vice, and by its efficacy in bearing on its abuses in their downward course to hell.

This, therefore, is one of the perverted powers of man—not destroyed—which God would restore to his own service. He accordingly seized upon this natural aptitude for music in the human race, and made it the ground of an ordinance in his church, the object of which was to restore this faculty in man to its proper and original exercise, as an instrument of worship. Hence, in the history of music, there is a broad distinction between the music employed in religious worship, called *Sacred Music*, and that which is merely secular and profane. Their elements, it is true, are the same; and the difference between them is, that they are adapted and used for different purposes—sacred music, to strengthen and elevate our religious feelings, in the worship of God; and secular or profane music, to please, excite, and inflame the affections and passions of the natural man. We have to do, however, in this article with *sacred music* alone. We leave out of view the lower uses of the musical art, and its abuses to purposes positively and flagrantly sinful, desiring only to know and to teach the will of God concerning this delightful accompaniment, this divinely-appointed helper of religious worship.

That singing, as a part of religious worship, is an ordinance of God, is amply proved by scripture. The following considerations are in point.

In the descriptions and injunctions of worship by the sacred writers, *prayer* and *praise* are usually associated; and, from the earliest times, praise was expressed in music. "*Sing* praises," is the scripture injunction in respect to this part of worship. It might be inferred, therefore, that, as early as men began to call upon God in prayer, they began also to praise Him with music and song; and it is remarkable that, in the very chapter, Gen. iv., in which it is recorded, that "then began men to call upon the name of the Lord,"

we read of one who "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." There were music, then, and musical instruments, long before the flood; and doubtless they were employed in worship.

A few centuries after the flood, as in Gen. xxxi., songs and musical instruments are spoken of, as if they were in common use. All nations, also, from the earliest times of their history, have associated music with their worship. There is no way to account for this, but to presume that it was enjoined in the first revelations of God to men. One of the earliest of the songs of Israel on record, is that which they sung on the shore of the Red Sea:—Exod. xv., "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying,

'I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation.'

* * * * *

"And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances. And Miriam answered them,

'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'"

From this time onward music was cultivated among the Hebrews. In the days of the Judges we read of schools, or colleges of the prophets, one part of the design of which was to train up persons to sing praises, both vocally and with various instruments. In the first book of Samuel there is described a company of these prophets, who came down from the hill where their school was, prophesying with the psaltry, the tabret, and the harp. In the days of King David, music was carried to a still greater height, and reduced to a more regular system. Great numbers of singing men and singing women were employed. For the service of the tabernacle, he appointed four thousand Levites, who were divided into twenty-four classes, and marshaled under as many leaders, and whose business it was to sing and to perform instrumental music in public worship.

The one hundred and fifty psalms also, which are recorded in the Old Testament, are all adapted to be sung. Concerning many of them, we are expressly told on what occasions they were performed, and with what instruments they were accompanied. These show how prominent a place was assigned to music in the Jewish worship. And it is not usage only that establishes the ordinance of music as a part of worship, under the law. It is often expressly enjoined, as in the case of the 105th Psalm, which David gave into the hands of Asaph and his brethren to sing.

LOVE THAT DIETH NOT.

Love not alone the gay,
  The beautiful, the bright;
For youth will fade away,
  Like day-beams into night.
But love the heart that's pure,
  How plain soe'er the face;
Such love will long endure,
  Such love cannot debase.

Love not alone on earth
  Those transient things of life,
Who like the rainbow's birth
  Soon fade 'midst shadowy strife;
But love the power that made
  All that to man is given,
Whose spirit doth pervade
  The universal heaven.

Love all things, great and small,
  From man to tiny flower;
Created they were all
  By an Almighty power,
For "God is Love" we know.
  Whate'er may be our lot
In life, then, let us sow
  The Love that dieth not.

THE MINSTREL OF JUDEA.

BY FRANCES A. FULLER.

When was a harp ever attuned like thine,
  Oh, Prophet-minstrel of a chosen tribe!
Thou hadst the inspiration all divine;
  And from the scrolls of Angels couldst transcribe
The burden of their songs, and catch the tone
  Of the archangels' voices, whose rapt fire
Breathed through thy lofty strains, until the throne
  Of the Eternal echoed to thy lyre.

I see thee, Poet-king of Israel,
  Thy brow uplifted, and thy royal hand
Making thy golden harp's melodious swell
  Sweep through thy kingly halls in anthems grand.
I hear thy "Praise ye the Lord" roll along
  The vaulted chambers, till the swaying air,
Sweeping the echoes in a cloud of song,
  Murmurs out, "Praise the Lord," in music rare.

"O, make a joyful noise unto the Lord;
  Make a loud noise, and rejoice and sing praise;
Blessed are they that put their trust in His word.
  Let the sea, and all that therein is, raise
The sound of rejoicing; and let the floods
  Clap their hands; let the mountains rejoice:
Praise him, oh earth; praise him, ye fields and woods;
  Praise him, all ye nations, with a loud voice!"

Grand was the theme, and eloquently sung,
  Worthy of Prophet, Poet, Priest, and King;
Never has harp with such a burden sung,
  Never such song was minstrel used to sing.
Not the poor fount upon Parnassus' height,
  Nor fabled powers, can such a gift bestow;
Heaven's sacred fire alone the soul can light
  To such a splendid and transcendent glow.

The glory of great deeds rests on thy name;
  The beauty of thy holiness is made
To gild with brighter hues thy kingly fame,
  And crown with double reverence thy head.
Poet of Israel! thy songs awake
  The slumbering worship in our stagnant souls;
And from our lips, "Praise ye the Lord," *will* break,
  As through our hearts the holy anthem rolls.

POLYNESIAN MELODIES AND AUTOGRAPHS,

OR, THE INTERCEPTED ECHOES OF LOVE.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

"In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal."

THE first teacher of the Hawaiian College at Lahainaluna, Maui, Sandwich Islands, has in possession a mass of old Hawaiian *Meles* (Songs) which he gathered and wrote down with much care from the mouths of natives. They are somewhat after the old style of the old Greek Rhapsodists, and they are said, by competent judges who have seen them in manuscript, to be good specimens of the decent sort of unwritten Hawaiian Literature, containing the curious jumble of Hawaiian mythology, and all the Norse-like fables of their giant kings and gods. But like the talk of Gratiano in the Play, it is all an infinite deal of confused nonsense and nothing. All that's worth preserving is as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

A later *mele*, on the creation, by Ke-Kupuohi, an old chief woman of Hawaii, composed after hearing read, for the first time, the first chapter of Genesis, Mr. Andrews has translated, as follows:—

A MELE ON THE CREATION.

God breathed into the empty space,
And widely spread his power forth,
The spirit flying, hovered o'er;
A spirit 'tis, a shadow of what is good,
A *shadow of heaven* is the Holy Spirit.

His power grasped the moveable, it was fast,
Fast was the separating mass, lest it should move;
It moved not, God made it fast:
It was fast by the power of His will.

The earth became embodied,
The islands also rose, they rose to view,
The land was bare of verdure,
And desolate the earth.
'Twas earth alone;
Earth also was man,
'Twas God that made him,
By him also were all things made.

He caused to grow the verdure;
The earth was decked with beauty,
He adorned with flower, the shrubs.
Beautiful was the earth
From the hand of God.

God made this wide-extended heaven;
He made the heavens, long, long ago;
He established the heavens a dwelling-place;
He dwelt alone, Jehovah by himself,
The Spirit with him.

His power created multitudes,
Thousands, myriads, numberless,
Until the heaven was full, and full the earth;
Filled with righteousness, with power, with goodness,
With glory, with holiness, with mercy;
Great were all his works.

Through God's abounding goodness,
Vast are the extended heavens,
Great are the heavens and the earth,
Great are the mountains, and the sea;
The work of God alone,
And his alone the power.

He fixed the sun his place;
But the islands moved, moved the islands,
With sudden, noiseless, silent speed;
We see not his skillful work,
God is the great support that holds the earth.

The following is by the same woman, who was one of the wives of Kalainopu, the reigning King of Hawaii, when the island was first visited by Capt. Cook. When she composed it she was on a visit to Mr. Ruggles, at Kuapehu, where there was growing a luxuriant grape-vine, which was the occasion of this mele. The fragment of it that follows, is a good specimen of the old Hawaiian poetry Christianized, and suggested probably to the mind of this ancient survivor of heathenism, by the New Testament figure of Christ as the true vine:

Once only hath that appeared which is glorious;
It is wonderful, it is altogether holy;
It is a blooming glory; its nature is unwithering;
Rare is its stock, most singular, unrivaled,

One only true vine. It is the Lord.
The branch that adheres to it becomes fruitful;
The fruit comes forth *fruit;* it is good fruit,
Whence its character is clearly made known.
Let the branch, purely making fair show, be cut off,
Lest the stock should be injuriously encumbered;
Lest it be also by it wrongfully burdened.

One of the graduates of the Lahainaluna Seminary wrote an ode, a sort of funeral elegy, on the death of a son of Dr. Judd, a translation of which is inserted in Mr. Jarves' History of the Sandwich Islands, that is truly touching and beautiful. Some others have occasionally appeared elsewhere that possess considerable merit. I have been not a little amused with perusing some intercepted letters that passed at one time between sundry lads of the Lahainaluna Seminary and certain of the lasses of Lahaina. They are too good specimens of the Hawaiian madrigal, and of an Hawaiian's sensibility to love, to pass unnoticed. Anacreon himself certainly never did better in an ode to his mistress. We transcribe some extracts, taken down as Rev. Mr. Alexander, the missionary teacher, was interpreting them for our amusement. The first is from one of the damsels of Lahaina, to her lover, up at the Seminary.

Love to you, who speakest sweetly, whom I did kiss. My warm affections go out to you with your love. My mind is oppressed in consequence of not having seen you these times. Much affection for thee dwelling there where the sun causeth the head to ache. Pity for thee in returning to your house, destitute as you supposed. I and she went to the place where we had sat in the meeting house, and said she, let us weep So we two wept for you. And we conversed about you.

We went to bathe in the bread-fruit yard: the wind blew softly from Lahainaluna, and your image came down with it. We wept for you. Thou only art our food when we are hungry. We are satisfied with your love.

It is better to conceal this; and lest dogs should prowl after it, and it should be found out, when you have read this letter, tear it up

FROM ONE OF THE LADS, BOKI.

Love to thee, thou daughter of the Pandanus of Lanahuli. Thou *hina hina,** which declarest the divisions of the wind. Thou cloudless sun of the noon.—Thou most precious of the daughters of the earth.—Thou beauty of the clear nights of Lehua.—Thou refreshing fountain of Keipi.—Love to thee, Oh Pomare, thou royal woman of the Pacific here. Thou art glorious with ribands flying gracefully in the gentle breeze of Puna. Where art thou, my beloved, who art anointed with the fragrance of glory! Much love to thee, who dost draw out my soul as thou dwellest in the shady bread-fruits of Lahaina. O thou who art joined to my affection, who art knit to me in the hot days of Lahainaluna.

Hark! when I returned great was my love. I was overwhelmed with love like one drowning. When I lay down to sleep I could not sleep; my mind floated after thee. Like the strong South wind of Lahaina, such is the strength of my love to thee, when it comes. Hear me; at the time the bell rings for meeting on Wednesday, great was my love to you. I dropped my hoe and ran away from my work. I secretly ran to the stream of water, and there I wept for my love to thee. Hearken—my love resembles the cold water far inland. Forsake not thou this our love. Keep it quietly, as I do keep it quietly here.

A THIRD FROM ONE OF THE STUDENTS.

Love to thee, by reason of whom my heart sleeps not night nor day, all the days of my dwelling here. O thou beautiful one, for whom my love shall never cease. Here also is this—at the time I heard you were going to Wailuku, I was enveloped in exceeding great love. And when I heard you had really gone, great was my regret for you, and exceeding great my love. My appearance was like a sick person who cannot answer when spoken to. I would not go down to the sea again, because I supposed you had not returned. I feared lest I should see all the places where you and I had conversed together, and walked together, and I should fall in the streets on account of the greatness of my love to you. I however did go down, and I was continually longing with love to you. Your father said to me, won't you eat with us? I refused, saying I was full. But the truth was I had eaten nothing. My great love to you, that was the thing which could alone satisfy me. Presently, however, I went to the place of K——, and there I heard you had arrived. I was a little refreshed by hearing this. But my eyes still hung down. I longed to see you, but could not find you, though I waited till dark. Now, while I am writing, my tears are dropping down for you; now my tears are my friends, and my affection to you, O thou who wilt forever be loved. Here also is this: consent thou to my desire, and write me, that I may know your love. My love to thee is great, thou splendid flower of Lanakahula.

* Supposed to mean a beautiful flower that grows on the *tops of the mountains, where the sea and land breezes meet.*

Now we have no hesitation in saying that these love-lorn products of Lahainaluna and Lahainalalo, meant for the eye of the loved alone, but accidentally brought to my inspection, will compare favorably with many a sonnet, of world-wide notoriety,

"Made to his mistress's eyebrow,"

by the poet-lover, in lands of chivalry and song. These are the strictly natural, unsophisticated, and therefore by no means silly effusions of the youthful Hawaiian mind under the liquescent process of that almost universal mental solvent, of which Coleridge says,

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to make such a use of intercepted Hawaiian madrigals, but they will have interest for the curious and the philosophic, as well as for the swelling heart of youth, because they prove, if nothing else, how the human mind, under the sway of the passion of Love, as well as under the teachings of Religion, expresses itself after the same way, and evinces the same phenomena, whether in polite Greek, or protean English, or simple Hawaiian.

Let us now compare with these, *sui generis*, specimens of Cupid's Epistolography at the Sandwich Islands, the following epistle from the same part of the world to the writer of this paper, elicited by only the ordinary sentiments of sincere friendship, and perhaps Christian esteem.

HILO, HAWAII.

Love to you, Mr. C——. Great is our love to you, in consequence of our dwelling together so pleasantly at Hilo here. Therefore, for our love to you, we have made a *palule* for you.

We remember all your words, and your commands. It is our mind to keep them all.

This also.—We are living together pleasantly and in peace, we school-girls of Mrs. Coan. If you should hear we are doing those things which are not right, then your heart would be heavy.

This also.—We remember our pleasant walks with you in Hilo.

Will you pray much that we may live in the peace (literally cool shade) of our Lord?

By the waves and the winds of the ocean is borne this our thought of love to thee.

From the Girls of the Boarding School at Hilo
By me, KALAHA.

Could anything be more interesting than such ingenuous, child-like, workings of the native Polynesian mind, in the first generation after it has come forth in its grave clothes, as it were, out of the utter darkness of heathenism? The course of Divine Providence and grace, in the regeneration of the Sandwich Islands, is a subject for adoring wonder, gratitude and praise; and the developments of the intellect, as well as of the resources of the Islands under the benignant, productive, yea, creative influences of the Gospel, should be matter of deepest interest, even to the mere philosopher. It was concerning one of those new-created Hawaiian minds, Kapiolani by name, that Carlyle tells this story in his characteristic quaint way, in the course of one of his volumes of Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: "A certain Queen in some South Sea Island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, 'My faithful people, the gods do not dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning mountain — mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the utmost, and stand the consequences!' She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment; and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since. Honor to the brave, who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!"

A THOUGHT.

"GOD wills but ill," the doubter said—
"Lo, time doth evil only bear;
Give me a sign His love to prove—
His vaunted goodness to declare."

The poet paused by where a flower,
A simple daisy, starred the sod,
And answered, "Proof of love and power—
Behold—behold a smile of God."

THE DEAD.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

I.

The dead! the dead!
What perfumes on our souls they shed,
Whene'er their hallowed memories come,
Like breezes from some garden-bed
That bloomed beside our childhood's home—
Yet, ah! like perfumes are they fled!
The dead! the dead!

II.

The dead! the dead!
Their voices whisper as we tread
The forest's depths where Nature's tones
Are sounded gently overhead.
In strains of birds and zephyr's moans,
Repeating loving words they said—
The dead! the dead!

III.

The dead! the dead!
Their counsels, full of love, are read
On fibrous leaves, and rippled streams;
Their smiles are seen where flowerets wed
In brightest garb the blushing beams,
Above their silent earthly bed—
The dead! the dead!

IV.

The dead! the dead!
Alas! how oft our hearts have bled
To think of them as early lost,
Ere summer's richest fruits had shed
Its blessings in the place of frost
Upon each dearly cherished head—
The dead! the dead!

V.

The dead! the dead!
What sorrows in our hearts are bred,
When standing in the crowded place,
Where on the marble slab are read
Familiar names we love to trace,
Whose web of life hath lost each thread—
The dead! the dead!

VI.

The dead! the dead!
By them our weary thoughts are led
At daylight's close to yonder shore,
Where we shall meet them, when are sped
The moments that return no more
To bid us weep in tears oft shed—
The dead! the dead!

LILIAN'S EPITAPH.

Thou hast been and thou hast fled,
Rose,—sweet rose,—
Budded—flushed and, ah! art dead,
Rose,—sweet rose,—
Yet oblivion may not kill
Dreams of thee, our thoughts that fill,
And for us thou'rt blooming still,
Rose,—sweet rose.

Breathing rose, nor might'st thou stay,
Rose,—sweet rose,—
Thou too, woe! hast passed away,
Rose,—sweet rose,—
Yet though death had heart to sever
Life and thee, thou'rt from us never—
No—in thought thou'rt with us ever,
Rose,—sweet rose.

SHELLEY AND COWPER.

If antiquity of origin imparts a dignity to any institution, as a long line of ancestry confers a patent of nobility, poetry may claim and assert a right to be a genuine aristocratical art. Science and philosophy, in every successive age, have given birth to some new invention or discovery which the next race of *savans* have exploded. The nursing fathers of the public mind have ever and anon presented it with toys and gewgaws suitable for its amusement, which it invariably, like an overgrown baby, broke or cast aside as it was bidden. Every practical art, or speculative opinion, has changed its substance and its form. The mind has changed; the heart alone remains the same; and so the muse of poetry has painted its feelings, its passions, its sufferings—despair, grief, and agony—remorse, ambition, pride, jealousy, hatred, and revenge—thus forming a record where each man may peruse the history of himself—a study at all times replete with useful instruction. It is true there have been poets base enough to idolize and invest with impious honors the imperial destroyers of mankind, and who have made the abomination of lordly debauchees the theme of their laudations—who have pointed the arrows of wit against virtue, and lent to vice all the defensive armor that fancy, imagination, genius, or talent could supply. And others, who have perverted the spiritual essence into a dark and wild philosophy, that, like the upas-tree, shakes from every leaf a deadly mental poison—who have wielded the *ægis* of intellect and genius only to unfix the columns of a world's belief—and the winged omniscience of thought, to devastate and darken the hopes of mankind.

But happily for society, the skeptical poets are not a numerous race; and, generally speaking, in all save the intention, the effect of their works on the popular mind is innocuous. We deny not that here or there an artisan or a peasant may read and understand the terrible delineations of Shelley, for instance, and, through the veil of filmy incense, shaken from the censer of his rich poetry, discern and adopt his mystical abstractions—yet, we are emboldened to say that, to the majority of the classes, they are equally intelligible with the cabala, the sybilline leaves, or the maxims of Confucius.

Like those of Cowper, the works of Shelley are the converse of his life and manners. Known and pronounced by one who little prized such renown, a "perfect gentleman," he was never known, even in jest, to give utterance to a falsehood. Happy in the possession of plenty, if not of affluence, his charity was unconstrained; with few afflictions to embitter his domestic hearth, blessed with elastic health and buoyant spirits, the world presented no scene in which he could not find enjoyment. With a temperament almost ethereal, he recoiled from the commission of any grossness, sensuality, cruelty, or riot. How strange and anomalous is it, then, to find him searching out from the deep archives of fabulous mythology the traditionary gods of the ancients, and in his glowing pages, with all the power of more than mortal intellect, wielding them as arguments against all religion. Equally inscrutable is it to find him, whose ample knowledge of man's history could so easily have furnished him with traits of virtuous love and heroic patriotism—feelings to which his nature seem to lean, judging from his life and deportment—portraying, instead of these, the most unnatural crimes—incest, parricide, murder, avarice, cruelty, and revenge—in the most impassioned language, and with all the varied imagery that the earth, the ocean, or the heavens could suggest. We cannot contradict the biographers of Shelley, when they represent him as contributing to the relief of misery—as humane, refined, and generous; still it accords not with these characteristics, to represent mankind as a band of bold usurping villains on the one hand, and pusillanimous knaves on the other; neither can we conceive that virtue can be promoted by the austere and gloomy dogmas of universal skepticism. We rise from the perusal of Shelley's poems with a sensation of terror. The spell of a fearful enchanter has been around us—ghostly shapes have glared upon us—we have floated on a midnight sea of gathered iniquities—we have strode amidst the hoarded crimes of ages—we have sat at a feast of spectres, whose fleshless limbs and shapeless sculls, the purpled robe and jeweled tiara of poetry could not conceal—we have reveled with demons dancing to the music of human groans—we have sailed down a steep and

roaring torrent of triumphant vice, banked and bordered with the richest gems and rarest flowers of poetry; but amidst the glorious umbrage, the green and golden foliage, the shriek of violated innocence is heard, the fiery scowl of lust is seen, and the dark red hand of murder waters its verdure with the blood of hecatombs of victims; we have slept on the floor of a magnificent temple, and in our dreams the faith of our fathers and our own has been cast away, the holiest rites derided, the most hallowed and sacred things profaned; discord mingles with harmony, confusion with order, and hirsute deformity with symmetrical beauty—

> "Whilst Hope's fair brow grows dark with treach'ry's scowl,
> And pity sings the anthem of despair,
> And mercy turn'd to vengeance seems to howl
> The 'best of slaughter from the 'place of prayer.'"

On awakening from this fear-fraught dream, in the lurid darkness of which frightful influences have haunted and oppressed us, we hasten to resume our fellowship with humanity, and "unthread the rude eye of rebellion, and welcome back again discarded *faith*," in the calm amenities of good, homely Cowper. The poetic thunder of Shelley scares peace from the human breast—the placid murmur of Cowper's "Helicon" lures it back, like a bird that has been chased from its eyrie. The muse of Shelley, like an eagle, soars against the sun, cleaves the thunder-cloud, and defies Omnipotence; that of Cowper cowers in the shade, seeks the solitude of the vale, and bends to the decrees of Providence. In the one, passion rages like a tornado, and withers like the simoom—in the other, it but chafes like a summer gale, or the fitful blast of autumn. In that, there is the concentrated radiance of the sun at noon mingling tower and rock, wood and mount, in one intolerable blaze of dazzling refulgence; in this, there is the serene mellowness of a summer eve, where all is fair, and fresh, and soothing. Shelley climbs the mountain, fires the midnight beacon, and unrolls in its light an awful history of moral turpitude, and proclaims, amidst the fanfare of the elements, the black catalogue of mankind's crimes. Cowper seeks out the lonely glen, sits by the cottage hearth, sympathizes with the feelings, and records the virtues of the domestic circle. The one luxuriates in the groves of Italy, and throws the gilding rays of his genius, like ruby glories, over her perfumed vineyards and her olive plains; the other sheds a halo on the yellow fields and green woodlands of his rural home, finds out its nameless sunny spots, its sequestered nooks, and knows *every bird that sings* amongst its wildwoods, and every stream and brook that makes music in its valleys.

Shelley, with presumptuous finger, points to the destiny of man, mingles in the councils of fate, and arraigns the justice of the Eternal—takes from vice the corrective dread of future punishment—robs virtue of her garland of hope, and confirms the skeptic in his impious unbelief. Cowper, with a devoutness distinct and severed from that scowling fanaticism which arrogates a monopoly of divine favor, and imbued with a pity unallied to that partisan zeal, which, with intolerant pride, denounces as heretical every creed save its own—invests man with the grandest heritage of heaven, an immortality of existence, and humbly, but with fervor, asserts the being of a God. For it is the brightest gem in his poetic diadem, that in his works he taught unbounded faith, unextinguishable hope, and all-embracing charity; faith in the existence of the Deity, hope in his grace, and charity like His—universal love to all mankind. Although the hope he taught dwelt not within his own bosom, for "at times, alas! not in his perfect mind," he wrapped himself in the clouds of irremediable despair, and in the end maddened and died, and "gave no sign."

Shelley having, with an angel's arm, troubled, without cleansing, the waters of corruption, won a fame that filled the earth, and just when that fame was highest, died amidst the waves of the lonely ocean. Cowper, with the fervor of a prophet, and the boldness of a patriot, rebuked vice and denounced oppression. With an aim more noble, though with a power less mighty, he warned the guilty and encouraged the good; and the laurels of renown he sought and received, were more those of the Christian and patriot than those of the poet. His whole life was pure and blameless; it had been a drama where nothing immoral or profane was enacted; and the curtain fell on his dying scene in a perfect atmosphere of pious sorrow, true friendship, and unfeigned love. Here this briefly-sketched comparison must end; beyond the veil that shrouds the future we strive not to look; it is as little our inclination as it is our province to speak of the destiny of either; in the place that knows no change they themselves are mute, and "a very little time will make us learned as they are, and as silent."

The poetry of Cowper ministers to a high and ennobling religion; a strain of lofty devotion permeates all his works. His numbers may be less musical than those of Pope, but they are less effeminate; they have not the classical smoothness and elaborate polish of Campbell, but they

are equally full of fire, and vigor, and truthfulness. He could not stop to weigh and balance his words, and range his syllables like trim battalions, or prune and clip his sentences like a hawthorn hedge, when the cause of freedom and religion called him to encounter vice, slavery, and impiety. Still we find that when the subject is of a solemn aspect, his words are grave and stately; if of a cheerful nature, they are sprightly; if pathetic, they are plaintive also; and above all, when he advocates the cause of the oppressed, they ring like a trumpet call; and, in denouncing the oppressor, they burn like incense on the altar of freedom.

Cowper makes every subject he treats of subservient to piety, yet that piety has no sullen disdain of the accessories of poetry. It worships in a temple whose altar is the cloud-crested mountain, and the floor of which the hand of nature has strewn with flowers of surpassing beauty. It scorns not to read its homilies from a book that can neither be abridged nor interpolated—the ample and illuminated missal of universal nature. It makes the sun the type of that bounty in which there is "no variableness nor shadow of turning." It sees in the moon's benign aspect an emblem of peace—

> "When on the extreme of heav'n's blue verge
> The empress orb is sailing,
> Like a silver bark, with a freight of peace,
> To a world of war and wailing."

And when her rays, like the gentle pleading of a sinless child, soothe the surliness of winter, and tranquilly watch over the repose of nature, piety sees reflected on her benign face the serene splendor of heaven, whilst

> "The stars in their unfading brilliance throned,
> Suggest dread thoughts of realms that lie beyond."

To poetry such as Cowper's, the sea in its majestic placidity, when her soilless bosom undulates like the respirations of slumbering innocence, is an image of eternal rest; and when tempest-beaten, until the "yeasty waves confound and swallow navigation up," it speaks in terrible magnificence of His sublime power that bids it roar or makes its roaring cease. But let him speak for himself—

> "Happy if full of days—but happier far,
> If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
> Sick of the service of a world that feeds
> Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
> We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
> To serve the sov'reign we were born to obey.
> Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
> (Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
> * * * *
> Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
> Far as the faculty can stretch away,
> Ten thousand rivers pour'd at his command
> From urns that never fail, through every land;
> These, like a deluge with impetuous force,
> Those winding modestly a silent course;
> The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales;
> Seas, on which every nation spreads her sails,
> The sun, a world, whence other worlds drink light;
> The crescent moon, the diadem of night;
> Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
> Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space—
> At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
> And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
> These are thy glorious works, thou source of good!
> How dimly seen, how faintly understood!

As a moral instructor, Cowper stands pre-eminent. In his highest effusions we are taught to love the pure and the beautiful, to admire and imitate the virtuous, and to pity but avoid the vicious. The purifying exaltation given to the mind by a perusal of any one of the divisions of the "Task" is calculated to outlive many of the lessons of those who teach the "ideas how to shoot" with grammatical exactness, and all the precision of the mathematics. And moreover, there is a happy confidence within us, whilst engaged in this study, that he who thus delights, instructs, and amuses us, enjoyed as much pleasure in his "Task" as we do in its teachings. Conceive one who, although uninstructed, yet feels an impulsive longing for something superior to, and beyond, the narrow sphere that bounds, and the degrading objects that beset him. In this mood let him sit down for the first time, perchance, to the humanizing volumes of the poet we are now recommending, and with the chastened philosophy, the warm affection, the dignified benevolence, the kind but firm expostulations, the sweetly natural descriptions, the neophyte's heart expands, his imagination brightens, his judgment is captivated. Formerly, like the Cymon of old John Dryden, he roamed in rustic clumsiness, "and whistled as he went, for want of thought." Anon, he discovers this sleeping "Ephegenia," this beauty in repose, and his soul assumes a port and bearing equal to the sentiments it has received. Nature, that source of sweet as well as sublime emotions, affords him unwonted pleasure, and every thought attunes itself to the seasons; hope and love come with the mild coyness of spring, and in the matronly maturity of summer he reads the handwriting of the world's Preserver.

> "And when ye gurly blasts doth bellow
> O'er woods yclad in russet yellow,"

and the forest giants, like strong wrestlers stripping for the contest, fling off their summer robes

to combat the tempest, or, like stout ships that furl their sails and present their bare masts to the fury of the storm, they give only their bare arms to the gale, he applauds their stern hardihood, and, like them, summons resolution to battle with the storms of life. Amidst the very bleakest hour of winter's reign, when the howl of the wind is like a demon's anthem, he will find all the appliances of instruction in the pages of Cowper. It is there, also, that the patriot will find his love of liberty informed, regulated, and encouraged by the assertion of sound and sterling principles, honest and manly sentiments; but no demagoguism, no furious mob-rant or *sans-cullottes* declamation, mars the effect of his eloquence, when, with prophetic fire, he hurls his anticipatory anathema on that quintessence of coward despotism, the Bastile of France. The swelling indignation with which he apostrophizes that hold and heart of slavery, is not surpassed by anything in his own, and rarely in that of any other author's works, if we except the pealing notes of Byron, when he "stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;" and even in his lines there is perhaps too much of the cornelian polish to make them the index of true feeling:—

"Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old,
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastile
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts!
Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied, from age to age,
With music, such as suit their sov'reign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To think that ye had fall'n at last; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he who values Liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds: her cause engages him
Whenever pleaded—'tis the cause of man."

Then follows a heart-harrowing picture of a pining captive, "cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape," in the dull cold monotony of his living burial-place, counting the hour-bell and expecting no change—reading the sad biography of his predecessors on the bare and mouldy walls—taming the plethoric and bloated spider for amusement, or numbering the embossments of his iron door for recreation—the whole ending in a burst of fine poetic feeling too long for transcription, but with which we trust few readers are unacquainted. As a promoter of the great objects to which this publication is dedicated, Cowper has peculiar claims to our respect, esteem, and admiration. He who tunes his harp in laudation of piety, truth, and individual morality, cannot fail to advance popular freedom.

STANZAS IN DEJECTION.

THINK of those days, when Life was fresh and young,
When all looked bright to our enraptured gaze;
When, like the Lark, our Hope still upward sprung!
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, thrilling with delight,
We first perused the poet's deathless lays,
Confessed the sway of Genius, and its might;
Think of those days!

Think of those days, when every friend we deemed
Candid in censure, generous in praise,
When naught of coldness or deceit we dreamed;
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, naught of sordid cares
Knowing, their mention chilled us with amaze;
When Grief's fell power we owned not—nor Despair's—
Think of those days!

Think of those days, when Death to us appeared
A name—a shadow that eludes the gaze—
A thing to be believed in, not be feared—
Think of those days!

Think of those days! Alas! the words are vain;
We cannot call back years and youthful ways.
Life draws us onward in a darkening train—
Farewell, bright days!

GLANCES THROUGH SCRIPTURE VISTAS.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

I. EDEN-LIFE.

THE morning stars sang together!

There was light and glory through the universe; yet one system lay still, lifeless, and dark in the wonderful of space. The Angels looked upon it and were mute, 'till God said, "Let there be light."

Then the great sun, hanging black and huge in the centre of the new system, brightened upon the eyes of the gold-winged throng—brightened—shone—dazzled! Faint and soft, at first, as the fartherest star; then like the glory of their own folded wings—then bursting and burning into magnificence of light!

The angels swelled an anthem of wonder and joy!

Revealed in the warm splendor of the sun, before them lay the system of new worlds—pure, beautiful, and lovely—charmed by the spell of the first radiance of their light.

They asked a name for one fair planet, and shouted it admiringly to other stars—Earth! Earth!

They looked upon its grandeur and its beauty—music, eloquence, and bloom. And while they looked, a MAN stood in his princely majesty, alone within the loveliest place of earth. Perfume floated in the morning air; leaves glistened and waved in the swaying foliage above his head; waves sparkled along the river that murmured before him; blossoms grew around his feet. With one white hand he pushed the flowing hair from his manly forehead, and glanced out upon this beauty and this mystery with his bright, dark, eloquent eyes.

Surprise was in his attitude, happiness in his expression. The wonder of life was being revealed to him.

All the loveliness of the world was embodied in his natural beauty—the grace of motion—the radiance of light—the sweetness of music; and to these were added his chief gift—his fearful, glorious gift of Intellect.

In this there were two principles—Love and Hate.

From these two, every passion, and emotion, and power, making men wonderful, sublime, and terrible, sprung forth. These two were Life and Death—and Hate was the Will of man, and Love was the Spirit.

Now as he stood there, Hate slumbered in his bosom—Love woke to life and made happiness through his heart—a trembling, deep, and thrilling happiness; that grew more and more perfect, and developed within him—whose spell was unbroken and lengthened when the beautiful first woman stood in blushing radiance within his arms—whose power was absolute until the fatal Hate, taking the serpent form, struggled with the spiritual Dove.

Then the Paradise was no more—man went forth, taking the serpent and the dove with him—and they struggled forever in his bosom—struggled—struggled forever!

II. CAIN'S MARRIAGE.

There were many brave men and beautiful maidens dwelling east of Eden in the land of Nod.

The young men tilled the ground with cheerfulness and joy—the sweat was on their brows, but hope and love were in their hearts. And the dear maidens, walking in their blushing loveliness, brought sparkling water and fresh fruit to the weary laborers. It was an entrancing sight, the broad, fair fields, rich with the rustling grain and waving vines; with the reapers resting beneath cool, musical trees, their glad gaze following the graceful forms gliding here and there; with white arms upbearing the noon-tide meal, and shining hair floating, and fair feet glancing, and bright smiles glowing, and loving eyes darkling, and sweet words flowing!—a brave, entrancing sight; when the creation was yet new, and the crimson of roses, the gold of clouds, the blue of heaven, and the sparkle of streams were all in the freshness of their first beauty.

There was ONE among the number of young men who never went with them to the river-side—never danced with them in the forest shade—never sung with them the praises of the Creator—never gathered with them the purple grapes to toss unto the laughing maidens! Alone he

reaped and garnered—in solitude he drank and ate. No blushing and bright creature, with a hesitating step and drooping glance, brought to him the basket of fruit, wreathed with the lilies of the field—no white arms lured him to the bewildering dance—he played no rustic reel at the twilight hour—he breathed no tenderness upon a burning and soft cheek.

Alone in the midst of many—dark in the midst of brightness—and in the midst of gladness—CAIN, the murderer and the accursed, dwelt in the land of Nod.

Was there none among that happy and beautiful nation, in whose young heaving breast pity and charity mingled with love, to soften the curse of the unhappy man, who wore the burning mark upon his blighted and blackened brow?

One golden day Cain left his toil, and flung himself upon the roses blooming on the bank of the river, into whose concealing depths, years before, he had thrown the lifeless form of his young brother. He looked across upon the beautiful and desolated garden of Eden, and the bitterness of his soul groaned within him; he buried his dark face on the earth, and lay like a writhing worm.

Through the deafness of his wretchedness a sweet voice stole upon his ear; through the madness of despair it came with its mission of mercy.

Cain arose to his feet, and the first gleam of hope lightened through his aching eyes, as they rested upon the young girl standing before him, timidly presenting the noon-tide meal.

She was the first woman who had ever done for him this grateful deed. Hitherto he had not dared hardly to turn his longing gaze to the fair beings thronging around his blessed fellow-men. It had been his fate to toil without reward—his punishment, to till the ground and find it stony—to reap the grain, and find it turned to tares—to garner fruit, and find it with an ashen core.

Holding the slight basket, woven with simple skill by her own dainty fingers, extended by the trembling hand, Adah, the young grape-gatherer, stood in his shunned presence.

The brown lashes quivered upon her cheeks, and blushes crimsoned her spiritual young forehead. Eagerly Cain read the expression of that beautiful face. What emotion could agitate that white throbbing bosom? Was it fear? was it—he dared not hope; but the dark passions of his nature died away, and tremblingly, wildly, he leaned toward her, taking not the offered meal, but gazing with a fervid and intense gaze upon the maiden's face.

Hurriedly she raised her tearful eyes to his, and dropped their glance again; but in their deep expression he had read more than he dared to hope—pity, and mercy, and tenderness, and the boundless wealth of gentle and entire devotion.

She had turned from the proud, and the beautiful, and happy, to soothe the sorrow of his destiny. With the heart of love which woman ever since has proved, her affection was the more tender and great because of his misfortune. She had turned away long before from the smiles of her companions, to watch through the distance the desolate object of her love—and at length she had ventured to follow the promptings of her merciful and passionate spirit.

Radiant with the light of this beautiful devotion, and trembling at the intensity of her own emotions—blushing with the thrill of youthful feeling, again she raised those tearful and pleading eyes. Cain took the basket from her hand, and set it amid the roses.

It was true!—*he was beloved!* His sudden hope was not a mocking. His joy was too powerful to allow of speech—he extended his arms, and in a moment the young maiden lay sobbing on his bosom. His frame shook and quivered with powerful feeling as he clasped her close, close to his dark, heaving heart. And when he grew more calm, he passed his hand tenderly, admiringly over her shining hair, and soft, pure forehead. Her beauty was a wonder and joy—her devotion was a bliss and holiness.

Like a delicate lily leaning its cheek on a burnt and blackened, and blasted tree, Adah lay on the bosom of Cain.

They were wedded.

And as the simple and solemn promises ended, a light, as if it were a ray from heaven, fell upon and warmed the heart of the outcast, and abode there forever. There was a golden lustre over the lilies, and a faint sparkle in the air, and a bright tint upon the western mist, and a gleam on the river, and a smile over Paradise. And this sweet glory fell from the golden wings of the invisible Dove hovering in the atmosphere around that beautiful marriage.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

BY REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., NEW LONDON, CT.

If language contains one word that should be familiar—one subject we should wish to understand—one end on which we should be bent—one blessing we should resolve to make our own—that word, that subject, that end, that blessing should be, in the broadest sense of the expression, *self-improvement*. This is alike the instinct of nature, the dictate of reason, the demand of religion. It is inwoven with all to which it is possible, either to aspire or to rise. It appeals to us as men—calling us to the highest and noblest end of man—reminding us that God's image is upon us, and that as men we may be great in every possible position of life. It tells us that the grandeur of our nature, if we will but improve it, turns to insignificance all outward distinctions; that our powers of knowing and feeling and loving—of perceiving the beautiful, the true, the right, the good—of knowing God, of acting on ourselves and on external nature, and on our fellow-beings—that these are glorious prerogatives, and that in them all there is no assignable limit to our progress. It reminds us that each one of us is a diamond; and that while, with cultivation, we may attain our highest value and most splendid perfection, without it we shall remain in our roughness, never disclosing our own beauty or worth, never reflecting the glorious light that God is pouring around us. It impresses the thought, that we have something to do for ourselves; that knowledge and wisdom are not to be *poured* into us, without effort on our part; that we are more than mere *receptacles;* that we are to reflect as well as read or hear, to ponder what may come before us, and to think for ourselves, and judge for ourselves whether it be right or wrong, and what may be its value and its uses. Books, lectures, social intercourse, appeals from without—these may rouse us to exertion, when without them we might have slumbered forever, unconscious of our own capacities; but they will be worse than useless if we rely on them alone, if we feel as if they were to *carry* us forward instead of rousing us to go ourselves; worse than useless if we do not *digest* what they bring before us, thus inweaving it, like food to the body, with our mental and moral life and growth. Depend upon any external means or aids without the exercise of our own powers, and we shall make them but as crutches to us, and ourselves intellectual and moral cripples, and when these are taken away, we shall fall by our own weight, and to our own injury.

Let us notice some of the means of self-improvement:—

1. We must feel that it is possible. Impossibility is the death of effort. But when a prize is before us, the possibility that it may be ours, should rouse us to the greater effort to grasp it. We are to feel then of self-cultivation, that it is not a dream, but that it has its foundation in our own natures; that others have made vast progress in it, and that we may do the same. We are not to permit our minds, like the caged-up eagle, to pine away and starve by being confined to that which is just about us and already ours; but we are to feel as a reality, that we may make progress to the very end of our being; that we may forever be growing in the high and inspiring consciousness of constant self-improvement. Faith in our own powers, and in the possibility of their growth—faith in the power of effort—faith in God's assistance, that he will ever help us if we help ourselves—this faith, living in the atmosphere of truth, and ever catching glimpses of a distant and divine perfection, will give wings to the soul, on which she may rise forever. We are to feel, then, as a first principle, that there is no limit to the range of our growth—no goal to the progress of the immortal spirit within us.

2. We are also to feel that self-cultivation is important. We are to feel that our dignity and usefulness, and influence and happiness, that our all is involved in it; that without it we are nothing; that with it we may be everything. Well hath the philosopher remarked of man, that "if he neglecteth himself, if he forgetteth the mighty spirit and the godlike soul within him, he stoopeth himself from the converse of angels, to the insects of a day, and the brutes that perish." And applicable to *all* is the remark made by the poet respecting *woman*, that when in her he thought he had found

"The fullness of that holy light.
That makes earth beautiful and bright,"

he has

——"turned and wept to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind."

3. We must resolve upon it. "Resolution," says another, "is omnipotent." And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities, and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but "seize upon and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort," we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it, even the weakest are mighty. Without it, we shall accomplish nothing; with it, everything. A man who is deeply in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pick-axe on the old seal: "Either I will find a way, or I will make one." He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied: "Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them." In self-cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able is almost to be so; to resolve to attain is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto: "*Higher—forever higher*," we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it; and so he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sum of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute—bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and at every moment; and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled "spectre ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind."

4. We are to go to it by degrees—with patient and persevering effort. Many, when circumstances have turned their attention to self-improvement, and while the glowing picture is before them, often make excellent and sometimes prodigious resolutions. But because they do not, as by a leap, at once become perfect, they are soon ready to give up the effort in despair. For such, *for all, it were* well to remember, that self-cultivation is a matter of slow progress, of patient and persevering effort, and that in little things, from day to day and from hour to hour. It is the fixed law of the universe, that little things are ever the elements—the parts of the great. The grass does not spring up full grown. It rises by an increase so noiseless and gentle, as not to disturb an angel's ear, and not to be seen by an angel's eye. The rain does not fall in masses, but in drops, or even in the breath-like moisture of the fine mist, as if the world were one vast condenser and God had breathed upon it. The planets do not leap from end to end of their orbits; but in their ever onward progress, inch by inch, and line by line, it is that they circle the heavens. And so with self-improvement. It is not a thing of fits, and impulses, and explosions, but of constant watchfulness, and patient and unwearied effort, and of gradual and ceaseless advancement. There is no royal road to it,—no vaulting to it by a leap. Like the wealth of the miser, it must be heaped up piece by piece; and then at length, like the wealth of the miser, it may almost be without limit. Like the coral reefs of the ocean, it must grow by small but constant additions: and then it will finally be like those reefs, admirable in all its parts, and rivaling the very mountains in size. Here is the secret of what are technically, and we had almost said nonsensically known as self-made men:—as if they had made themselves without means or opportunity; when the truth is, every one of them will be found, on investigation, to have improved all his time, to have made the most of every opportunity, to have been making effort, and of course making progress at every passing moment. "Never to have an idle moment," was the motto of one of this character, and probably of most like him.

5. We should reverence our own nature. We should remember that we were made for everything that is high, or noble, or excellent. We are to feel that our rational and immortal nature is worth more than all the material universe, and that we may make it worth far more than it now is. We are to feel that we are *men*, and that God's image is upon us; and we are to cultivate ourselves, because we are men, and because that image is upon us—because we are forever to exist, and because we may rise higher and shine brighter forever.

6. We should seek the intercourse of superior minds. Not that we should depend on those; for our own activity and effort are essential to our progress. But we should rouse, and inform, and stimulate our own minds by frequent contact and intercourse with those whose minds are superior to our own. Many such we may find in the

walks of every-day life, in the lecture-room, or the social circle. But especially may we have communion with the great, and the wise, and the good of every age, in books, where their voices echo to us down through the stillness of time. Here it is that we may hold converse with the mightiest minds of the past—with Milton, "in his glorious old age, when his thoughts, like the ravens of the prophet, brought him heavenly food;" and Shakspeare, with his lofty imaginings, and his deep knowledge of the human heart; and Bacon, with his profound and far-reaching thought, "like the old Greek poets, half sage and half seer;" and Cowper, with his sweet and tender instructions. And far more, here it is that the prophets, and apostles, and the Redeemer himself, are our companions; giving us their most precious thoughts—pouring their very souls into ours—making us the daily associates of the noblest, and wisest, and best, that earth has ever seen. By the habit of well-directed reading we may shut out the present bustling world; and, as by a touch of the resurrection, may wake up from our book-shelves the dead of every age, and gather them to our companionship and instruction. And this habit, if we will but cherish it, will ever be to us, not only a strong safeguard from folly and vice, and a source of the highest enjoyment, but the sure means of self-improvement. Nothing can supply the place of books. The wealth of the Indies should not tempt us to be without them. We should seek, then, not always those that the wise recommend, because *they* have found them good, but those that best waken and rivet our attention and interest; those that best unfold ourselves, and lead us to think, and rouse us to the consciousness of our own powers. We are not, however, to depend on books, but to exercise our own judgment freely and manfully upon all that comes before us. Self-culture no more demands the sacrifice of our judgment, than of our individuality. We are not to feel as if we were all to be cast into the same mould, and conformed to the same likeness; as if perfection could be the same to all. Each is to develope himself and perfect himself as he is, not as the imitator of others. And to do this, each must think for himself, and judge for himself, in all his readings. Otherwise, whatever the extent of his information, his character will be spiritless and tame, as if he were but a fragment of the mass, rather than an individual man. We should commune with thinkers, not to adopt all that they may say because they say it, but that we may learn to be thinkers too. In all our reading, we should cherish the art which is one of the highest attainments of self-cultivation—that of uniting that childlike docility which thankfully welcomes light from every human being who can give it, with the independent and manly rejection of every opinion which does not commend itself to our own deliberate judgment. Ever should we strengthen our reason by that of others, but never should we blindly bow to them, however high their talents or reputation. Ever should we be true—sacredly and firmly true to our own convictions; and then shall we be conscious of "a spiritual force, and independence and progress unknown to the vulgar, whether in high or low life, who march as they are drilled to the step of their times."

7. We must in all things and ever be intent upon it. We are not to feel, as we are too prone to do, that self-improvement is a thing of books and studies merely, but rather as something to be prosecuted everywhere; as if life, in its every aspect, and in its every contact with us, were the intended means to it. Every condition—every position and employment of life is, as already remarked, full of the means of progress, if we will but seize and use them. Our business, or reading, our social intercourse, our minglings with our fellow-men, our political relations and duties, our joys and sorrows, the aspects of nature, the movements of Providence, and the means of grace, all bear to us the elements and means of self-development and growth. And as the digestive system lays hold on every variety of food, and makes life out of it, so of all these things will the true spirit of self-cultivation lay hold, and use them as *its* food, and make out of *them* mental, and social, and moral life. It is said of Sir Walter Scott, that he never met with any one—even the most stupid servant that watered his horse by the way-side—from whom, in a few moments conversation, he did not learn something that he knew not before, and which was valuable to him. And of one of the most distinguished men of New England it is strikingly said, that "he went through life with his eyes and ears open," and that when asked how he obtained his immense information (which was such that he seemed to have almost an intuitive knowledge of every thing), he answered, that he "was ever attentive and watchful, and never ashamed to ask about that of which he was ignorant." This is the spirit—these the habits, that make the difference between the untutored savage, whether of the forest or of civilized life, and men like a Franklin, or a Bacon; and these, if they are ours, will make the sum total of life but the minister to our improvement, like the fabled touch of the Phrygian king, turning everything, even the sands of life, to gold.

8. We must look to God's truth—to Christianity—as the highest and noblest means of self-improvement. Never can we cultivate ourselves as we ought, unless we have respect to our entire nature—to our entire and endless existence. And in this light, as well for this world as for another, Christianity, viewed simply as a system of philosophy, is the highest, and noblest, and best principle of self-cultivation and improvement. No other system so shows us our defects, or holds before us a perfect standard, or gives us the rules and means of self-improvement, or points out its true ends, or inspires its motives. No other so meets the radical defect of our nature, that of our moral depravity, or offers us pardon and spiritual renovation and strength, and the sympathies and aids of God in every divine attempt. No other so chimes in with reason and conscience, and our best affections, all of which are with us in the work of self improvement. No other so holds us up from being weary in well-doing, and bears us onward from victory to victory, training us on earth for glory and honor, and immortality in the heavens, where, though perfect in nature and degree, we shall still, from our ever-expanding natures, be improving forever. No, it is but the voice of the highest, and purest, and noblest philosophy, which tells us, that never do we live worthily of our own nature till we are Christians—till we remember that we are *men*, and act as men, and *cultivate* ourselves as men, for God's service, and for our entire existence. Let us, then, lay hold on Christianity, on true views of our own nature, and of all our relations, as starting-points—as first principles in the work of self-cultivation; and then, in the confidence, and in the consciousness of progress, we shall become as it were new creatures. Aspiration shall ever be rising, and power ever be growing within us. Obstacles shall give way at our approach. A mighty and constant inspiration shall be upon us, and with the immortal Kepler, we shall be able sublimely to say: "*O Lord! thy thoughts I think—thy ways I follow.*" Self-improvement we shall feel to be whatever is larger than ourselves, whatever is higher, and nobler, and better. And for all this we shall ever be panting—to all this we shall ever be pressing onward. The ceaseless habit of looking upward, and reaching upward, to all that is above and beyond ourselves—this, in our own experience, we shall find an elevating and expanding process. Faith in our own improvement, and faith in God's assistance, these will be with us; and the entire range of faith is one of godlike communings, and of lofty and tireless efforts. Ever shall we be acting, not merely on what we are, but on the faith of what we may and should be. And by this we shall be borne onward to all that is vast in conception, and noble in effort—high though it be as the heaven of heavens. "Perfection" will be our standard; and "higher—forever higher!" this will be our motto—our daily principle of action. Self-improvement we shall feel to be the utmost that we can do, with all our own efforts, and all the offered aids of heaven; and that in it there is work enough for all our powers, and to all eternity. Difficulties will indeed meet us; but these are meant to rouse, not to discourage; and the more manfully we fight them, the stronger shall we grow. Weary we may sometimes be in well-doing; but the sympathies of heaven are with us, and the prospect of the end should ever cheer us. Weak though we are in ourselves, if we look to God he will be with us; and in his strength we may thresh the mountains. In his strength we may ever press onward, until, in a brighter and better state, *we* shall be *perfect*, even as *he is perfect*.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

On her blue lip, and on her pallid cheek,
The fatal blight of deep consumption sat;
The mother gazed on her with eyelids wet,
And at our entrance scarce had power to speak:
The maiden, to our question, answered meek,—
"That she was better, and the coming Spring
Would quite restore her—for she found it bring
A balm already, though she felt so weak."

The mild Spring came, and brought its balm and flowers;
But, ere it issued in the full mid-May,
She lay among its daisies; but the Hours
Seemed not to miss her in their sportive play.
No bird sang less amid the leafy bowers,
And morn and evening made the usual day.

ELOQUENCE AND ELOQUENT MEN.

BY REV. JOSEPH P. TUTTLE.

MANY attempts have been made to define eloquence, and to give the signs of a truly eloquent man. One makes eloquence to be Demosthenian thunder, and another the Ciceronian gift of "charming wisely." One finds the "divine afflatus" in the measured gorgeousness of Burke's speeches, or at least in his "Thoughts on the French Revolution," although it is said that Parliament House experienced a sudden desertion when he arose, and men found no difficulty in sleeping under his philippics. Another makes the sentences of Fox, rolling on evenly and mightily like a river, the utterances of real eloquence. Carlyle has found the gift in his great, sincere Cromwell, and even in some of those "preaching serjeants," who could wield the "sword of the Spirit" with scarcely less skill than more carnal weapons. The declamation of Pitt, so like thunder on a winter's day, breaking down all opposition, some are sure is eloquence. With one, eloquence is a "still, small voice;" with another, it is found in the earthquake and whirlwind.

There are two species of the genus eloquence, which can be detected easily. The earth never had a more eloquent man than Edmund Burke, in the eyes of a select few. They hung on his lips as though he were an angel, and drank in his words as oracular. If Benjamin Franklin heard Burke, we would pawn our pen in pledge that *he* never ran when this man rose to speak, and never yawned until he was done. Those massive thoughts elaborated into strength as well as beauty, must have been "angels' food" to him, but to the many Burke usually was insufferably dull. To reverse the picture, every age has had some illiterate and enthusiastic men, whose rant on politics or religion has held the multitude chained as with a spell, and yet what could these do with those rapt admirers of Burke? The roaring of a steam-pipe is just as charming to them as this rant; it is mere sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Both these classes are esteemed by their admirers eloquent, and yet each one has no charm for the admirers of the other.

The other species is made up of men who are able to charm all. The lovers of Burke, and the rabble, alike do homage here. The boy Rodgers, scarcely "in the body," drops the lantern he was holding one night, while Whitefield was preaching in the Philadelphia market-house; and the philosophic Franklin, under the same spell, violates his economical resolve, and gives all the money he has, and then seeks to borrow more for the same purpose. No one in the crowd is unmoved but the "old Broadbrim" by Franklin's side, and he paid no mean compliment to the magician, by saying to the conqueror of lightning, "Friend, at any other time I will lend thee all thee asks, but now thee is not in thy right mind." In the chapels, the churches, or the streets, of London, in the swamps of Georgia, or among the staid people of Northampton, he was the same mighty man, whose soul breathed life and feeling upon "the sea of upturned faces" before him. It was not necessary to learn whether a man was a philosopher or a boor, but only whether he heard the man speak, and saw him weep out his thoughts, and act them out until they seemed tangible things, and not mere words. The fact of any one being unmoved by Whitefield's eloquence is not recorded.

A case very similar to this, and yet strangely dissimilar, we have in that meek, pale-faced, boyish, yet surpassingly fascinating visitor to the land in which Whitefield secured his proudest triumphs—we mean John Summerfield. Little children wept, and godly grandmothers wiped their tear-blinded eyes, while he preached. First and second childhood met on common ground, and that enchanted by the angelic melody of this child of heaven. Between these two extremes are embraced all classes; and misers, debauchees, philosophers, and unlearned men, were no more their own masters than the young or the aged child, when they stood in the same magic circle.

The differences between Whitefield and Summerfield are numerous, yet in this one respect they are alike, that men of all classes, capacities, and acquirements, listened to them with admiration and emotion. These names are not alone in the pulpit, and they can be matched with some from the bar and forum. Sheridan may be called a mere declaimer, because his finest efforts were committed to p —amorised: but the

same fault must be alleged against Demosthenes. The mere circumstance of repeating or reading a manuscript, or that of purely unwritten speaking, is not vital. Robert Hall never failed to hold promiscuous audiences with some of his *memoriter* sermons, not less than with his extemporaneous efforts. Jonathan Edwards read some sermons, and yet persons were so wrought upon by him, as to be carried fainting from the house. On the other hand, we have reason to suppose that Patrick Henry had not the power to write out such orations as he spoke. Whilst the great ideas were thoroughly fixed by previous study, the dress, the pathos, and the fire, were the inspiration of the moment. Orators, whose gifts affect all within their reach, may be found in these various classes. If Robert Hall ascended to the seventh heaven, usually on the inspiration of the hour, Samuel Davies reached the same exaltation through the severe ardor of the study. If Patrick Henry swept away opposition as a cobweb, by eloquent passions, which never were embodied by the pen, Richard Brinsley Sheridan achieved a no less splendid triumph at Westminster, by declamation, every word of which had been penned at home. If Gilbert Tennent secured higher admiration in Boston an Whitefield, with sermons purely extemporaneous, his greater cotemporary, the elder Edwards, swayed men, as winds the sea, with accurately written and repeated sermons.

There is one fact in the history of our celebrated orators, which we think is common to them all. They have come from among the people, have felt the throbbing of the popular heart, and have learned to cast their own grandest ideas into the popular mould. Some speakers are as much strangers to mankind as if they had always lived in another planet, and men listen to them with contemptuous wonder. Men do not think or feel in this way, and for that reason they are unmoved. But let a man of genius come before men in any of the various modes of approach, with this popular descent and popular feeling, and he is certain to succeed. Here is the reason why Hamlet and Macbeth freeze the blood, and Sheridan's "School for Scandal" almost murders men with laughter. Here is the reason why Henry maddened those fiery Virginians, and Chalmers wrought not only great but also simple minds to his purpose. Peter the Hermit might have preached crusades till this day, and without a direct use of this fact, never would have roused a soldier, or kindled a zealot. Hence also we may learn one secret of "Red Jacket's" noble effort in the council of his nation. He seemed but the heart and soul of every brave present, uttering the red man's wrongs, and as the passionate words fell upon his ear, each snatched his hatchet, and uttered his curse. The council of savages, the camp, the bar, the forum, and the pulpit, exhibit the same demand for such eloquence as comes home to the heart of the people as its own warm beat, and breathing.

Patrick Henry was wont to experiment on living men long before he was aware of his own gifts. The right way of telling a story or presenting a truth, was his aim, and if we may credit his enthusiastic eulogist, never did Davy or Franklin feel more diligently after truth in science, than he for the mode of expression and thought, which would move common minds. He rightly judged that noble thoughts lost nothing of inherent value to a well-furnished mind by being clothed in such language and figures as to move the simple. And we can easily know that Chalmers gained no small share of his prodigious power by his frequent and hearty communings with the common people. With this class, no language is so familiar as the English Bible, and if any one will take the trouble to read Summerfield's sermon in behalf of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, he will find its Samson's lock, not in its imagery or originality, but its masterly *Scripturalness*.

Nor need we go back to the days of these giants for proof of the most striking effects of oratory. The Broadway Tabernacle has seen some things which would have gratified Gilbert Tennent, or his friend John Rowland. We remember that this last preacher, whose name is so identified with the early history of Presbyterianism, was famous for wielding the terrors of the law. On one occasion he wrought himself and his hearers into such a present realization of the law and its penalty, that several were carried fainting from the house. Tennent, sitting at foot of the pulpit stairs, looked up and said, "Brother Rowland, is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" Had an angel suddenly come to a group of men just sinking into the flames, and pronounced the word "*heaven*," and, pointing upward, had offered to lead them thither, the effect could not have been more marked than the utterance of these beautiful words by Tennent. There are numerous instances of a very remarkable character in the early ministry of Mr. Finney. In some cases reason trembled under his tremendous pressure of truth, and in one case reason left her throne. A mother has been known to cry out involuntarily as he has denounced the mother who has stood between the truth and her daughter. Now he could not have done that, had he not known experimentally the windings, not of angel hearts, but depraved human hearts. The

singular success of Mr. F. is owing not a little to this fact. He once met a physician, who was a believer in religion, but wholly careless, when all around him was excitement. "Dr. A——," said he, "suppose you were in a boat and nearing the falls, would you act as you do now?"

"I well know that I am going over the falls, but I do not feel any fear," was the discouraging reply.

"Suppose you were at sea, and your ship on fire. The life-boat is near you, and in a moment it will be gone! would you not leap?"

"Your figure is none too strong to express my danger, and yet, hanging to the last plank, I have no feeling and no fear."

Mr. F. exhausted his ingenuity in vain attempts to reach his friend's feelings, until at last recalling the doctor's profession, he inquired:—

"Doctor, did you ever lose any patients?"

"Yes, sir; perhaps as many as is common in a physician's practice."

"Did any of them die impenitent?"

"Yes, many of them died without any hope as Christians."

"Did you know their prospects?"

"Yes," was the laconic but disturbed reply.

"Did you clear your soul of their blood, by using the power of a beloved physician to warn them of their danger, and point them to Christ?"

The citadel was taken, and the strong man bound. This incident was related by a brother of the physician, and well shows the knowledge of the human heart possessed by this distinguished pulpit orator.

We remember another Boanerges, to be nameless, who once was preaching from the words, "And the great day of his wrath is come." The sermon was all wrath. Deeper and deeper did he plunge into the fiery abysses, until he seemed to have receded so far from Calvary that its cross was no longer visible. There was not a sunbeam of hope in the whole sermon, and when he sat down, his hearers and himself were in the utmost agony. A distinguished preacher arose to pray, and the first words which broke on the sobbing assembly were like Christ's words to the thief, full of comfort—"Lamb of God, we bless thee, that the great day of thy wrath is not yet come!" The cloud of outer darkness lifted from all hearts, and tears of joy followed the low wail of hopelessness. Whitefield himself never exhibited greater eloquence than this, and if any one will recall the religious excitements which swept through the South and West some years since, he will be convinced that this noble gift was not buried at Newburyport in the grave of its great master.

Who has forgotten some scenes in the early life of Mr. Clay, when even the stern features of the law relaxed into an amiable lenity, under the witchery of his words? Poor Hayne, once the idol of the South, what a glorious orator he was! He dashed his beautiful vessel against an iceberg, when he encountered Webster, and yet living men can testify that Fisher Ames was no more gifted in his generation, than Hayne was in this. And when defeated, or rather crushed by the giant, his soul fretted itself away, and his whole history is summed up in this: "He died broken-hearted!" Events still recent recall Winthrop appealing to the South and MacDowell to the North, in such moving words, that some hating, unwilling hearts were melted, and all bowed the knee to the genius of eloquence.

A beautiful anecdote of an eloquent man will close this article. It was related to me by a calm, sober, good man, whose nature was as little like to be agitated by such things as we can well conceive. It was in the Mariner's Chapel in Boston, and "Father Taylor" was the hero. The house was jammed full, and at the close of the service a mother, the widow of a sailor perished at sea, brought her only son, a lad of some ten or twelve years old, to be baptized. The good man had known the boy's father, and as the circumstances came to his mind, he burst into tears. Descending from the pulpit, he threw his arms around the boy's neck, and kissed him. A few gentle words, distinctly heard by all, recalled the perished sailor, until every eye gathered moisture. He then baptized him, and laying his hand on his head, spoke of the sea, the storm, the wreck, the dead in the deep. The sailor's last words about this very boy were told so affectingly, that they seemed to come from the spirit world. And then, with the words of a father, he gave him counsel for his guidance, and closed the scene by embracing him again, and kissing him. It was not affectation, but the genuine action of a truly warm and loving heart, drawn out in sympathy, and pity, and kindness, for the orphan of a sailor. Men and women, landsmen and sailors, wept aloud under his truthful and genuine touches on the "harp of thousand strings."

SELF-IMITATIVENESS OF NATURE.

BY A NATURALIST.

The diversity of form and aspect in the objects of nature has long been the theme of writers, and the wonder of every student of natural history. In the three great kingdoms into which it is the custom to distribute the works of the same creative power, there prevails a sort of general correspondence, with an individual difference. Plants, animals, and rocks, have a family likeness peculiar to each other, and spread over the face of a majority of the members of each family; the wonder is, that while this general rule obtains, yet among the countless varieties of species so few should be found to be identical. It appears to have been the pleasure of the "Former of all things," to have adopted this method of diversified uniformity to instruct us in the depth of the riches of His wisdom in design.

There is a beautiful orchis which bears flowers exactly resembling a bird—the wings, body, neck, and delicate head are to the life; the *Tropæolum canariense*, also, the pretty golden-flowered creeper, when not quite full blown, imitates the canary to a wonderful degree, even in color, the little mimic only wanting life and voice to complete its character. This imitativeness is, of course, a passive, not an active attribute; it is almost needless to observe that nature does not *really* imitate the objects to which her productions are conformable. She does not form an originally dissimilar flower into the resemblance of a bird or insect. The resemblances are, altogether, some mere coincidences; others are repetitions of forms, having, no doubt, some adequate end in view, of which we must remain in a great measure ignorant. It is, also, hardly necessary to remark, that a correspondence in external configuration is all that we are to expect to discover in objects otherwise so widely dissevered. It would involve a mistake almost too gross to be possible, to suppose that the bird-like flower and the bird had anything in common, excepting outward form. To a brief illustration of this obscure but interesting subject, let us address ourselves, in the hope that mingled instruction and pleasure may reward the reader's patience.

Let us begin our tracings of these singular coincidences of form in the different departments of nature by engaging at once with the mineral coincident forms. No person who has been much amid mountain scenery, particularly in rocky districts, can have failed to remark the striking imitations of the human form, or of some of its members, which, by their uncommon aspect, thrust themselves into notice. It may be a giant hand which protrudes in broad welcome from the rough crag, or a headless trunk, or a mutilated face, with wild and savage features. Or the scenery will picture out a fortified town, with massive walls, turrets, spires, and monumental columns, looming in the distance; or great animals, of colossal magnitude and uncouth form, will appear scattered about, the sentinels of the dreary fortress.

There is one of the White Mountains, which is named the Profile Mountain. This mass is about 1000 feet in height, and forms a conspicuous object from the road between Jamaica and Plymouth. The side upon which the profile is visible is precipitous; the other is wooded, and rises with a gentle ascent; the rock is of brown granite. At the upper part of the precipitous side, the outline of the human countenance is very remarkable; it is that of an Ethiop, and possesses a low, hanging brow, a deep-set eye, a low nose, and a prominent mouth. The chin is also clearly defined, and rests upon a large bank of *debris*, forming the lower half of the mountain, in some measure corresponding to the chest of the colossal being.

Dr. Macculloch, an author few would accuse of flightiness, says, that, among the western islands of Scotland, "there is a most striking imitation of a bust at the extremity of the point of Aird. No aid from the imagination," he adds, "is wanting to see a very perfect bust in profile executed in a very grand and pure antique manner, and occupying the whole face of the cliff, which is here, at least, sixty feet high. The style is that of a river-god; and adding the grandeur of the design to the magnitude of the object, and to its position as rising out of the sea, the effect, instead of being ludicrous, is really fine."

Human architecture has also its mimicries in

nature, in cases where it is almost certain that man has not been the borrower. The architectural cliffs represented in Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi deserve particular mention. Trap and basalt are the principal rocks which assume architectural forms. Columnar rocks are often met with in such districts which present all the appearance of a beautifully regular, tessellated pavement of various hues. The famous, pinnacle, known as the Pote Storr, is a well-known imitation of a Gothic steeple, 160 feet high. On the north-east coast of the Isle of Sky, it is common to find a combination of natural pillars, which, with wonderful effects, imitate a series of colonnades. Some of these columns are also grouped together in perfect imitation of the Gothic style, carrying long, delicately-formed spires on their summits.

Trap rocks often form themselves into long mural lines, resemblances of turrets and ruined strongholds, all so artificial in appearance, as, when viewed from a little distance, to require some effort of the mind to reject the supposition that they are the works of the hands of men. Sandstone rocks, also, are occasionally found, which are as regularly laid, block by block, and divided into as regular divisions, as they could be were they the works of the mason. Some rocks of a heterogeneous composition, on exposure to the weather, become unequally affected by it, the softer portions being worn away, while the hard parts stand out in relief. The effect of this circumstance is sometimes curiously picturesque; all sorts of grotesque designs become depicted upon the face of the rocks, many of which equal, as well as imitate, the highest art of the engraver.

Not only in the coarser productions of his hands, but even in the more delicate and difficult works of his taste, man finds an imitative in nature. In a very extraordinary degree, portions of architectural ornament of exquisite sculpture are often displayed, to glitter unseen upon the walls of spar and stalactitic caves. The celebrated Antiparian grotto contains some singular illustrations in point. It was vulgarly believed to be the residence of an enormous giant, who was eternally seated at its mouth. The myth took its rise from the fact of a monstrous concretion, somewhat resembling the human form sessile, occupying the entrance of the cave. After passing the grim figure, the wonders of his palace unfold themselves; exquisite ornaments are seen covering the walls and decking the roof; while, a little beyond, the stalactites have assumed the shapes of trees and shrubs, comparable, without hyperbole, as Magni relates, to a petrified grove, some of the trees being white, some green, and all receding in due perspective.

In Franconia, Dr. Buckland commemorates a cavern known as Forster's Höhle, in which, among other curiosities, is a natural cascade of alabaster, flowing into a lake of the same; the roof is a richly fretted Gothic, with elegant pendent corbels.

A coarser sort of resemblance to other objects is presented by many mineral substances. A leaf-stripped shrub has a precise counterpart in the *Arbor Dianæ*, the lead-tree of the schoolboy chemist. There are some beautiful zeolites which closely resemble silk, and some cotton. Plumose antimony has somewhat the appearance of feathers; other ores resemble delicate wool or down, and glitter with a splendid iridescence. A variety of tin is called the "toad's-eye," from its curious analogy to that object in its brown and yellow layers. To mention the names that follow, will show that there might be drawn out an immense list of similar coincidences,—the gooseberry garnet, asparagus stone, liver ore, blood stone, cinnamon stone, ice spar, satin spar; all having received their names from the resemblance they bear to the different objects prefixed to their titles.

Leaving the inorganic kingdom, we shall discover the analogies of form not less remarkable in the vegetable world. These are especially the orchids. The mimicries performed in some of these exquisite flowers are such as almost to exceed belief, and cannot be properly conceived until they are seen.

A writer describing a visit to a celebrated conservatory at Hackney, England, where are collected together many thousands of these rare exotics, says that a gardener present asked if he had seen the Chancellor and his Wig, and conducted him to the wonderful flower, in which his lordship is figured forth with surprising exactness. Further on, a sort of flying goblin, with a number of legs and arms, and a fearfully blotched countenance, dangled down in all its terrors before his eyes. Then a *catasetum*, full of supernaturalities, startled him, looking like some of the horrid anomalous monsters, which are all very well in oil or engraving, but are clearly contrary to all rules of natural history. Then a Venus' slipper expanded before him, as if Cinderella had been to a ball among the flowers, and dropped her wonderful shoe upon its branches. The swan-orchid, the *cycnochus*, next met him—a wonderful plant, which needs no painter's imagination to detect at a glance the most curious resemblance which it bears to the proud bird whose name it has borrowed. There is a well-formed

body and wings, with a delicate, long, recurved neck, rather swollen at its extremity for the head, all of a spotless white! Then a livid old gentleman's half-countenance confronted him, and pulling down the old fellow's lower jaw, the visitor beheld a mouth without a tongue, gums without teeth, and an attempt at a throat behind. The spider-orchid is a remarkable flower; a great brown spider mimicked to the life squatting at the entrance of its vegetable den, and scaring away all intruders by its menacing aspect! The bee and fly orchis, are familiar instances. One of this species is called the man-orchis, the *Anthropophora*. If there are fairies in the floral world, here is Oberon himself. Lizards, toads, and insects, appear to have sat to the painter and modeler in the formation of many other orchids; and ladies will be astonished to learn that one impertinent flower is a complete pair of stays in miniature. Another, called after its original, displays the most unmistakeable similarity to a human thorax, even in minute particulars.

The mandrake when stripped of its leaves has occasionally a rude resemblance to the human form. The old-man cactus, *Cactus senilis*, is about as odd a plant as any in our list. Reaching a height of eight or ten feet, he is often seen in his native place, his long white hair flowing to his feet, spending a peaceful existence, and attaining a *green* old age in spite of the early streaks of grey which appear on his head. That blushing production, the love apple, the tomato of epicures, sometimes commits some imitative freaks. Occasionally it breaks out into roseate fingers, and now and then it has the form of a pair of chubby hands folded together.

The *Testacea* in the zoological kingdom are the analogues, in this particular, of the *Orchidacea* in the vegetable world, and they have on more occasions than one supplied the decorator and architect with forms and principles of construction of no trifling beauty or value. Our present business with them is of the other character. The shell of the *Cassidea* derives its name from its resemblance to a helmet; and the *Struthiolaria* and the *Aporrhais* respectively simulate the foot of an ostrich, and that of a pelican. Then there are shells which resemble pears, spindles spirally twisted, tulips; and a curious variety is marked by ribs, which proceed in successive lengths across so as to resemble the strings of a harp, whence the name *Harpa*. Other shells more or less imitate the different kinds of fruit, and we have testaceous olives, strawberries, melons, dates, oranges, the cowrie, apples, and also *turnips*. The resemblance also to a sharply-cut taper screw is a very common appearance. The shell named the *Porcellaina*, or pig-cowrie, is crossed by ribs on its back in such a manner as to resemble a scored pig. Another pretty shell, named the *Bullina*, resembles a rose-bud. Others are like the ear, like buttons, razors, shuttles; in short, the resemblances are infinite.

Most wonderful of all are the *Encrinites*, the stone plants. The *Encrinus moneliformis*, principally found as a fossil in Brunswick, presents us with a truly elegant simulation. It appears in the form of a lily, and is called the "lily encrinite," the stalk, sepals, and partially-folded petals of the flower, are imitated with the strictest exactness. A good representation of this marvel of an early ocean will be found in many works on geology, Dr. Mantell's in particular. The pear-encrinites of the oolitic limestone, when their tentacula were expanded, wore all the appearance of extremely diminutive palm-trees. The fossil actino-encrinite is singularly like a thistle, the stalk, &c., and even the down, being pretty faithfully represented. The *Comatula*, the modern representatives of the fossilized encrinites keep up the ancestral renown, but with less dignity—they imitate wigs; they are called sea-wigs.

Among the corals are also some instances in point. The well-known coral the *Meandrina cerebreformis*, or brainstone, is strikingly similar in appearance to the human brain. In external form, in the convolutions, and even in its semi-pinkish color, the fresh coral approximates so nearly to its prototype as to have set several visionary naturalists, Robinet especially, upon some very extraordinary and equally ridiculous theories. Other corals are like petrified Christmas puddings, and the *Caryophylla* has the singular aspect of the sprig of a tree, the ends of the branches being tipped with clove-buds. The *Gorgonia flabellum*, or sea-fan, is too frequently an ornament of our drawing-rooms to require further notice.

Among fish we meet with a few of these strange imitations. There is a well-known shark, the head of which is of the shape of a hammer. The torpedo is not unlike a frying-pan; another fish has a snout like a tobacco-pipe. Among collections of dried fish, one will sometimes be found which is recognized as the sea-horse, bearing as it does a ludicrous affinity to a horse in miniature. The bull-heads, sea-scorpions, sea-butterflies, sun-fish, saw-fish, coffin-fish, and many more, possess names which suggest all that description could convey concerning them.

The insect world is rich in the correspondencies of form. In the pupa state the old natural-

ists found to their hearts' content mimicries of the human face. One of the remarkable instances is that of the *Scarabæus manopus*, or kangaroo beetle. The insect is more than two inches in length, and in its attempted marsupial mimicry, has an appearance thoroughly uncommon and irresistibly grotesque. The insect seems half a beetle and half a kangaroo, the peculiarly formed hinder legs of that animal being the most striking features of the insect. The strange insects called the "walking-sticks," must not be passed by—they are precisely like pieces of walking-stick. The ferocious stag-beetle possesses long jaws, which closely correspond with the appearance of antlers. The rhinoceros and elephant beetles, three or four inches in length at the most, mimic with pretentions to partial accuracy the figures of their stupendous co-nominees. The rhinoceros-beetle has a process comparable to the tusk of that enormous brute. The "death's head" hawk-moth, the *Acherontia atropus*, has the figure of that object faithfully depicted on the upper part of its body, near the head. Many insects are like spectres, and are well calculated to intimidate all assailants by the very frightfulness of their aspect. The caterpillars of several moths are remarkable for putting on a variety of imitative forms.

We are now about to record one of the most startling examples of coincidence in form which natural history supplies—the *Phyllo-morphous* insects. A naturalist at the Cape of Good Hope on one of his excursions, saw at his feet some withered leaves whose tints pleased his eye, and he put forth his hand to take them up,—conceive his utter amazement to behold them all take to their legs and run away! There was no mistake about it; there they were, all making off as fast as possible. He instantly seized one of them, and discovered it to be an insect! They are now classified under the head of the Walking Leaf, or Phyllo-morphous insects. The limbs of these curious creatures are concealed by lamina of thin tissue, so tinted as to wear the precise aspect of leaves; and the resemblance is heightened by the veins which traverse them, just as in the case of real leaves. In the British Museum entomological collection there are several beautiful examples of these insects; one, called the "myrtle-leaf," is as nearly like a leaf in form, veining, and in its delicate green tint, as is possible. These insects are principally tropical, and belong to the orders *Locusta*, *Mantis*, and *Phasma*.

As we rise in the scale, our zoological gleanings become very meagre. We have birds whose bills resemble spoons; others, boats; many wear exquisite ruffs; some carry the venerable appendage of a long beard, and others have helmeted heads of very terrible aspect. In the Canadian forests there is a bird called the "Soldier of the Woods," from the correspondence of its plumage with the bravery of military caparison. One of the most elegant analogies of form among the feathered tribes, is the *Mænura superba*, or lyre-tail; it is a beautiful bird, which carries in its magnificent tail a wonderfully close imitation of the form of an ancient Greek lyre. The margin of the lyre is formed by two feathers on each side, which are broad, and curve into scrolls at the upper end, while the strings find their representatives in a number of thin, delicate, wire-like feathers. This unhappy bird finds the truth, that extraordinary beauty is one of the most dangerous possessions, too fully confirmed; for the sake of its tail it is shot, and hunted down without mercy, and will very probably soon become extirpated.

THERE'S LIGHT BEHIND THE CLOUD.

In the lone and weary nights, my child,
When all around is drear;
When the moon is hidden by the clouds,
And grief and pain are near—

Oh, never think, my gentle boy,
In that gloomy, trying hour,
That thou art not protected still
By a kind Almighty power!

Soon will these dark clouds roll away,
And the glorious stars appear;
And the pensive moon, with her calm, pale light,
Will shine in beauty clear.

There is an Eye above, my child,
That slumbers not, nor sleeps;
There is a Friend in heaven, love,
Who still His vigil keeps.

And though in trouble's darkest hour
His face He seems to shroud,
Believe—remember—oh, my child,
There's light behind the cloud!

VISIT TO THE PERE LA CHAISE AT PARIS.

BY A RETURNED TRAVELER.

The extensive and well-known burying-ground of the Parisians, which lies to the north-east of the city, is situated on the slope of a hill, which extends from Belleville to Charonne. In the fourteenth century the spot now occupied by the cemetery was celebrated for the beauty and salubrity of its situation, and was chosen by a rich citizen as a place of retreat from the cares and gayeties of the metropolis. In the earliest ages of the monarchy it was called the "Bishop's Field," and belonged to the Bishop of Paris; but in the fourteenth century it was purchased by a wealthy grocer named Regnault, who built a magnificent mansion upon it, which the people designated "Regnault's Folly." Upon the death of this ostentatious merchant, a female devotee purchased it, and it was presented by her to the Society of the Jesuits, whose monastery was in the Rue St. Antoine. It retained the name of the Bishop's Field until the time of Louis XIV., who authorized the Jesuits to call it Mount Louis, appointing his confessor, Le Pere, or Father La Chaise, superior of the establishment in 1765, and constituting, by his patronage, this monastery the focus of Jesuitical intrigue and power in France. Regnault's house was considerably enlarged, and the gardens were finely planted and ornamented; but the order of Jesuits being suppressed, Mount Louis was sold to pay the debts of the community. It was finally purchased for 160,000 francs, after having several proprietors, by M. Frochot, prefect of the Seine, who intended to convert it into a cemetery. M. Brongniart, the celebrated civil engineer, surveyed it, and was appointed to adapt it to its new purpose, and he carefully preserved whatever would conduce to the embellishments of the cemetery. A wide road was opened to the spot where the house of Pere La Chaise formerly stood; winding walks were formed, and lime-trees, poplars, cypresses, fruit-trees, and shrubs, were planted, to preserve as much as possible the appearance of the Jesuits' garden in the burial-ground; and forty-two acres of ground were thus appropriated for the inhumation of the dead. It was in the beginning of the year 1804 that the cemetery was consecrated, and on the 21st day of May of that year, the first grave was opened.

Gradually, within the last forty years, the boundaries of Pere La Chaise have been extending, until, by the addition of fifty-two acres purchased last year, it now comprehends above one hundred and fifty acres. The cemetery has two distinct divisions—one appropriated to the sepulture of the Parisians, the other to that of Jews. This cemetery is properly the burying-place of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth arrondissements of Paris; but exceptions are made in favor of those who purchase pieces of ground in perpetuity, and to whom the municipality of Paris may grant the same. The rates of value are so arranged as totally to prevent any of the ground being bought on speculation, or of large quantities of it becoming the property of the rich. If one grave cost two, for instance, the next will cost three, the next four, and so on in proportion—the value of the space for a grave always increasing one in value above that of the one that has preceded it.

Within the semi-circular recess which forms the principal entrance to the Pere La Chaise are little stands, where women are busily engaged in making wreaths of *immortelles*, which they sell, and with which pious mourners cover the tombs of their departed friends and relatives. These wreaths are simple circles of yellow everlasting flowers, or white ones with little mottoes painted in black, such as "*A ma fille*," "*Ma mere*," "*Mon pere*," &c.—little sentences that comprehend a world of feeling.

We entered Pere La Chaise with high expectations of gratification, and we were not ten minutes within its precincts until we felt ourselves thoroughly disappointed. It is a city of the dead, where little marble chapels and tombs jostle each other, and weary the senses with their perpetual sameness. There is none of the cultivated beauty of Highgate Cemetery, near London, about Pere La Chaise; none of the picturesque and softened sacredness of the Dean, at Edinburgh; none of the graceful rural beauty of Greenwood, or the picturesqueness of Mount Auburn. Rank grass and uncultured shrubs grow up around the little chapelles of stone and marble, and splendid flowers sometimes adorn the graves; but as the places of sepulture are

generally private, no general appearance of attention or care is visible. On each side of the grand way, which is curtained by lime-trees, are a succession of little chapelles about seven feet high and four or five broad. Iron gates, with open railings, admit an inspection of the interiors of these, and in them there is to be seen all the visible testimonies of grief, love, and hope. A little altar, with candelabra, adorns every one of these chapelles, and wreaths of immortelle and relics of the departed ones occupy shelves and niches in them. Pieces of embroidery, that had been probably wrought by the deceased—some object of their affection, such as the baby dolls of a child—bouquets of fresh or withered flowers, silver-gilt censers, books, rosaries, and beads, were to be seen laid out with all the profusion of an ostentatious grief. There was no getting quit of the idea here, sepulchral as this spot even was, that they do indeed study effect in France. No one can visit the most celebrated places of Paris without being impressed with the conviction that the French are a sensual, sentimental people. We do not use the words invidiously; they *may* apply to the private life of France; but this we know, they *are* visible in all those social institutions which distinguish this people, and of which they are passionately proud. If you walk the gardens of the Tuileries, thronged with the young and innocent, the fact speaks to you unblushingly from the naked statues that everywhere meet the eye. In the gorgeous cathedrals, where poor, simple women kneel and tremble, the deep-toned organ repeats it; and even in the resting-places of the dead it develops itself in the shape of a morbid sentimentality, done up in bronze, and marble, and silver-gilt.

An old soldier, with a silver badge at his breast and a piece of crape round his arm, was engaged to point out to our party the spots rendered famous through the fame of those who slept beneath; and then we began our hurried survey of Pere La Chaise. Turning to the right, and leading us through the sepulchral mazes of the tombs, our guide led us to the most interesting and famous monument in the cemetery. It was the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, those lovers who died in the twelfth century, and whose history has invested love with a savor of sad romance, which renders their names watchwords to lovers still. The chapelle is built in the rectangular style of the thirteenth century, and was formed out of the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of the Paraclete, which was founded by Abelard, and of which Heloise was the first abbess. You can scarcely observe this tomb until you are close upon it, and then it is truly somewhat imposing. It is fourteen feet in length, eleven in breadth, and twenty-four feet high. An open-worked, crocheted pinnacle, six feet high, rises from the cruciform roof, and four smaller ones, beautifully sculptured, stands between the gables. Fourteen pillars, six feet in height, with richly foliaged capitals, support trifoliate arches with open spandrils and cornices wrought in flowers. The gables of the four fronts are pierced with trifoliated windows, and ornamented with sculptured figures, flowers, and medallion busts of Heliose and Abelard. In this chapelle is contained the monumental tomb which was built by Peter the Venerable to the memory of Abelard, in the priory of St. Marcel. A male form lies in a recumbent position with the hands clasped, and beside it is that of a female. These are Abelard and Heloise. There are ancient bas-reliefs round this tomb representative of the fathers of the church, and inscriptions describe the purpose and origin of the monument, its erection in the Museum of French Monuments, and its removal from thence to its present position. Several wreaths of everlasting flowers, some fresh and some withered by the storms and biting winds of winter, lay on the basement of the tomb. "These are supposed to be deposited there by disconsolate lovers," said the guide, with a polite smile to our artist; then turning to a lady who was of our party, he softly continued, "and it is said that all those disconsolates are ladies, madam." "True love suffers and rejoices in secret," said our artist friend, solemnly; "it never ostentatiously seeks to give effect to its inward emotions by the display of flower-wreaths." "But true love in France wears a different face to that of true love in England." "It exposes it more, at any rate," said the artist, as we passed onward to the tomb of Colbert, the celebrated French financier, who rose to the premiership of his native land from the shop of a ribbon merchant.

Winding through the walks, which are all thickly studded on each side with chapelles, tombs, and monuments, and curtained with lofty, shady trees, and, holding towards the right, we approach the place which contains within the smallest compass the most of the dust of the famous who are buried in Pere la Chaise. The tomb of Macdonald, the least cared-for but most faithful of Napoleon's marshals, stands here, near to that of Frochot, who purchased the grounds of Pere La Chaise, and appropriated them to their present purpose; and then a few paces leads you to the grave of Guillaume Dupuytren, the famous surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, who was born and nursed in the greatest poverty,

and who obtained his education through the benevolence of a major in the army. Tearing through the rank grass, and winding round the tombs, which are overhung with the dark foliage of the *arbor vitæ*, you reach a point, to the left of the tomb of Dupuytren, which is pointed out as the burial-place of Marshal Ney. A simple iron railing surrounds the spot, which no stone marks, and a cypress spreads its branches over him. "Foreigners manifest a great interest about this simple grave," said the guide, looking from one to another of our party with a half reproachful look. "And they blush, I hope, for the iron-hearted indifference that left him to his fate," said our artist, plucking a few leaves from the tree that waved over him. The guide bowed and smiled, and then replied—"They often speak of subscribing for a monument to him." In the same area with that of Ney was a simple stone monument, that had more interest for us than all Napoleon's generals put together; it was that of Benjamin Constant. Constant was born in Switzerland, and was educated as a physician at Edinburgh. He was the companion of Sir James Mackintosh, of Thomas Addis Emmett, of Malcolm Laing the Historian, of Hope, the Lord Advocate, and of Grant, Lord Seaforth. They were all members of the same debating club, when young men at the university; and when they had been a few years on the stage of life, how diverse were their fates! In the year 1801, Sir James Mackintosh was a supreme Judge in India—Malcolm Laing had distinguished himself as a historian, and was remarkable for his republican principles—Hope was Lord Advocate of Scotland—and Thomas Addis Emmett was confined at his instance in Fort George as a rebel convict—Lord Seaforth was the inmate of a mad-house—and Benjamin Constant was a member of the French Assembly. If there was virtue in that assembly it was resident in the soul of Constant, and his tomb shall ever be interesting to the lover of truth who wanders amongst the tombs of the Pere La Chaise.

An unassuming tomb marks the spot where reposes the head of George Cuvier, and a simple railing surrounds the little plot that is his resting-place. Close beside him, and with a tombstone of the same material and character, sleeps his beloved daughter Clementine. There is no ostentation, no obtrusiveness of grief or affection exhibited here. A China rose-tree blossoms over the grave of the daughter, but not a plant scatters its dew-drops over the great anatomist's bier. We picked up a few calcareous pebbles from Cuvier's tomb, and lifted a rose-leaf that had fallen from the rose-tree of Clementine; and then passed on to behold the spot where slumbers the gentle, the sweet, the beautiful-hearted St. Pierre. It was something to stand beside the tomb of this poet of the heart, and to thank his shade for those saddened sunbeams of his spirit's world, "Paul and Virginia."

What a solemn dirge there is for ever pealing amongst the trembling boughs of those long rows of sepulchral trees, if the heart of France could only hear it; what stern monitors of peace and charity, and thought there are hovering over this great world of the dead, if the people of France could only see them! The youthful and the old, the grave and the gay, the famous and the obscure, the mighty and the mean, are sleeping silently here side by side. Those who in life lived at the very antipodes of thought, and sternly combated with each other on the field of action, are now at rest, and speaking to the present and the future of the folly of strife, and the vanity and vainglory of every earthly estate. Volney and Moliere, Lafontaine and Racine, Fourier the socialist and Gall the phrenologist, Lafitte the rich banker and Casimir Perier the statesman, the Consul Barras and the Duke of Messina, Talma the tragedian and Brongniart the geometrician, the "dead of June" and the dead of the cholera, are all slumbering peacefully side by side in the Pere La Chaise.

There is a platform spot to the left of the chapel which commands a splendid view of the city of Paris, and which view is said to be one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Below you lie these dark and sombre purlieus of Paris, the Faubourgs St. Martin and St. Antoine, with their grim masses of crooked streets, dark convents and hospitals, and grim and sad-looking prisons. You can see the waters of the Canal St. Martin glittering in the sun, and bearing on their surface the long dark boats that come laden with grain and other produce from La Villette. You can perceive also the little river Bievre, winding like a silver thread near the quarter of the Jardin des Plantes, and losing itself amongst the dwellings of the Boulevard de l'Hospital before it falls into the Seine, which rolls along beneath the Pont d'Austerlitz and the Pont de Bercy. Before you rise the towers of Notre Dame, and the lanterns of the Pantheon and Hotel des Invalides. The roofs of the Tuilleries and Palais Royale, the column of Luxor, and the triumphal arch of the Star, are seen far away amongst the stately dwellings and grove-like streets and squares of the Faubourg St. Honore. Rows of tall poplars, and linden-trees, and waving acacias, mark out the lines of the

Boulevards, and give to this gay capital, with all its pure airs and lovely skies, the semblance of a forest city. From the Pere La Chaise the view of Paris has certainly a strikingly grand effect.

In 1814, the cemetery was converted into a battle-field, and batteries were erected on various spots to command the plain which extends to Vincennes, in order to prevent the advance of the Allies. The walls were pierced for cannon and muskets, and the students of the school of Alfort occupied it on the 30th of March, 1814, and defended it against two attacks of the Russians, who were led on by General Barclay de Tolly. The Cossacks carried it in the third atttempt, and Paris having capitulated, they bivouacked there, and cut down several of the trees for fuel. In 1815, while the Allies surrounded Paris a second time, interments in this cemetery were again temporarily suspended. In the chapel, which is a plain Doric building, fifty-six feet long, twenty-eight feet broad, and upwards of fifty feet high, there is always a service for the dead being performed; and priests, with their long black robes, may be always seen flitting about the tombs.

There are nearly three hundred persons employed about this cemetery, our guide informed us—guardians, guides, grave-diggers, masons, sculptors, &c. We did not see any works in progress sufficient to warrant us in believing this statement, but of course the guide knew whether he "spoke for effect." The keepers' lodge, which is the remains of the old mansion, is one of the most picturesque-looking old ruins that can be looked upon. It has been transcribed into many a traveler's album, and has been an object of much interest to the lovers of the fantastic in architecture; but it is not the most safe and comfortable looking dwelling to live in that ever we saw. There are hundreds of more comfortable-looking tombs than is this house of the poor keepers of Pere La Chaise.

It has been estimated that during the forty-five years that this cemetery has been in existence, nearly 120,000,000 of francs have been expended upon the erection of chapelles and tombs. We saw several of them already broken and crumbling into ruins, and the probability is that none of those slight but expensive mausoleums will exist in a century hence. There are nearly 16,000 of them built of the finest granite, sandstone, and polished Carrara marble. They are silent monuments of affection, of vanity, and, to our mind, silent commentaries too upon the sentiment of France. It tolerates purlieus like the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which the living darkle—in which they rob, starve, smother themselves with charcoal, and murder for a subsistence—in which a language is spoken which has been invented, not to express but to conceal the sentiments of those who use it—in which there is a bitterness of life, a sentient death, that comes ever and again rolling out with furious eyes and grinning jaws upon society; and close beside this faubourg, which travelers are warned to shun, this same sentiment, so neglectful to the living, has erected 16,000 marble chapelles, &c., at an enormous expense, in memory of the dead. A splendid, and at the same time a pitiable promenade is the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. It is, as our friend expressed it, a splendid illustration of the French passion for effect.

STANZAS—TO MY WIFE.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

When thou art far away,
That smile of thine, that kindly tone,
'Mong memory's gems I'll choicely lay,
And they shall cheer me sad and lone,
When thou art far away.

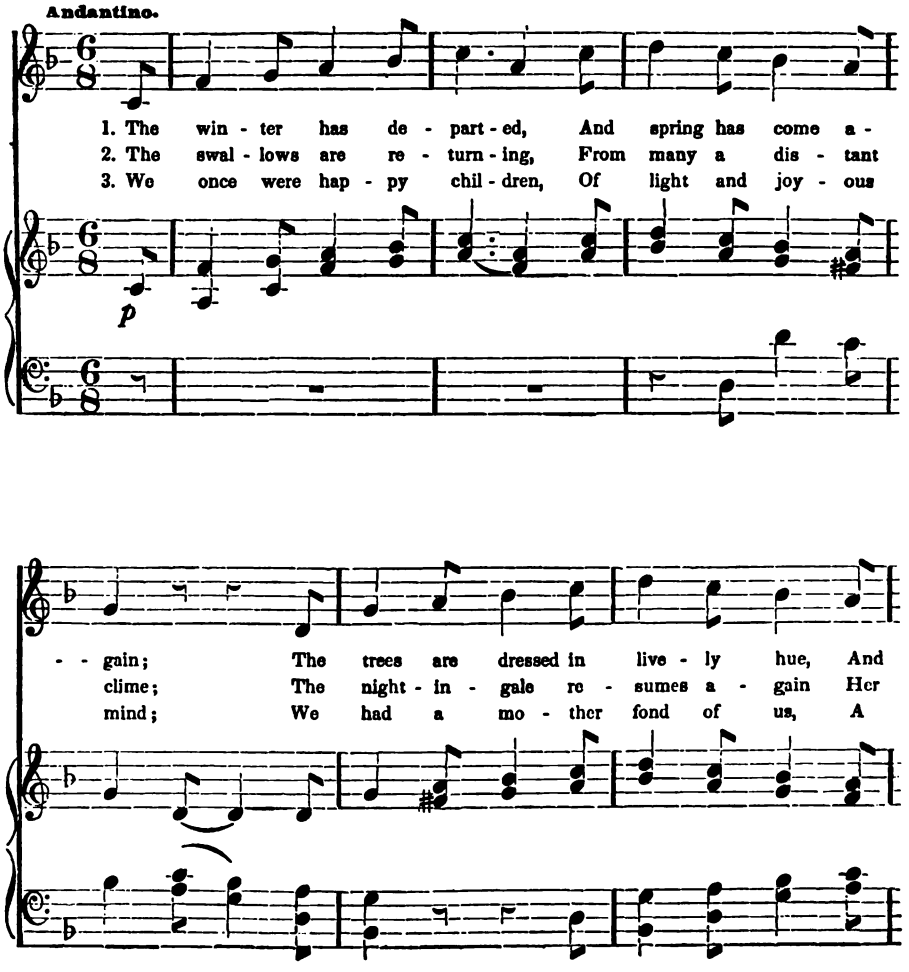
When thou art far away,
Will song of birds, will flower's rich bloom,
Will streamlet's voice and joyous play,
Yield aught to break my spirit's gloom,
When thou art far away?

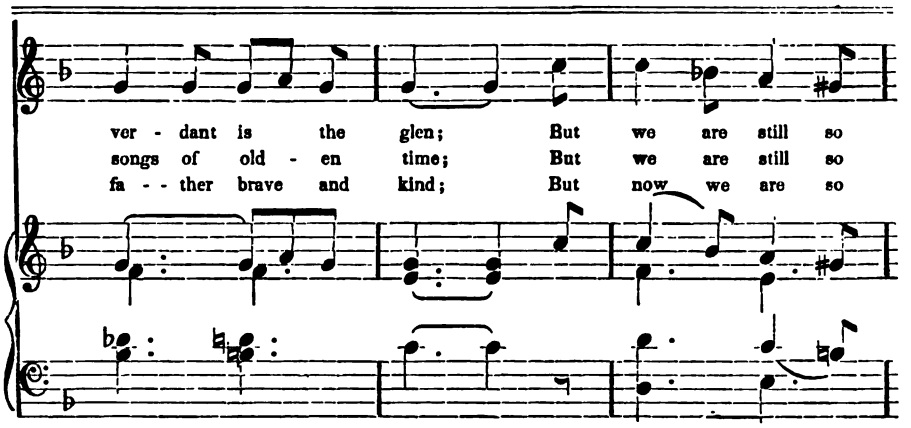
When thou art far away,
My lyre will sleep—may be its fate
Is death—to sleep, perchance, for aye;
All 'round will be how desolate,
When thou art far away.

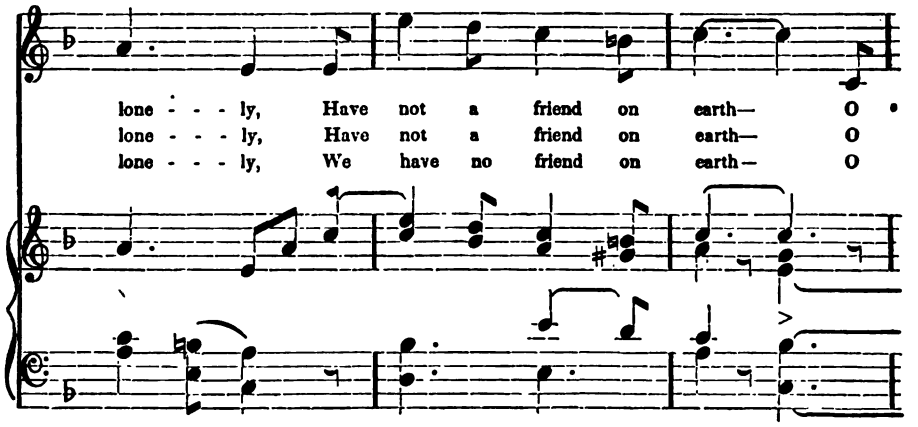
When thou art far away,
Will darksome hours, by fancy's aid,
Be brightened into fairer day?
Nay, they will bear a deeper shade,
When thou art far away.

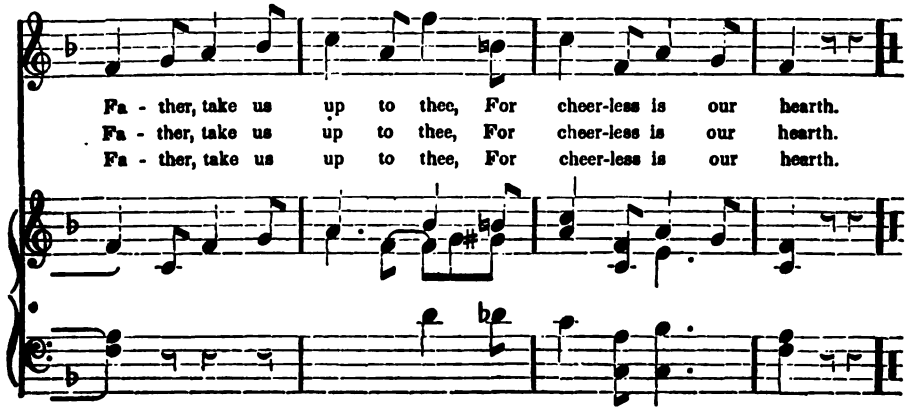
THE ORPHANS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. S. SARONI,
Editor of "Saroni's Musical Times."




ver - dant is the glen; But we are still so
songs of old - en time; But we are still so
fa - - ther brave and kind; But now we are so


lone - - - ly, Have not a friend on earth— O
lone - - - ly, Have not a friend on earth— O
lone - - - ly, We have no friend on earth— O


Fa - ther, take us up to thee, For cheer-less is our hearth.
Fa - ther, take us up to thee, For cheer-less is our hearth.
Fa - ther, take us up to thee, For cheer-less is our hearth.

THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

(SEE PLATE.)

The readers of our volume will recall the graphic sketch of the first book of the Fairie Queene, by Professor Hart, under the title of the Story of Una. One of the incidents of the beautiful heroine's romantic history, was her visit to the Cave of Despair. The picture of the cave and its melancholy inmates, is one of the most masterly of the whole series, and in many of its features resembles the celestial strength and fire of Bunyan's delineation of a similar scene. The comparison of the two pictures, as well as of the style and force of genius of the two great poets—for Bunyan was a poet of the highest order—would form a beautiful and profitable study, which we may on some other occasion attempt. After the full account of the Poem on a preceding page, our plate will be sufficiently illustrated by quoting the particular passage, which our artist has chosen for his pencil:

Then gan the villein him to overcraw;
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him that had provokt God's ire.

But, when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne; but soone reliv'd againe
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; "Fie, fie, fainted hearted Knight,
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battaille, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire mouth dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne let divilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art!
Where justice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir Knight; arise and leave this cursed place."

BELISARIUS.

(SEE PLATE.)

The preceding engraving is from a picture by the celebrated Gerard, in the Louvre, and is founded upon the ancient tradition of the fate of Belisarius, whose history is of much interest, and has been rendered doubly attractive by the fiction of Marmontel. Belisarius was a general under Justinian I., and distinguished himself by many signal victories. The times in which he lived were troubled by much anarchy: conspiracies and assassinations were but common occurrences. He is described as having been very brave, commanding in person, and inflexible in purpose. His successes in arms excited against him the envy of other chiefs by whom his assassination was once attempted. Even Justinian himself became jealous of his fame. In 503, a conspiracy against the emperor was discovered, which Belisarius was falsely accused of participating in. Of his ultimate fate there are various accounts. Gibbon states that his life was spared, but that his wealth was confiscated, and he was placed in confinement. A tradition prevails that his eyes were put out, and that he traveled as a blind beggar, guided by a boy, and exclaiming, "Give a penny to Belisarius the general!" The artist has evidently worked upon some such tradition, and it would seem that the boy has set his foot upon a reptile which has stung him, and the blind Belisarius is now compelled to bear his helpless guide.

SPRING.

MUSIC OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY REV. ABSALOM PETERS, D.D.

In respect to the New Testament worship, singing is enjoined both by prophets and apostles. Isaiah, in numerous passages, predicts the coming of Christ's kingdom as an occasion of joy and singing; and the apostle Paul gives the following direction:—Col. iii., "Let the words of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, unto the Lord." To the Corinthians he says, "I will sing with the heart, and I will sing with the understanding also." And James enjoins, if any is merry, "Let him sing psalms."

In the music of the New Testament church, however, as well as in all the other ordinances of worship, there is less of external magnificence and display. The mode of its performance is not particularly enjoined; nor is it described. The first converts to Christianity being Jews, were accustomed to the music of the temple-service, and it is to be presumed that they followed the mode of singing there practiced. But they were poor and persecuted. They could not take with them the musical instruments of the temple into the "upper rooms" and retired places of their worship. From necessity, therefore, if not from choice, they used the simple melody of the voice in their hymns of praise. So Paul and Silas, in prison at midnight, "prayed and sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard them." And, at the solemn institution of the Lord's Supper, Christ himself sang a hymn with his disciples. This was, doubtless, the practice of the first Christians at all their religious meetings. They were led by the usages to which they had been accustomed, and by the various directions in their sacred books, to employ religious songs; and there can be no doubt that they continued to sing the psalms and hymns which are recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures. The Christian fathers bear testimony to the use of these sacred songs in the first century, and in churches planted by the apostles; and some of them were great admirers of the music of those early worshipers.

As to the manner of singing, in the early Christian assemblies, we are told that it was sometimes in solos, sometimes in alternations and responses, and sometimes there was a chorus of the whole assembly, who united in repeating short passages which had been before sung or read. In the fourth century, precentors, or leaders, were appointed in the churches, for the ordering of this part of worship. Singing-schools and choirs were introduced at still later dates. The organ, and other instruments of music, were added in the thirteenth century; and, since the Protestant Reformation, the science of music has been greatly improved. In our own times, sacred music has taken a high rank among the sciences and arts.

From all this it would appear that singing, in religious worship, is an ordinance of God, founded in the very nature of worship, as well as in the nature of man, and that it is of perpetual obligation. "Sing praises to God, sing praises," is a divine command. But as, in respect to prayer and preaching, the precise forms and modes are not enjoined, so the modes and styles of performance in the music of the churches are not prescribed. The use of the "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," which have been associated with the worship of the church in all ages, is incumbent on us as a duty. But our range is not restricted to the sacred songs recorded in Scripture. Piety is permitted to utter its praises, as well as its prayers, in new forms of words, answering to its varied thoughts and emotions; and, as to the modes of its utterance, we are allowed the liberty of every improvement attainable by man. Keeping ever in mind the sacredness of the themes, and the proprieties of time and place, there is room for the exercise of a cultivated taste in adapting our music to our songs.

The largest liberty, in this respect, is permitted. A whole congregation may unite in singing, guided by some commanding voice, provided it be done decently and in order, as becometh the house of God. Or a choir, trained and instructed in this service, may take the lead in its performance, and others may join their voices in lower tones, as they should always lift up their hearts in praise. The sweet and thrilling tones of the organ may be added, to regulate and sustain

voices of the choir, and thus give to this elevating and delightful part of religious worship its highest effect.

As to what may be expedient, in the way of arrangement and preparation, in particular congregations, history and experience are the best teachers. It seems, however, to be generally admitted, that the training of a choir to the ready and tasteful performance of the music of the sanctuary, by all suitable means, is the best way of keeping up and perpetuating the singing of a congregation, in a manner adapted to its ends. And they who can sing acceptably are in duty bound to take part in it, or to see that this is done. They owe it to each other and to the service of God in his house. A congregation cannot do its duty, as a worshiping assembly, while its singers shrink away from the place of their appropriate responsibilities.

There is another topic which is vital to the religious character of singing, as a part of worship. We are required to "sing praises with understanding." Religion, even in the ecstasies of its joy and praise, is not a matter of mere feeling. It is feeling associated with the cordial reception and belief of the truth. Singing, therefore, if it is to express and excite emotions truly religious and acceptable to God, must be a reasonable service. The music must be intelligible. It is not mere noise, nor the mere melody and harmony of sounds. It is a language, and is used in worship as meaning something. It must have a subject as well as an object. It must express some thought that is suited to awaken emotion.

This may be done, in some degree, by musical instruments, or, as Paul has it, by "things without life, giving sound, whether pipe or harp," provided there be "a distinction in the sounds," or the tones, to indicate the truth or the thing intended to be "piped or harped." But it is hardly to be expected that this should be done perfectly by any mere instrument, or by anything "without life." It seems necessary to the perfection of music in religious worship, that it should speak, in words, the thoughts and sentiments of worship. These being distinctly uttered and understood, both the singer and the hearer are prepared to feel the power of those tones of the voice, or of the organ, which are designed to express the emotions of souls awake and alive to the truth and the glory of God. This is what the apostle means by singing "with the heart" and "with the understanding also."

Our first preparation, then, for singing praises acceptably, must be found in our receiving the *truth in the love of it.* One may understand the science of music, and feel its thrill, without this. He may utter the sweet tones of "one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." His music may even be such as to edify others; but, without grace in his heart, he can make no "melody unto the Lord." Singers, therefore, should be believers. They should be attentive hearers and lovers of the truth. Then, when the words of our psalmody are given out from the desk, selected, as they usually are, to express sentiments in accordance with the teachings of the day, the thoughts of the choir would be full of the subject, and their emotions awake and ready to burst forth in tones, and measure, and emphasis, appropriate to the themes and the occasions of worship.

This is what singers ought to be; but high and stern as is the requirement, to sing with grace in the heart, it should deter none from entering the choir. If God has given them the power of music, they may as well utter its tones in the words of worship, as to hear them, while yet they refuse to repent and believe the Gospel. They should go forward, then, and give their voices to this service, if not their hearts, and there will be those who will pray for them the more, that they may feel the solemnity of the service, and be blessed, in its performance, with a new heart and a new spirit.

The subject of sacred music, indeed, commends itself to all. Many may not have studied the laws of harmony, nor accustomed themselves to practice on its rules. They may not have mastered the science of psalmody, but surely they may, if they will, feel something of its spirit and power. It is not the whole of our religion, but is a part of it, to praise God in songs. It is a most natural expression of the joy and peace that there is in believing; and many a converted man has been able to recognize his own experience in the heart-stirring words of the Psalmist,

> "My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
> And sung surprising grace."

It may be added, that the singing of praises to God will survive the conflicts of time, and live forever, with charity, or love, that "never faileth." It will constitute a much more prominent part of the worship of heaven than of earth. John heard the music. "And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps. And they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne." And again, he says, "I beheld and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten

thousand and thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

What a chorus of singers is that which fills heaven with its music! In comparison with it, how poor are our choral songs! What are Handel's "Messiah," and Haydn's "Creation," sung by a thousand voices,

> "While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,
> And hath begun its clouds of sound to cast
> Toward the empyreal heaven,
> As if the fretted roof were riven?"

What are all these to the orchestra and anthems of heaven,

> "Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
> Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly!"

Yet this is the worship and these the songs for which the psalmody of the church on earth is preparatory. Our singing, both in spirit and manner, should be such as shall best fit us to praise God forever with myriads of angels. It is a means adapted to an end, which is worthy of the aspirations of all men. Let any one reflect upon the Psalms which God has given us for this purpose, the power of their truth, and of the music in which they are sung in the churches, the number of languages into which they have been already translated, their influence on civilization, and the saving health which they have conveyed to the dark heathen, in all countries where the missionaries of the cross have taught them to "sing praises unto our King,"—let any one reflect upon all this, and he will have new impressions of the goodness of God to a sinful world.

> "Oh suffering earth, be thankful! Sternest clime
> And rudest age are subject to the thrill
> Of heaven-descended piety and song."

The time is approaching when this will be realized universally. Christ will have the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession, and "the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy." If, then, we would properly feel the influence of the song that shall hereafter thrill upon the tongue of all nations, we must have first the "heaven-descended piety." With our musical powers we must cultivate the affections of the heart. Never should we take part in the praises of God, either as singers or as hearers, without feeling that we are engaged in religious worship. We should sing, as we would pray, with reverence and adoration. Let our music be thus awed by the presence of the Deity; let it be animated by his love shed abroad in the heart; let us "sing praises with understanding," and

> "Our joys below it will improve,
> And antedate the bliss above."

THE SEASONS.

Rever'd old year! ye of the many seasons,
Whose each day lesson to the heedless world
Speaks of your God and theirs. Tell me the reasons
Of your ever-varying tone; yet, lesson one,
Say why the blooming Spring and June maturity
And calm and mellow-tinted Autumn,
Fairest of all, and richest in fair fruit,
Yields to the dreary Winter—each to die
Faded and sear, unmurmuringly mute,
And even wearing on their fading brow
The holy smile of Faith, the calm content
Which every true and trusting one shall know,—
Who, bending low, shall in obedience own
Our great, our holy God omnipotent.
A deep low voice came solemnly to me,
Whispering low—a great interpreter.
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—see
The history of life, writ to the world—
The parable of old mortality
Blazon'd to all,—the banner wide unfurled,
Whereon, in fadeless letters traced,
Stands forth the holy prophecy
Of life and death, and intermediate years,
And states, and thoughts, and tremblings God-placed,
And purifying sorrow, and salt tears,
To tutor men to live, that they may die.
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, death,
Youth, prime, maturity, decline, and death;
And ther [illegible] —er sun
Eternal, [illegible] eath, are done!

GLANCES THROUGH SCRIPTURE VISTAS.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

III.—MIRIAM THE PROPHETESS.

THE shrieks of terror and the groans of death had died away. Silence came down upon the rushing and mingling waves. Where a mighty host had ventured, in defying pride and wrath, rolled now the cold, calm waters, with nothing to tell of the terrible ruin beneath, save here and there a crimson scarf, or floating garment of purple, mocking the wreck beneath with a merry motion, as they glided brightly on.

With their faces turned toward the pillar of cloud, kneeling together, the Israelites sent up a mighty song of praise to the Lord God who had delivered them from their oppressors. In one loud burst of rejoicing music, the anthems of gladness swelled to the skies, and rang over the rolling waters. Beautiful was the song of the delivered nation—beautiful, touching, and sublime beyond any other earthly hymn. And when this song was finished, a woman took a timbrel in her hand, and going out before the multitude, answered the words of their rejoicing.

Fair was Miriam the Prophetess, and proud—glorious beyond all women, she stood before the Israelites, and sent rolling back to them an answer to their ringing praises.

Her black hair rippled to her feet, and waved upon the wind—her white arm shone as she lifted it aloft in the grand attitude so expressive of her prophetic inspiration—her lofty brow gleamed with a pale fire, and her dark eyes burnt their spiritual fervor upon the hearts of her hushed listeners. Rich and clear from her beautiful and quivering lips broke and swelled the exulting and unearthly melody, thrilling the multitude with its power, and raising their souls upon the wings of its inspiration, till they were lost in its ravishing fullness. It came over them like a revelation of the beauty of heaven—like a sense of the presence of the Almighty.

With an impulse, as the last eloquent words rang from her wild bosom, the women of Israel took up the sublime burden of the melody, and striking their timbrels with glad hands, circled to her side with graceful and rapt motions.

Henceforward, this beautiful prophetess, sacred sister of the two great brothers, Moses and Aaron, was to her wayward and afflicted nation an angel of beauty and peace—comforting despairing mothers, and counseling young virgins—a joy in the wilderness, and an example of patience and hope.

Strange! that into so great a spirit and so pure a bosom as this gifted and magnificent woman's, should come an evil passion, and find an abiding-place. Yet, beloved of her brothers, and reverenced of her nation, she looked upon the dark daughter of Egypt, wife of Moses' bosom, with a proud and angry eye. She hated the gentle-eyed creature, clinging to the meek and mighty man with such timid and graceful affection. The wrath of her proud heart was kindled against Moses; and, secretly, her wild ambition pleaded with her, that, in the downfall of her brother, was the promotion of her own glory. With a woman's witchery and a prophet's power, she won Aaron to her devices.

Calling together the congregation, he, with that winning eloquence of speech Moses was so destitute of, maddened the people against his brother. Miriam stood by his side; very beautiful still, yet how changed from the loftiness of inspiration! With a soft smile melting through her imperial dignity, she fascinated the crowd with the irresistible eloquence of her words and manner.

And the congregation murmured against the assumption of Moses, shouting the name of the false-hearted to the skies. Yet, even in that hour of pride and triumph, the voice of the Lord God summoned the three to his veiled presence before the tabernacle. A cloud enveloped the sacred place, and Aaron and Miriam were enveloped in its folds, trembling at the solemn reproof of the Almighty. And when this cloud dispersed, and the erring brother looked upon his fair and beautiful sister—alas! her proud and glorious loveliness!—where was it? Withered! withered! Changed to a foul and loathsome covering of disease!—Miriam was a leper!—the prophet-

ess! the inspired! the beloved of her people, was stricken and debased.

Then the beautiful mercy and love of Moses' character was displayed. The faithless sister, who had persecuted his gentle wife and raised a sedition against himself, was pitied and forgiven. With cries he supplicated the Lord God to have mercy upon her sin, and withdraw the punishment from her, that she might not be thus debased.

His prayer was heard. Miriam again stood before him, radiant in health and loveliness—yet, oh! how changed! There was a tenderness in her dark eyes, and a softness in her tremulous lip, and a meekness on her forehead, that was beautiful to see!

She took the kind hands of her meek and great brother, and kissing them humbly, bowed herself to the earth and wept freely.

The Dove at last nestled in her white bosom.

IV.—JEPHTHAH AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The army of Israel went out against the children of Ammon, and Jephthah was its leader. Terrible was this army with banners—resistless as the storms of ocean—glittering, grand, and fearful! The power of the Lord went with it; and its tramp was as if it trod upon the hearts of scorners! Woe unto the Ammonites! for Jephthah has vowed a vow to the Lord, and the spirit of the Lord is upon him, and the promises of victory are his!

Woe unto the cities of the Ammonites!—woe to the daughters of the cities!—woe to the mothers of children, and the prattling infants! Woe to the splendor of their land, for it is given into the hand of the mighty leader of the Israelites! The shadow of the wings of desolation brood over the nation, and its prophets cry, Alas! As whirlwinds of the south pass through, so comes it upon that land. As swift clouds scatter hail, so destruction was scattered upon that nation!

Onward—onward! like a swollen river rushed and roared the terrible army of the children of Israel. Fair cities rose before them, bright with the glory of wealth and pride—yet, when those armed men with banners and mighty array swept over them,—where were those cities and their vineyards round about? Where were the laughing maidens and the little children?—the temples, the wine-presses, and the gods?

There was smoke in the air, and blood upon the feet of the warriors:—and this was all of the Ammonites, and their daughters, and their cities, and their pride. With a face like iron, and a hand like a thunderbolt, Jephthah led his people over the necks of their enemies.

When the pale faces of young maidens looked up at him from the midst of the crimson carnage—when flying forms of youthful beauty perished before his eyes—when the death-shriek of innocent young lips smote his ear, did his heart tell him of the atonement that was to be made for this? None knew if it did. His face never blanched and his arm never trembled!

Twenty cities fell before him—the land was delivered into his hand—and Jephthah returned homeward to fulfill the vow he had sworn to the Lord of Battles, who had given him this great victory.

His army was in the streets of Mispeh. Women, and children, and old men thronged the doors. Shouts of triumph rent the air—banners waved and glittered in the breeze—the mighty man of valor was proclaimed leader of the Gileadites. But this was nothing to him now;—his eye was on his tented home, and his great soul was in his eye. His lips were pressed, and his breath labored, and his heart stood still. What would first come forth to meet him?—he was nearly in the shadow of the palm-tree waving before his tent. Perhaps God was very merciful, and would require no sacrifice!

At the moment of this thought, a burst of music sounded in his house, and a bright form bounded over the threshold. His beautiful and only daughter came to welcome him. With her dark hair streaming backward at the flying motion of her snowy and dancing feet—with her lovely arms wreathing with mystic grace to the sound of timbrels, played by the maidens who danced and sang behind her—with her crimson lips eagerly parted, and her young countenance radiant with joy—so beautiful—so very beautiful!—why did her hitherto fond parent thrust her thus rudely from him? *She*, the light of his tent and the lily of his garden, and the jewel of his heart!—the sweet maiden stood sorrowfully back with the quick tears thrilling her eyelids.

A groan of anguish burst over the white lips of her father, frightening the warm tears coldly back upon her heart. The stern Jephthah was mightily convulsed. His strong armor was rent by his maddened hands, and cast from him into the dust. The spectators stood trembling in the presence of his appalling agony. He smote his forehead with his burning palms, and, like lava from a great volcano, gushed the words of his sorrow over his quivering lips:—

"Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back."

Peace! oh, mighty Jephthah, let the waves of

thy anguish be stilled! Peace! wailing Mispeh! for seest thou not how the spiritual Dove flingeth a halo around the sweet temples of this fair sacrifice! The doomed and beautiful being folded her arms softly over her pale bosom, and raised her holy young face to heaven. Her soft, dark eyes floated in serene and solemn light—a radiance unearthly and inspired emanated from her fair brows. The stricken man looked upon her till he was almost comforted—so powerful was the influence of her resigned and sweet expression—so peaceful was the glory of her form.

The serpent who had laughed—ha!—ha! when the mighty man of valor bowed himself to the earth, and cast his helmet from him, and rent his armor—the serpent looked and quailed.

There was a presence that that terrible spirit could not endure—and he saw it now, floating and smiling around the young girl, and the triumph of his hideous laugh was turned to the shrinking of cowardly fear; he spit his venom upon the gay flowers blooming back of the rich tent of the leader; and writhing with disappointed hate, fled away from the sight of the pure magnificence guarding the fated maiden.

GENTLE SORROW.

Seek not to soothe me, sister dear—
  Leave me awhile to gentle sorrow;
From pride, or hate, this silent tear
  No taint of bitterness doth borrow.

There is a charm in kindly pain;
  The very heart that aches to bear it
Finds pensive pleasure in the chain,
  And loves, at last, to feel and wear it.

Love, meek, though faithful, can impart
  A sweet to every kindred feeling;
Love-born, the fond, bereaved one's smart,
  Enfolds the infant germ of healing.

To sickness and to grief belong
  A magic, blest and soul-refining,
That charms the heart, and holds it long,
  By silken spells around it twining.

By pain, or soft regrets chastis'd,
  The spirit's vision'd sense grows clearer;
And, sensual gauds and aims despis'd,
  The spirit-world seems strangely nearer.

Etherealized, and rapt, we gaze
  From pinnacles of thought, half dizzy,
On earth, and through a mystic haze,
  Her stirring crowds seem idly busy.

If night bring rest, we dreaming sleep—
  From sights celestial waking early;
And through our tears, if then we weep,
  Heaven's fading gates look bright and pearly.

We seem to live a double life,
  Like one in wakeful slumber walking;
Vacant we join earth's daily strife,
  The heart, meanwhile, with angels talking.

Above, the stream that all behold,
  Acts, words, a restless mingled torrent;
Below, o'er sands of priceless gold,
  Flows Meditation's under-current.

O, blessed school of kindly grief!
  O, blessed couch where pain doth languish!
There Hope grows stronger, and Belief,
  And Faith, and Love, in spite of anguish.

Health-life, Joy-life, are full of haste;
  We fail, 'mid changing occupation,
To mark the soul's best powers waste,
  Unfed by solemn contemplation.

Then do not soothe me, sister dear—
  Here let me muse in kindly sorrow;
Hush! seraph voices whisper near—
  Come to me, sister, on the morrow.

DAILY MIRACLES.

They lie beneath our feet, and the rude clown
Treads daily on them with his clouted shoon.

In an essay, remarkable at once for the originality of its views, and the practical good sense which it contains, John Foster recommends the propriety of every man writing memoirs of himself, not as an exercise of ingenuity—not as a means of drawing the world's regard—but to fix in a man's own mind a sense of the progress he has made in moral and intellectual ideas, to mark the change in his sensations which a prolonged experience of life produces, and to excite a feeling of gratitude for those many providential interpositions which the most careless observer can scarcely fail to recognize as exercised in his behalf.

Considered in this latter point of view, few processes of mind can be more interesting than this retrospect which a thoughtful person is apt to take at certain seasons of his past life. The trite observation, that man is the creature of circumstances, is in one sense strikingly illustrated; but in a higher and more important meaning, he will feel that

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Why he is in this position rather than in that, is to him a moral puzzle; and as he runs his memory along the thread of circumstances—many of which at the time appeared trifling and insignificant, but which are now discerned to have exercised a deep and important influence upon his fate—he cannot but feel that his destinies are in the hands of a higher power than his own will; and that, though far from being altogether powerless in the battle of life, he is acting under superior orders, mysteriously but unerringly conveyed to him; and that he cannot, if he would, separate his lot from that grand scheme of universal providence which binds in one the whole complicated, involved, and apparently irreconcilable interests of the universe.

Is such a survey of the past, calmly and reverently pursued, likely to conduct a man to the conclusion of sitting down in despair, or even of careless apathy, as if his destinies were in no sense in his own hands, or as if, a mere atom in the immensity of creation, no account were to be taken of him? By no means. It is more likely to elevate him in the sense of his own dignity, and to stimulate him to put forth more vigorous effort. True, he can neither foresee the future, nor control those elements that make it—the varied current of events in the present and the past; but while he feels that he is not self-sufficient, that he cannot separate himself from that mighty whole of which he is a part, his self-love may well be satisfied by the compensating thought, that of that whole he is no insignificant, no uncared-for portion. This is proved with the power of demonstration, by the fact of the care that is taken for his preservation, as well as by the influence, gentle as irresistible, with which he is impelled along the course of action. He is evidently no vulgar instrument in the hands of the universal Agent; for the motives which are addressed to his nature, mighty as they are, are seen only in their effects. So secretly, so softly, so delicately are they applied to the springs of his volition, that he is unconscious of their existence, and he moves with a freedom and an elasticity as complete as if the sources of his action were all his own. Neither dragged as an inanimate piece of matter, nor goaded like a wild beast, the influence exercised over him is aptly and felicitously described in Scripture as "the cords of love." In all cases his reason has full scope for action; and though he cannot see the important consequences which may hang upon his decision even in matters of comparatively insignificant moment, yet to the extent of its range he has full permission to go, as well as a course of duty laid down, kindly meant to assist his limited vision, and in adhering to which he is infallibly assured, that, whether for time or for eternity, "he that walketh uprightly walketh surely." He is thus not only comprehended in the incomprehensible schemes of a universal providence, but he is farther honored in being permitted in some humble but yet important degree to take an intelligent and rational part in their accomplishment. True, it is but little of their nature, a mere point in their extent, that he can discern; but he sees enough to satisfy him as to their general scope and design; and as he discerns these influences of

divine power ceaselessly but noiselessly at work, exerting themselves in him as well as everywhere around him, he feels himself impressed with the overwhelming thought that in this sense he is "a fellow-worker with God."

And not only is our observer sensible of the operations of a universal providence, in which he bears a part; he will also feel that along with this there is at the same time a providence particularly interested in his own behalf, as tender, as minute, as careful, as if there were no being in the universe but himself, no interests requiring attention but his own. It may safely be affirmed that there is no man living who has pursued the course and arrived at the position which on his first setting out in life he had proposed for himself. In every case some thwarting influence has been exerted, traversing his schemes, or pushing him beyond what he had designed; but whether in the one case or the other, forcing upon him the conclusion that his own strength or sagacity has had little to do with the position which he now occupies. He has been led gently but irresistibly along the course which he has come, often against his own will, seldom with the motives which actuated him at his first setting out; and the place he occupies, if he ever thought of it in the beginning of his course, has been reached by paths which he never would have voluntarily trod in.

But a retrospect of a man's life supplies food for farther reflection still. It is not only that the general course of events has been different from that which the man expected, or which he intended to bend to his will, though that alone might convince him that he is in higher hands than his own; but there are abundance of illustrations of the same general principle to be derived from particular incidents, with which the experience of every man will supply him. How often do we meet with cases where a man commences life with the most brilliant prospects, which he pursues with exemplary patience and unwavering perseverance, yet ever as he advances the gay scene seems to elude his grasp; gradually the clouds gather, the views darken, until at length the whole disappears like the illusion of a dream, and the individual, instead of basking in the prosperity which on reasonable grounds he had promised to himself, finds that he has to struggle against a succession of adverse circumstances, which drive him out of his course, and impel him into new scenes and different associations which he had never before contemplated, or thought of only to avoid! And yet it is usually found that, as he enters along this new and undesired path, its gloom gradually lightens and its ruggednesses smooth. The difficulties which he anticipated are found to diminish as he advances toward them, the scenes which looked so bare and bleak at a distance are found to bloom with unexpected beauty on a nearer approach, and in many cases it is experienced that the individual has attained a situation more advantageous for his interests and more suited for his powers than that which he first set forward to reach, and confidently counted upon attaining. Under any circumstances, he has attained that which is better than any worldly advantages—firmness of mind and resolution of will, nerves that are strung to encounter danger, and an equal soul that is not unduly depressed by adversity—such a discipline of the mind, induced by ungenial fortune, as is well described by our northern bard:

> "They gie the wit of age to youth,
> They let us ken oursel';
> They make us see the naked truth,
> The real guid and ill."

Or take another case. A man steadily pursuing his course, following on in the path of duty, is met by unexpected, and, as it seems at the time, by insuperable obstacles, which stretch across his line of vision like some Alpine chain, that frown upon his path and seem to forbid his approach; and yet, if he proceed, nothing daunted by these threatening obstacles, he usually finds that, in the very heart of them, a narrow path is found. Some pass through the hills, which, winding here and there, present a course, rugged indeed, steep and adverse, but yet such as will enable him to make way, and finally extricate him from the hindrances which at first seemed impenetrable. So common are these occurrences, so much is the history of every individual life made up of them, that we are too apt to pass them by as things of course. And yet can there be plainer indications of a divine guidance than these facilities of access, opened so unexpectedly, and always at the right time, afford to every thinking mind—indications so plain and marked, that the pillar of cloud and fire which led the chosen people in ancient days are hardly less miraculous? True, there is not the visible putting forth of the Almighty arm which so frequently signalizes the inspired records, but is it not as palpable and as decided? Miracles, indeed! To one who thinks aright of the course of man's history, the interference with the course of nature, as indicated by the parting of the Red Sea waves and the daily supply of manna, are but (to speak it with reverence) mere clumsy contrivances, compared with the higher and finer manifestation of power and wisdom which consists in so arranging the order of nature that its general rules

shall all be made to work for the good of individuals, and the immensely complicated concerns of individuals are cared for with the utmost precision and minuteness by the same instrumentality that guides and regulates the general welfare of the whole.

It is to be observed, too, that, whether in prosperity or in adversity, no man has any assurance that his position will be the same for any length of time. This is so obvious and so trite, that the ceaseless mutations of fortune have formed the theme of poets and moralists in all ages, and many are the complaints that have been issued by both of the instability of human affairs. We are not about to dispute the correctness of these complaints; but at the same time it is well to remark that, viewed in another light, this arrangement of Providence is another instance of the principle we are endeavoring to illustrate. For what is it but this, that God reserves man's affairs in his own hands, and deals out to him the incidents of his life only in the most minute particles at a time? The blessings that make man's life worth living for may be regarded as laid up in a vast treasury or storehouse, of which the keeper is God himself, and to him must man come for each and all of them. But it is worth notice, that he can carry away no more at each application than will serve him for the present time. Man may come as often as he will the oftener the more welcome — and he is never denied a supply; but yet, even in the most profuse distribution of these favors, there is this presiding economy observed, that nothing is given to him beyond that which is needful for the present demand. In this respect every man's life resembles the condition of the Israelites, when their supplies of food lasted only for a day, and every returning morning required a renewed supply. It is not intended to insinuate here that men are not sometimes favored with blessings more than they need for the present, or that opportunities never occur when a man may say, like him of old, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." Such an idea is of course contradicted at once by every man's experience; but, on the other hand, it will not be denied that such provision often proves illusory and disappears, so that, even while hoarded in earthly storehouses, the owner of them has in reality no certain possession. "Riches often make to themselves wings and fly away," or health fails, and with it the power of enjoying them; or, lastly, that dread event comes, which happened in the parable already referred to—"the soul is required" —and all earthly possessions are left behind.

This latter consideration reminds us, that uncertain as earthly possessions are held, the tenure of life is no surer. The possession of both, indeed, depend upon precisely the same security. We cannot call our blessings our own beyond the instant we are enjoying them; we have no hold upon life beyond the moment we retain it. Life and the means of living are dispensed together in the minutest particles, as if to impress us at once with a sense of our own dependence, and of the never-ceasing fullness, as well as the never-wearying care, of Him on whom we depend. In realizing this exquisite arrangement, at once bountiful to prodigality in the amount, while economical to niggardliness in the duration, the heart is left calm and humble in prosperity, brave and hoping in adversity, and in both freed from a load of cares with regard to its worldly interests, while it calmly and resolutely pursues its prescribed duty, so that it may enter into the language of the poet—

"Knowest thou yesterday, its care and sorrow?
Hast thou rightly weighed the duty of to-day?
Then fear not thou what clouds may lower to-morrow,
But humbly to thy God commit thy way."

THE HONEST HEART.

In the first bloom of life, when all things wear
The hue of novelty, and glad the soul,
O then 'tis sweet, unchained by any care,
To joy in Nature's gifts, without control.

But passing onward through the giddy maze
To worldly fame, with all her hopes and fears,
The simple charms that brightened former days,
Are parted from us with progressing years.

Did we in our maturer age retain
The freshness of the young, unfettered mind,
We should return with child-like glee again
To early pleasures, long since left behind.

Still some there be, who with a gentle love,
In virtue and in truth do act their part;
Content with simple, cheerful life to prove
That ever youthful is the honest heart.

THE MAIDEN'S BURIAL.

BY C. A. M. W.

An ancient village stood embowered in trees,
Majestic forest trees of noble growth;
While broad and clear a shining river rolled
Rejoicingly—and laved the village green.
The old church tower with ivy clothed
Looked down upon the quiet graves,
And close beside the orchard trees stretched forth
Their blossoming branches to adorn the scene—
Those fragile blossoms—delicate and pure—
Speaking in that most hallowed spot
Of spring—the soul's eternal spring.
There was a sadness in the scented air—
And on the gray, antique abodes,
The sunshine e'en assumed a mellower hue;
It was the sadness of unearthly peace—
That peace which speaketh to the memory
Of things departed—but no longer mourned,
And all resigned to the will of Heaven.
Yet doth resignation breathe agony?
I saw an open grave—and on a Sabbath morn
Entered the house of prayer,
Grand in its own simplicity.
The aged pastor, good and gracious man,
Casting a halo of devotion round.
A chaplet of white roses hung suspended
Above a seat where mourners knelt alone.
All purely white the coffin thence was borne
By tender maidens clad in snowy robes,
And lowered to its final resting-place;
When showers of violets cast into the grave
Perfumed the air—as this soft chant they sang:—

She is saying hallelujahs—in her far-off home of light,
She would not return again—tho' earthly lures were e'er so bright;
Mourn not for her—the young—the pure—cast the sweets upon her bed- -
Happy spirit! to her Saviour she in faith, in trust, hath fled,
Our gentle dove hath flown away to her native place of rest,
With her plumage all unruffled, to the mansions of the blest.
No sullied crest, no drooping wing, thus a rankling wound to hide,
On outspread wings, soaring high, she sought her Saviour's side!
Angels of the fair abodes, white shining bands of Heaven,
All rejoicing o'er the sister to their prayers and wishes given,
Guard the living, strew their path with sweet celestial flowers
Wreathed around God's holy Book, culled from ever-blooming bowers.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

About the year 1805, a young man might have been seen passing along the streets of London. You could have guessed he was a stranger, but one who had seen something of the world. He had neither a bagpipe, nor yet "the Scotch fiddle," and yet you could have affirmed him to be a Scotchman. His apparel was plain, and yet so neat and well-ordered, that he must have come from under the hand of a good mother, or a fond sister. His gait was so manly and strong, that he must have become so through the exercise of the athletic virtues of industry and temperance. And withal, his fine forehead and sparkling blue eye gave good promise of an enterprising disposition and a well-cultivated mind.

Such was Lewis Jay, as he passed along the streets of London early one morning. He aspired to be something, and yet *how* to accomplish his purpose was the question. His father was poor, and yet by hard labor had secured to his son the advantages of the village grammar-school, in which he left all his companions behind. He was prepared for the University, but how to lay down the price, when he was penniless, was a problem for which his mathematics furnished no solution. To enterprise and courage all things seem possible, and these qualities do not fail in straits, when mathematics despair. Had Lewis adopted counsel of the latter, it would have run somehow thus:—

Lewis Jay,

To Dame Education, Dr.

To *Fig Leaves* to hide nakedness, . .	£20
To *Husks* to meet famine, . . .	20
To the necessary *barking* of the University D. D.'s, otherwise called Dumb Dogs,	40
Total,	£80

Cr.

By a penniless father, ...	—
By a strong thirst for learning, ...	—
By an empty purse, ...	—
By a whole clan of poor kinsmen, . . .	—
Balance against Lewis Jay, . . .	£80

Received Payment.

The bill is unreceipted by the selfish Dame, and "Matthew Matics," as the Irishman called him, held down his head, looked wise, and told Lewis "he would do well to stay home like a good boy and work for his 'daily bread,' inasmuch as miracles do not usually happen to answer that part of the Lord's Prayer. As for a university education, he had *nothing* as an offset against some eighty formidable sterling pounds!"

The argument was plainly against Lewis, and his cold antagonist would have floored him, had he not adopted the truly womanly weapon,

> "If she will, she will, and if she won't, she won't,
> And so there's an end on't!"

and with a good-natured laugh, he exclaimed, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting!" "Ah, you frosty old disciple of that heathen god, Numbers, here you are at your old sins, taking the altitude of Providence with a theodolite, gauging Hope with a spirit-level, weighing Energy by the ton, and counting out the price of Youth in paltry bank bills! It won't do, you hoary skeptic, for I will show you that with all your infallible figures, you have spoken falsely; and so good-bye, 'Mr. Matthew Matics,' for I am off to London to put those commodities, which you have sneered at, in the market! A few years will tell whether I have overestimated their value, or you have been telling a mathematical lie."

One would not run great risk in endorsing for such a young man; for the old proverb says, "God helps the man who helps himself." Enclose such a man in a mountain of difficulties, like a toad in the heart of a rock, and he will forthwith show you that he is not a member of the toad fraternity, to sleep on till some fortunate powder blast blows the rock apart. No. He will *gnaw* through, if that is the only means left him. And as for those turning-points in life, those crises in destiny, he has a sort of prophetic sensitiveness to the oft-told words,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

He swings out from his moorings at the right moment, and reaches fortune, while his companions, less bold and decided, are left stranded high and dry, and never find another flood-tide.

We left Lewis Jay wandering along the streets of London. He had, by hard work, amassed a few pounds, and to make the most frugal outlay possible of his money, he had shouldered his knapsack and walked to London. It must be confessed that he had no very definite idea as to how he was going to make Providence, Hope, Energy, and Youth bring him in four thousand pounds, or even one pound.

Now I have no sort of means of learning what were the plans of Lewis, but of one thing I am well assured, that had some pussy millionaire at that moment wheezed out such a proposition as the imaginary one recorded above, that Lewis could not have given a more violent exclamation of surprise, than at what he actually saw. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the illusion was there still, in the shape of a huge polished plate on the door of a splendid mansion, on which was engraved the name,

LEWIS JAY.

He, for the first time in his life, doubted his eyes, unless some other sense should corroborate their testimony. And forthwith he mounted the steps and felt the name with his hand. There could be no mistake about it. It plainly was his own name, whether it belonged to him or not. Take care, friend Lewis! don't flinch; it is almost flood-tide; if you fail now, you may die digging ditches!

I suppose almost any one else would have exclaimed, under similar circumstances, "Didn't know there was another Lewis Jay in the world! Very strange now to find it here in the heart of London; well, I can't help it, it won't do me any good, so I will go on!" Now Lewis, who could silence "Matthew Matics," was not the man to be frightened at his own name, nor to miss the opportunity for "a scene." His hope made him cheerful, his energy made him go ahead, and his youth had the advantage of inexperience, so that he thought everybody would enjoy such a pleasant surprise as much as himself. If Mr. Lewis Jay, of Scotland, was so much startled to find his own name emblazoned on a door-plate in London, why should not Mr. Lewis Jay of London be as much startled to find such a worthy young Scotchman bearing *his* name?

Such were the pleasant reflections of the young *countryman, and* without waiting farther, he gave the bell a confident pull, although it is not unlikely he felt some little anxiety about the results. Presently a servant presented himself at the door and bowed respectfully.

"I believe I am not mistaken in this as the residence of Mr. Lewis Jay?"

"No, sir," replied the servant, "you are not mistaken."

"Is Mr. Jay within?" asked our friend again.

"Yes, sir, he is now at breakfast, but will soon be at liberty."

Immediately, Lewis, taking a card from his pocket, wrote on it as follows:

"Lewis Jay, of Scotland, passing, for the first time, along the streets of London, this morning, finds his own name on the door of your mansion, and feels a great desire to see the gentleman who bears that name."

Somewhat of a bold stroke that, Matthew Matics would have told Lewis, and probably have suggested the propriety of retiring before the answer should be forthcoming, lest some stout footman should attempt to kick him down the steps. But all such suggestions would have been wasted, for the brawny Scotchman looked able to grapple with the stoutest of them.

However, things did not reach that extremity, for a fine, benevolent-looking man quickly answered the card by his own presence, and having cast a rapid glance at the stranger, took him by the hand and greeted him heartily.

"Very glad to see you, Lewis: come in. I see you are a worthy and an enterprising man, and I shall be flattered with your company. You have not breakfasted yet, I hope? Come in to the dining-room, you will not be afraid to eat with a quiet bachelor! It was strange your finding your name on my door, and I am very much gratified to find so worthy a namesake."

And so the old gentleman talked, with great skill drawing Lewis into conversation; and he, on his part, put completely at his ease by the kindness of his host, entered heartily into the entertainment. So well had he acquitted himself, that before they arose from the table, Mr. Lewis Jay, of London, thought his namesake from Scotland the most pleasant of men, and Mr. Lewis Jay, of Scotland, thought he never had seen so noble a specimen of the genus man as his London namesake. He blessed his stars for his courage, not because he had any thought of pecuniary profit, but for the pleasure of conversing with such a man. If Lewis had any selfish thought about the matter, it extended no further than to the possibility that his new friend might put him in the way to acquire the means to complete his education.

After breakfast the old gentleman took Lewis through his house. The parlors were furnished with princely magnificence, and the suites of rooms were so ample and numerous, that he could have accommodated the retinue of a king. The walls were garnished with some of the costliest productions of Italian and Spanish artists and yet, so true an Englishman was he, that he did not even hint the possibility that these could be equal to some of the productions of Englishmen. One spacious hall was appropriated to a library, whose extent and variety would have honored a university. The longer they conversed the more Lewis admired his host, until at length, having spent two or three hours in viewing the paintings, library, and other notable things in the mansion, they reached a suite of rooms on the second floor which they had not yet entered. Here was the drawing-room, overlooking one of the finest streets in London, and connected with that a sleeping apartment, furnished with all the conveniences of which Lewis had not even dreamed. Here was a bathing-room, with its pipes for hot and cold water. A fine case of books was at hand; in fact, no convenience seemed wanting, and Lewis was expressing his admiration of the complete arrangements, when his attention was riveted by the very knapsack which he had carried on his back, and which he had left at the hotel, when he had started on his morning stroll! What could it mean!

"My young friend," said the elder Jay, "you will spend some time in London. I want your company, and while you stay these rooms are at your service. Come, now, no denial or apology; you asked me for a favor, which I granted, and now I demand a favor, which you must grant!"

It was useless to argue, and I suspect Lewis thought it, on the whole, a very judicious arrangement, and very submissively allowed the old man to have it all his own way. For several weeks things passed on in this fashion, and Mr. Jay carried his companion to see all the notable things in and about London. When the novelty of the situation had worn off, Lewis began to recur to the darling purpose which had brought him there, and at last he summoned courage to lay the matter before his friend.

"I am oppressed with obligations to you for your kindness," Lewis said one morning at the breakfast-table, "and wish I could repay them, but—"

"You can repay them by never mentioning them," interrupted Mr. Jay.

"But, sir, I am without money sufficient to complete my education, and I came to London in search of some employment by which I can accomplish that purpose."

"Well, what can you do, and then perhaps I can put you in a way to fulfill your wishes?"

"I am a good accountant, at least I flatter myself that I am" (for it must be admitted that Lewis had a comfortable share of self-complacency). "I think I could teach any branch of education preparatory to entering the University, and I am willing to do anything that is not base, to secure the completion of my studies."

"No doubt, no doubt," was the reply; "a raw Scotchman fresh from the grammar-school would do wonders as book-keeper for some one of our heavy firms!" This was said with no little drollery, so that Lewis himself laughed at his own sorry figure, although the speech cut off one of his favorite hopes.

"And then as for teaching in London, teachers are so thick that I do not believe you could get any scholars but beggars out of the streets; and the most of them would do well enough as subjects for your missionary zeal, but would not swell your income greatly!"

And Lewis laughed again, but not so cheerfully as before, for the case was beginning to get desperate.

"And as for our London high-bloods," continued Mr. Jay, with great gravity, "no doubt they would court your society, and beg you almost with tears to take the charge of their hopeful fledglings, who generally have more vanity than goodness, and more money than obedience. And especially when you were found out to be a Scotchman, who had dug ditches to get money to aid you in footing it to London, all your noble patrons would lay down the yellow sovereigns with great alacrity!"

By this time the elder Jay had worked himself into something of a glee, but the smiles of the younger were all dried up under these droll but business-like views of his mission. Again he showed the value of Hope, Energy, and Youth.

"Well, Mr. Jay, I acknowledge the justice of your pithy remarks, which have melted my golden dreams into thin air. They are gone, and now I must try something not quite so lofty. I must accomplish my object, and, Providence blessing me, I will."

"Very good and well expressed, namesake mine; but pray, let me have some insight into your plans now, for I assure you that if you could accomplish your dreams either as a clerk or a pedagogue in fifteen years, you would be more fortunate than the most who come to London."

This was said with real feeling, as if he were looking back over the hard struggles of his own

first years. By this time Lewis was like himself once more, and he replied,

"You ask me for my plans. Your kindness lays me under obligation to speak out all my mind. I can use a spade, and can cultivate a garden, I think, as well as the most. Perhaps I can get employment in that way. If not, I have a good strong body, which I will loan out to somebody who will pay for it. If that fails, I will become a ditch-digger again. Come what will, if Providence do not frown, I will find out my way to the strong box of fortune!"

His appearance was noble while he spoke his own fixed resolution in such energetic terms. The old man's eyes glistened with tears, and he came forward and warmly shook the hand of Lewis.

"Bravo, my boy! I admire that, and if you will act as well as you talk, I would insure your success for a farthing!"

"Can you give me any aid in securing a situation?" asked Lewis.

"Perhaps so," rejoined Mr. Jay, with eyes twinkling with a droll expression, which his companion could not understand: "perhaps so; what would you say to being my gardener?"

"Nothing would please me better."

"Ah, but let me think, I believe that office is filled, so I must offer you the next best. What would you say to aiding me here at home a few years, sometimes writing and sometimes settling accounts, and sometimes acting as my footman?"

"I am willing to do anything which is right, and if you, sir, will aid me to a way for my own efforts to secure my desire, I will not even regard the sneers of men, as to what is honorable or dishonorable. I will only ask is it right, and if my conscience affirms it, I will do it, though the whole world deride."

There shone the true man—apprehending and practicing the great aphorism of virtue—

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, for there the honor lies."

Again Mr. Jay shook the hand of Lewis warmly, with words of admiration. "My dear boy, I love you, I admire you, and I will befriend you. Could I have had the prospect of such a Lewis Jay as my own son, I would have hazarded marriage." And a shadow of sadness flitted across his fine face, for he felt himself alone with his millions.

"Well, well," said he, "I approve your courage, and will consider on it till to-morrow morning. I understand you to say you will enter my employ in any capacity which is virtuous, and which affords some reasonable prospect of obtaining means to complete your education?"

"That is just what I mean, and if you will bu aid me to such a way I will never forget to be grateful."

In all this Lewis had done and said nothing to be regretted. He had spoken modestly, but had not presumed to look for aid to the amount of a penny for which he did not render an equivalent. The most he now expected was such employment as should enable him in a few years to reach his high aim.

Imagine his surprise at the proposition of his new patron the next morning.

"Lewis, I love you, and know I am not deceived in you. I have thought over the matter, and have come to my determination. Now don't interrupt me. I will employ you and give you a salary of £800! and——"

"Mr. Jay! do not tantalize me!" exclaimed Lewis, astounded.

"I told you to check your impertinence, you incorrigible Scotchman! Perhaps my offer will be too hard to accept, so hold your tongue till you find out. I will give you £800 a year in quarterly payments, provided you accept my terms. You must promise to be very obedient, or the bargain shall not be binding. You must be *very* obedient to all my wishes, or I will send you packing to Scotland faster than you came to London!"

By this time Mr. Jay had sipped a cup of coffee, and smacking his lips, he proceeded.

"In the first place, Master Lewis, you must be a very good boy!"

This was said with such an air of mock gravity that Lewis burst into uncontrollable laughter, in which his friend presently joined. And the more he thought of laying such a condition on a full-grown Scotchman, the harder he laughed. At length he regained his composure, and wiping his eyes, he continued:

"You are a sooty fellow, and give very poor promise thus far, certainly. In the second place, you are to proceed to Edinburgh forthwith, and during the next three years you are to study for me with commendable diligence, in every pursuit, from a Hebrew crotchet to a mathematical absurdity. If you do not act as a nice, industrious young man, I shall discharge you from my service!"

"Mr. Jay, are you amusing yourself by exciting expectations not to be answered?" exclaimed Lewis, almost in an agony, lest it should prove to be only a dream.

"That depends on yourself. Do you accept? Say quick, for if you do, put this first instalment in your pocket. Here it is, £75, honestly told!" And forthwith the benevolent man forced the bills into the hand of Lewis, almost stupefied at the turn taken by his fortune.

"But stop, I have another condition, so hand me back that money, for I won't trust such a precious fellow a moment!" And Lewis handed it back mechanically, for he was so astonished as hardly to be a free agent.

"Thirdly, you are to come to London and spend your vacations all with me. Do you accept? Do not stand there staring at me as though you were crazy. Say, do you accept? If so, here is your money again, and remember that I am to foot the traveling and clothing bills!"

It was all reality, and at last Lewis recovered his speech and poured out his gratitude in no measured terms, in spite of the remonstrances of his generous patron. To make the story short, a few days installed Lewis at the University.

The years glided away rapidly with Lewis. He had so much principle that good fortune did not make him prodigal, but by his frugality he was able to assist his father greatly, even after defraying all necessary expenses at the University. His vacations, according to contract, were spent in London, and his generous namesake always welcomed him with a paternal love. He seemed bound up in the excellent young man he had befriended, and the more he did for him the more he loved to do.

Things were moving on in this way until the last of the three years was drawing to a close, when an express arrived, calling Lewis to London, to see his friend die. It was as though he had heard the same grievous tidings concerning his own father, and filled with sorrow for a great calamity, he posted off to London. Death had indeed called, and Lewis Jay, the elder, was preparing to obey. He gave his adopted son a feeble but cordial welcome.

"I have made provision for you to finish your education. You have been a dear friend. Never distrust Providence, Lewis, and never abandon God and you will prosper, even beyond your highest expectations. Farewell, God bless you."

And the good man died, leaving at least one sincere heart to mourn for him. As for anything more than means to finish his education, he had no thought, and as soon as the funeral of his friend was over he hurried back to Edinburgh. Before he left, however, Mr. Jay's solicitor said to Lewis, significantly, "At the close of your term, it is the written direction of your deceased patron that you return to London to assist in completing a favorite arrangement. Till then, farewell!" and the lawyer was off, without even hinting what that arrangement was.

In due time, the studies came to an honorable termination, and Lewis hastened to London. His patron's house was still open, and it was with extreme sadness he wandered through the rooms, which were cheerless in all their magnificence, without the presence of the good man who once graced and cheered them.

On the first afternoon of his arrival, the polite solicitor called with an ominous bundle of papers in his hand, and saluted Mr. Lewis Jay with great cordiality, which would have convinced a practiced observer that he regarded the young man before him a lucky fellow. After some preliminary flourishes, the solicitor began:

"Our deceased friend had a noble heart, and he esteemed you, Mr. Jay, very highly. In my hand I hold his last will and testament, in which he has made you sole heir to all his estate, real and personal, excepting some legacies specified."

"Impossible, incredible!" exclaimed Lewis, as if thunderstruck. "Let me see for myself what you repeat." And he read the words with his own eyes, until all doubt vanished. The solicitor then laid before him the vouchers for funded debts and real estate, amounting to several millions of pounds sterling. There was no doubt. The Scotch ditch-digger was one of the richest men in London.

That night, as the rich man wandered through his house, inspecting the paintings, library, furniture, he was observed to mutter. Now he would stop as if lost in profound thought, and then start as if waked to consciousness by some astounding occurrence. During that night he was up and down. He had no rest, and the servants shook their heads ominously and sadly, for they had learned to love the young man. At length the morning came. A violent ring of the bell brought his footman to him, when the following command was issued with great sternness:

"Peter, go tell the coachman to harness the one hundred black steeds to my coach, and have them at the door at 10 o'clock. I will ride to-day!"

"But, sir, there are only four black horses in the stables!"

"Begone, sirrah, and do your duty. Let me hear no more from you," ordered the excited Lewis.

Peter had hardly reached the servants' hall before there was another violent tug at the bell. As soon as the footman entered his room, Lewis Jay magisterially said,

"Peter, tell the cook to prepare a hundred breakfasts for me this morning. I am hungry, and will eat to-day."

Down went the astounded servant to assure his fellows that their master was "mad as a March hare," but he had no time to announce his message, when another vigorous demonstration at the

bell summoned him to his master's apartment. There sat the rich man, lolling in a great easy-chair, with as much importance as if the globe were his own.

"Peter, hurry over to Cut and Fit's in ——— Row, and order them to furnish me a hundred suits of broadcloth, and a hundred suits for presentations, for I will see the king to-day. I must have them all by 12 o'clock to-day. Be off, and stop staring!"

And down went Peter, hardly knowing which to do, to laugh or to cry at the lamentable, yet grotesque exhibition made. He had barely time to hurry a servant after the solicitor when the bell was jerked once more, and he hurried back to the room. The master waved his hand majestically as he said, "Peter, have a hundred regiments of my life-guards drawn up in full parade dress, for I am to meet my brother Napoleon, Emperor of the French, to-day, and I will be drawn thither by a hundred white horses! Hurry, Peter, and arrange the entire matter, so that England's monarch shall not be disparaged in this sublime meeting!"

Whether the next order would not have been for a hundred hippogriffs I cannot tell, for Peter was succeeded by Mr. Solicitor, who was stiffly, yet graciously bowed to as Prime Minister of England, and the monarch forthwith plunged into a sea of imaginary perplexities. Mr. Solicitor carried on the farce, and begging his majesty to grant him a moment's absence, he sent for a physician, and before the day was closed, Lewis Jay, just inheriting one of the finest fortunes in England, was occupying a room in the house of a physician celebrated for his treatment of the insane.

It was sad to see the once noble and sensible youth, whose excellencies won the admiration of all, a raving madman. Reason reeled under the press of good fortune, and now he gave way to every conceivable fancy of insanity. He even reached and occupied the throne of the Lord Jesus Christ, and issued the mandates of a God. Then he seemed sinking into hopeless idiocy. The contest was long and doubtful, but at length Providence smiled and Lewis Jay was again sane. His past good fortune he had forgotten. That lapse of time was only as a troubled dream which one cannot recall. No mention was made of it, and all possible associations with the painful subject avoided. Months passed, and yet Lewis was an invalid. At length he was sufficiently restored to be approached carefully on the subject of his inheritance, and his physician one day said to him,

"Mr. Jay, you lost a kind friend when your patron died."

At mention of that name Lewis wept. "A kind friend you may well say, for he unasked gave me money to complete my education. The day of his death was a sad one indeed to me."

"Mr. Jay, I think you are sufficiently recovered to walk out with me, and I wish to show you a neat little cottage near us."

And they examined a beautiful double cottage, around which flowers bloomed, and which was plainly furnished within. The physician continued:

"Your kind friend, before his death, bethought himself how nice a thing it would be for you to have a little property to start life with, and he ordered in his will that this should be given to you."

"Oh, how kind!" exclaimed Lewis; "he blessed me while he lived, and I am not forgotten when he is dead."

"And now, Mr. Jay, I would advise you, in view of your small income, for the present to live in one part of the cottage and rent the remainder, which will be enough to support you with the common necessaries of life. And then to take care of the grounds will afford you good exercise."

The physician wished to let him gradually to a knowledge of his great possessions, and took this judicious mode of beginning. Forthwith Lewis entered on his inheritance, feeling how happy his lot was to have such a home, where, perhaps, he might bring his parents to share his happiness. Thus things worked on for some months, and Lewis gradually was improving, when his friend the physician took him in his carriage to see another house.

And thus, by skillfully unfolding his fortune to him, Lewis was again introduced, a sane man, to the fortune left him. The discipline had been of service, since it prevented that inordinate ascendency of money over his mind, which it might otherwise have acquired. He was now a grateful and an humble man, as well as a rich one.

GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

(SEE PLATE.)

Of all the laborers in the literary vineyard there is scarcely one whose name has a more familiar, household sound than that of Oliver Goldsmith. His character is endeared to us as much by its innate goodness as by its amiable weaknesses. "The epithet," says Washington Irving, "so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'Poor Goldsmith!' speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue."

Goldsmith appears to us to have been the true type of an Irishman. The virtues and frailties of his countrymen distinguished him through life. He had the "happy knack of hoping;" the heedless charity, the thoughtless imprudence, the habit of blundering, for which Irishmen are proverbially famous. He was the descendant of a race who were little learned in lessons of worldly wisdom. The following sketch of his immediate ancestor, which Goldsmith has put into the mouth of the "Man in Black," is, we doubt not, true to the very life:—"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him." What wonder was it that from such a father poor Oliver should inherit some genial peculiarities and harmless eccentricities at which worldly wise men shook their heads!

When Oliver had attained the age of sixteen, on the 11th of June, 1745, he was entered as a "sizer," or "poor scholar," of Trinity College, Dublin.

When very young he had had a severe attack of small-pox, which had shockingly disfigured his originally not very handsome face; his figure was short, thick, and ungainly, and his manners awkward and embarrassed. His personal appearance was, therefore, anything but prepossessing, and, like many men of genius, he was an irregular and immethodical student. His college career was ultimately pronounced a "wretched failure." On the 27th of February he took his bachelor's degree and his final leave of the University, and returned home to his friends.

His father was now dead; his mother dwelt in a small cottage, "where she had to practice the severest frugality." His brother Henry, seven years his senior, but who had married early and improvidently, with a curacy of £40 a year, eked out a subsistence by school-keeping. None of his relatives could offer him more than a temporary home. What could Oliver do? His friends recommended the church; but the youth had conscientious scruples. These were, however, at length overruled, and he agreed to qualify himself for his sacred functions.

But when Goldsmith presented himself before the bishop of the diocese for ordination, his usual ill-luck attended him. Whether it was that the bishop was displeased at his unclerical costume—for, to do honor to the occasion, the ill-starred candidate had arrayed himself in scarlet inexpressibles—or that he showed himself deficient in theological information, or that reports of his academical irregularities had preceded him—too true it is, that he returned home rejected. After another brief interval, (during which Oliver officiated as tutor in a neighboring family, and, moreover, overcome by his wandering propensity, with thirty pounds in his pocket, made a ridiculous sally in quest of adventures,) his family again took counsel together, and it was resolved that he should make trial of the law. He accordingly started for Dublin, on his way to London, where he was to keep the usual terms common to Irish students; for which purpose his friends

had furnished him with £50. But he spent the money in Dublin—some say he was stripped of it in a gaming-house—and after a few weeks, penniless, dejected, disheartened, and penitent, trudged back to his friends. Physic was the next experiment. For the purpose of studying the healing art he set out for Edinburgh, and arrived there in the autumn of 1752. Having passed two winters at Edinburgh, Goldsmith made up his mind to finish his medical education on the Continent. After some of his usual mishaps, he made his way to Leyden, (his good-natured uncle, Contarine, providing the funds,) where he remained about a year; and attended the lectures of Gaubius on Chemistry, and Albinus on Anatomy. From Leyden he is supposed to have set out on his famous Continental tour, which he commenced in February, 1755, furnished, it has been said, "with one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea."

We shall not attempt to follow him in his wanderings. He passed an evening in the society of Voltaire at Paris; at Geneva he became traveling tutor to "a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker;" and at length, after a variety of adventures, returned to England in 1756. It seems quite true, that the greater part of his journey was performed on foot, and that he was often indebted to his flute for lodging and a meal. And the well-known lines in the "Traveler" are doubtless as *true* as they are expressive and beautiful:—

> "How often have I led thy sportive choir,
> With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
> Where shading elms along the margin grew,
> And freshened from the wave the Zephyr flew;
> And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
> But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dancer's skill,
> Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
> And dance forgetful of the noontide hour."

On his arrival in England, Goldsmith appears to have found himself worse off than whilst vagabondizing on the Continent. But poverty made him fertile in shifts and expedients. It is rumored that about this time he became a strolling player. Then he went to London; called at the apothecaries' shops, and asked for employment to run with their medicines, spread their plaisters, and, in the language of advertisements, make himself generally useful. Homeless and friendless, he wandered about the streets at night with a few halfpence in his pocket. "Ten or twelve years later," writes Mr. Forster, "Goldsmith startled a brilliant circle at Sir Joshua's, with an anecdote of 'When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane,' just as Napoleon, fifty years later, appalled the party of crowned heads at Dresden, with his story of, 'When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère!'" At last he became an usher in a school, a miserable, browbeaten, worried, and despised drudge; where he was "up early and late," and was the "laughing-stock of the boys." He soon quitted this wretched vocation, and was houseless and penniless again. In his dismal poverty he was found out by an Edinburgh fellow-student, who furnished him with funds to commence the practice of medicine, in a small way, among the poor in Bankside, Southwark.

He did not probably remain long in this situation. At Edinburgh he had formed an intimacy with the son of a Doctor Milner, who kept a large classical academy at Peckham; and young Milner, having found out his old acquaintance, made him a liberal offer to assist in the management of the school. He was here kindly treated, but his habits were not those of the pedagogue. The scholars entertained little respect for him; and, though he spent his money in buying them sweetmeats, played all sorts of tricks upon him. At the table of Dr. Milner, he frequently met with one Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review." Griffiths, a shrewd, hard man of business, saw that Goldsmith was clever and very poor, that he was just the animal for hack authorship, and might be had cheap. He accordingly offered him a permanent engagement as a contributor to the Review, with board and lodging, and a small fixed salary. Poor Oliver suffered the bookseller to make his own terms, and, "in his twenty-ninth year," in the words of Mr. Forster, "sat down to the precarious task-work of Author by Profession." This literary vassalage lasted five months. Even to poor spirit-broken Goldsmith it was too humiliating to be long endured. The connection with Griffiths was dissolved, but Oliver was now fairly embarked in the profession of authorship. He had become a bookseller's hack and a Grub-street scribe, and for many years to come, he was destined to the hardest species of garret-toil and mental drudgery.

We have hitherto traced his fortunes somewhat minutely; but we cannot pretend to follow him in every stage of his literary career. That career is now commemorated as one of the world's great facts. It commenced in poverty and obscurity, and terminated in triumph and celebrity. His privations at first were great, but his ultimate success was splendid.

Better days were in store for him. In March, 1759, he published his "Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and his reputation among the booksellers being now estab-

lished, and his circumstances continuing to improve, "about the middle of 1760," says Washington Irving, "he emerged from his dismal abode in Green Arbor Court, and took respectable apartments in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street."

It was here, on the 31st of May, 1761, he received his first visit from Dr. Samuel Johnson. The commencement of their acquaintance was most characteristic. Goldsmith had invited a large party to a literary supper, and he requested Dr. Percy, as a mutual friend, to bring Johnson with him to the repast. On calling for the great literary potentate, Dr. Percy was surprised at his extraordinary smartness, and could not help inquiring the reason of his paying such unwonted regard to his personal appearance. "Why, sir," replied Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

Goldsmith had long felt the want of a monitor and guide. His yielding, gentle nature needed support, and in his weakness he felt that it was good for him to lean in confidence and reliance on the strong-minded Englishman. The memorable scene depicted in our plate occurred one morning at Wine Office Court. The story is well known, and has been made the subject of a graphic painting by a modern artist. We cannot do better than give it in Dr. Johnson's own words. "I received one morning," he says, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel was the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the bookseller to whom it was sold was Mr. Francis Newbury. Strange to relate, the purchaser kept the manuscript by him more than a year and a half before he ventured to publish it. But the work was destined to an extensive and enduring popularity, of which the fortunate bookseller never dreamed. "It came out," says Washington Irving, "on the 27th of March, 1766; before the end of May a second edition was called for; in three months more a third; and so it went on, widening into a popularity that has never flagged. Rogers, the Nestor of British literature, whose refined purity of taste, and exquisite mental organization, rendered him eminently calculated to appreciate a work of the kind, declared that, of all the books which, through the fitful changes of three generations, he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' had alone continued as at first; and could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished." We shall not attempt to inquire into the secret of this wonderful popularity. It is enough to say, that the work has been a blessed instrument in disseminating principles of mercy, tolerance, and kindness. The loving disposition and winning gentleness of spirit which characterized its author shine forth in every page. Good predominant over evil is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labor, cheerful endeavor, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world, and of turning pain to noble uses. It is designed to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life are not of the superhuman sort; that they may coexist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities; and that in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their places assigned them, and their parts allotted them to play. Apart from its moral teachings, the "Vicar of Wakefield" is also valued as the most delightful picture of English domestic life in the language. All the tendernesses, virtues, and endearments of *home*—its pure enjoyments and tranquil pleasures, are beautifully set forth. It is a picture that could only have been drawn by one who himself deeply appreciated the ties of family affection.

Before the "Vicar of Wakefield," however, had made its appearance, Goldsmith established his reputation as a poet by the publication of the "Traveler." With many misgivings, on the part of its author, this charming poem was ushered into the world, and its success was most triumphant. His reputation was now too firmly es-

tablished to allow of further distress, and from this point is so well known that we need follow the narrative of his accomplished biographer no further. We consider Mr. Irving's sketch one of the most graceful and pleasing feats of literary biography to be found in the language.

There are few writers who have achieved a wider popularity, or who have exercised and maintained a more general and permanent influence on the English intellectual character than the author of the "Deserted Village." At every stage of life he is a friend and monitor. If, as his biographers have suggested, he was the author of "Goody Two Shoes," and other nursery rhymes published by his frequent employer, Mr. Francis Newbury—and there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that these drolleries, slight and trivial as they may appear, were really written by wise and thoughtful men—his sportive productions amuse our earliest infancy. His histories of England, Greece, and Rome, still form the basis of the historical knowledge communicated in hundreds of our schools; and if these histories are not remarkable for any deep research, their clear and lucid style admirably adapt them for the purposes of instruction. His selected essays, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Citizen of the World," are among the first volumes of English classics which, in youth and early manhood, are commended to our attention, and they never fail to leave a permanent impression on the mind. In maturer years they are recurred to with pleasure, and maxims and observations in daily use are taken from them. And when the meridian of life is passed, when the poetry of passion has lost its charm, and the mind is more readily attracted by sedate images and tranquil beauty, the "Deserted Village," and the "Traveler," are welcomed as favored friends, and referred to as models of all that is pure, correct, and good. To every stage and condition of life we maintain that Goldsmith has been a liberal benefactor. But, above all, he has left us the example of a life which, though defaced and deformed by many errors, was redeemed by so many virtues that we should be justified in rejoicing that he had lived even if he had not written a line.

THE FATA MORGANA.

Charles Mackay, in his "Voices from the Mountain," presents us with a very beautiful poem under the above title. He weaves a pleasing little romance out of the popular Calabrian belief in the "Fata Morgana;" and as many of our readers may have read the poem without a knowledge of the origin of the name it bears, we will present them with a short notice of the singular phenomenon which gives rise to the Italian superstition.

The "Fata Morgana" is one of those remarkable optical illusions which from time to time occur on certain sea-coasts, in consequence of some peculiar refractive power in the atmosphere. Ships at sea have often appeared to be near to mountains, capes, and tree-covered shores, when they really were not; and singular illusions of landscape and town have been seen mirrored in the ocean; the "Fata Morgana" is one of the latter, which is sometimes seen in the Bay of Reggio, and is hailed by the people with joyous clappings of the hands and shoutings of "Morgana, Morgana, Morgana, Fata Morgana." Fata Morgana means *fairy* Morgana, a supposed being, whom the inhabitants believe to have visited their bay for a short time. Reggio is a beautiful town, situated on the Straits of Messina, which divide Italy from Sicily. The town stands upon the shores of a sweet little bay, and around it are lovely gardens, and beautiful orange and melon groves. The blue waters of the faro, or strait, flow onward like a river, and beyond are seen the city of Messina and the sweet villages of Sicily. The phenomenon of the "Fata" referred to has been a subject of observation both to ancients and moderns, and the true cause of its appearance is still a subject of speculation. Brydone, in his tour through Sicily and Malta, describes the illusion as the result of some electrical agency, while at the same time he repudiates the theories advanced by native writers to the effect that the appearance was induced by some refractive or reflective power in the water of the straits, produced by whirls,

eddies, and vortexes. Brydone's own explanation is rather strained, and not very probable; the more likely cause is given by Antonio Minase, who had several times observed and studied the remarkable phenomenon.

The "Fata Morgana" is only seen at certain periods and under certain states of the atmosphere, and the following is Antonio's solution of the phenomenon. When the rising sun attains the point whence its ray of incidence forms an angle of about forty-five degrees on the Bay of Reggio, and when the smooth, bright surface of the water is undisturbed by either wind or current, if the spectator stands on an eminence of the city, with his back to the sun, and his face to the strait, he will suddenly see various objects, multiplied to a great extent, appear in the water. Pilasters, arches, castles, regular columns, lofty towers, and splendid palaces, with beautiful landscapes, alternating with hill and plain, and alive with flocks and herds, pass in all distinctness of form and beauty of color, like a panoramic pageant upon the surface of the sea, during the short period that the coincident causes already mentioned remain. If vapor hangs like a curtain upon the surface of the bay, the objects reflected from the sea, although not so distinctly, pass along this hazy sheet. If the air, however, be slightly hazy and opaque, and at the same time sufficiently full of dew to produce the iris, the phantasmagoria only appears upon the surface of the water, but then the objects are fringed by the prismatic colors. Antonio Minase describes the sea at the Messina Straits as presenting the appearance of a large inclined mirror. In the channel of this neck of the sea there are two alternate currents, which flow continuously six hours in one direction, and then contrariwise for another six hours. At the time when the change of current takes place from the one direction to the other, there are many eddies, whirls, and irregularities; and it is when this occurs in conjunction with the sun's incidentary being in the angle before mentioned, that the phenomena appear. These are, of course, natural objects on shore, reflected and multiplied in numberless forms and sizes. Brydone believed that the illusion was produced by the accumulation of electric vapors, germinated by the volcanoes in the contiguous country, and confined between two mountains, while at the same time this vapor was agitated by the impetuous whirling of the waters, and thus induced to reflect objects, and produce rapid changes in their aspect. Antonio Minase refers the aqueous phenomena to the more philosophical solar and tidal causes already referred to, but the aerial he attributes to the influence of saline and other effluvia suspended in the atmosphere. Various modifications of these ideas have been elaborated, and still the "Fata Morgana" is an object of wonderment and speculation. The Calabrian peasants, who do not much regard cold material laws as the solvents of their most beautiful appearances and fanciful illusions, look upon the "Fata Morgana" as the kingdom of a good fairy, whose palaces, and towers, and green woody lands appear in beautiful disorder in the bosom of the smooth, blue bay, or are hung like a system of radiant gossamers in the sun-lighted curtain of vapor which hangs upon the smooth, unruffled deep. The phenomenon only occurs at long intervals, and lasts but for a few seconds, but, leaving bright and vivid impressions behind it, it supplies the fanciful Calabrians with sufficient materials for a beautiful system of wondrous thought and fantastic fairy tales. The poetry of the visioned fable seems to delight the story-loving inhabitants of Reggio more than its philosophy, so that to this day the fairy influence and ideas maintain their ascendency over the Calabrian people regarding the "Fata Morgana."

THOUGHT.

What is the warrior's sword compared with thee?
A brittle reed against a giant's might!
What are the tyrant's countless hosts? as light
As chaff before the tempest! Though he be
Shut in with guards, and by the bended knee
Be-worshiped, like a God, thou still canst smite,
E'en then, with viewless arm, and from that height
Hurl him into the dust! for thou art free,
Boundless, omnipresent, like God, who gave
Thee for his crowning gift to man: and when
Thou work'st with thy best weapon, Truth's calm pen,
To punish and reform, exalt and save,
Thou canst combine in one the minds of men,
Which strength like that of God, united have!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A TEAR.

BY A NATURALIST.

Beautiful Tear! whether lingering upon the brink of the eyelid, or darting down the furrows of the care-worn cheek—thou art beautiful in thy simplicity—great because of thy modesty—strong from thy very weakness. Offspring of sorrow! who will not own thy claim to sympathy? who can resist thy eloquence? who can deny mercy when thou pleadest? Beautiful Tear!

Let us trace a tear to its source. The eye is the most attractive organ of animal bodies. It is placed in a bony socket, by which it is protected, and wherein it finds room to perform the motions requisite to its uses. The rays of light which transmit the images of external objects enter the pupil through the crystaline lens, and fall upon the retina, upon which, within the space represented by a sixpence, is formed, in all beauty and perfection, an exact image of many miles of landscape, every object displaying its proper color and true proportions—trees and lakes, hills and valleys, insects and flowers, all in true keeping, are there shown at once, and the impression produced thereby upon the filaments of the optic nerve causes a sensation which communicates to the mind the apparent qualities of the varied objects we behold.

That this wonderful faculty of vision may be uninterrupted, it is necessary that the transparent membrane which forms the external covering of the eye shall be kept moist and free from the contact of opaque substances. To supply the fluid which shall moisten and cleanse the eye, there is placed at the outer and upper part of the ball a small gland, which secretes the lachrymal fluid, and pours it out at the corner of the eye, whence, by the motion of the lids, it is equally spread over the surface, and thus moisture and clearness are at once secured.

When we incline to sleep, the eyes become comparatively bloodless and dull. The eyelids drop to shut out everything which might tend to arouse the slumbering senses. The secretion by the lachrymal glands is probably all but suspended, and the organs of sight participate in the general rest. When, after a long night's sleep, the eyelids first open, there is, therefore, a dullness of vision, arising probably from the dryness of the cornea: then occur the rapid motions of the eyelids, familiarly termed "winking"—sometimes instinctively aided by rubbing with the hands—and after a few moments the "windows" of the body have been properly cleansed and set in order, the eye adjusted to the quantity of light it must receive, and we are "awake" for the day, and may go forth to renew our acquaintance with the beauties of nature.

It is from the glands which supply this moisture that tears flow. Among physiologists it is well known that *emotions*—impressions upon the nervous system—exercise a powerful and immediate influence upon the secretions. As, for instance, the mere thought of some savory dish, or delicious fruit, or something acid—as the juice of the lemon—will excite an instant flow of the salivary fluid into the mouth. An *emotion* of the mind influences the lachrymal glands, which copiously secrete and pour forth the crystal drops, and these, as they appear upon the surface of the eye, we denominate *tears*.

A similar action, called forth by another kind of excitement, occurs when dust or other irritating substance comes in contact with the eye; the glands instantly secrete abundantly, and pouring the crystal fluid out upon the surface, the eye is protected from injury, and the offending substance is washed away. The feelings which excite excessive laughter or joy also stimulate this secretion—the eyes are said to "water." It is only when the crystal drop comes forth under the impulse of sorrow—thus speaking the anguish of the mind—that it can properly be called a *tear*. Hence its sacred character, and the sympathy which it seldom fails to create.

Every tear represents some indwelling sorrow preying upon the mind and eating out its peace. The tear comes forth to declare the inward struggle, and to plead a truce against further strife. How meet that the eye should be the seat of tears—where they cannot occur unobserved, but blending with the speaking beauty of the eye itself, must command attention and sympathy.

Whonever we behold a tear, let our kindliest sympathies awake—let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succor and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation, and the eyes of widows and orphans have been suffused with tears! Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant! A thousand other evils which we may conquer have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, *and each one determine never to excite a tear in another*—how pleasantly will fare mankind! Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard; and whether we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling, and all our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Let us go forth and find where is the dwelling-place of the spirit of beauty.

The beautiful, yes, the beautiful hath indeed its abode in this world of ours!—it lives not alone in the visions that come to us all bright with glorious shadowings, and resplendent with gorgeous colorings. There are scenes of beauty here, full of light, and lustrous as noon, though "unborrowed of the sun"—scenes which thrill the soul and inspire it with love of the godlike. They are hallowed of heaven—all radiant with hope, and clothed with perpetual gladness! And where, indeed, doth dwell the Beautiful, and who hath found her home among the sons of men?

We have searched through the palaces of greatness—we have gazed upon the purple of princes—we have beheld the glitter of monarchs' crowns—looked on the magic creations of the pencil's power—witnessed the out-births of life-like beings from lifeless marble—surveyed the sky above and earth beneath; and, all along, invoked the Beautiful to come forth from her sanctuary, if it be among the palaces of men—the folds of purple—the tiaras of kings—the works of art—or the arcana of nature. A response hath, indeed, been given to our call; but its voice, though sweet and melodious, flows not from lips that are holy;—it was an utterance from the tongue of the earth-born beautiful!

We sought again for the abode of *the* beautiful;—we went not among palaces nor princes; we looked not upon royal robes and diadems; and consulted not the oracles of art and of nature. We found, at length, its temple—we *felt* the presence of its divinity; that temple is the humble and contrite HEART—the spirit that dwells there, is the Beauty of Holiness!

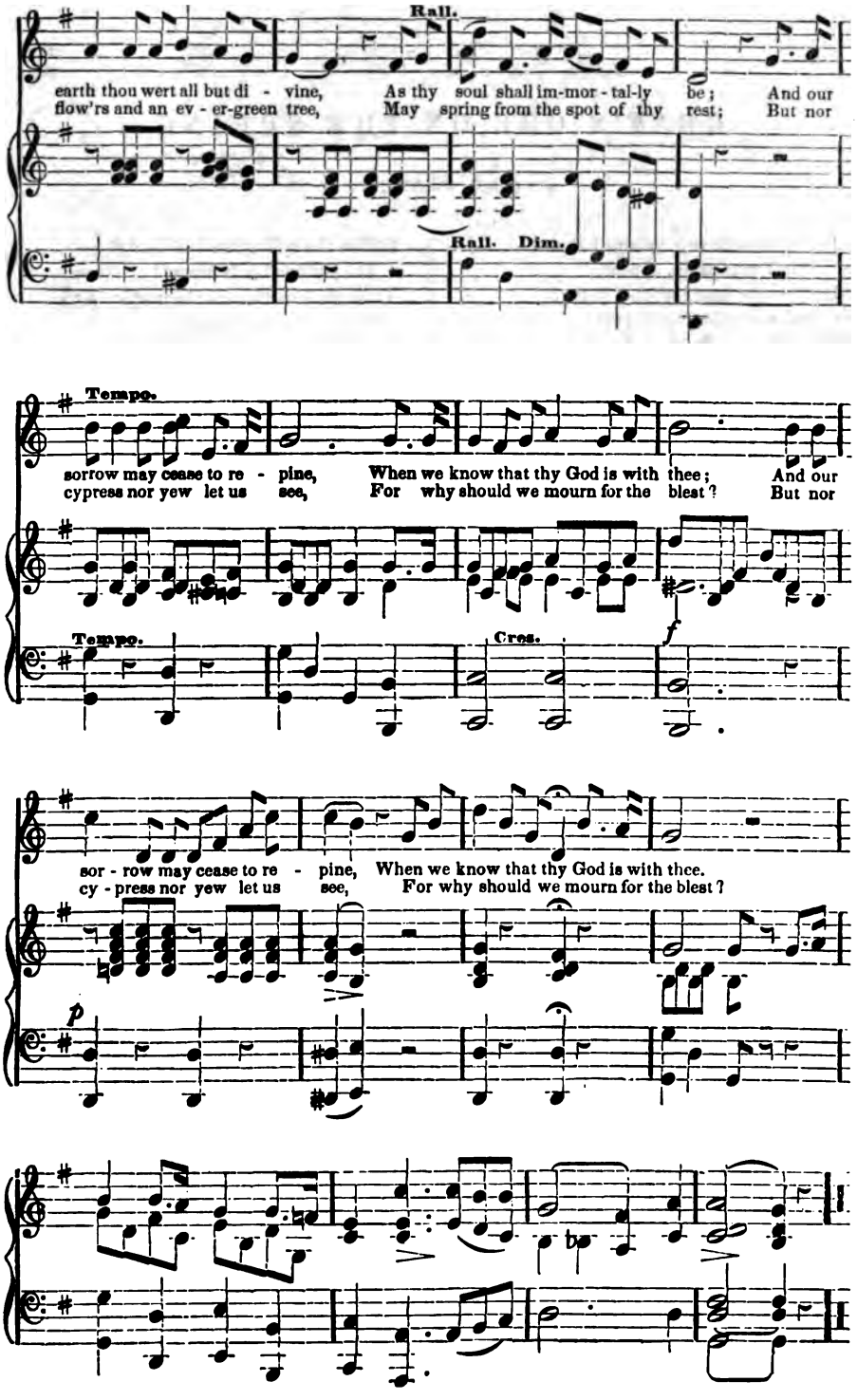
BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

POETRY BY LORD BYRON. MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

Andante con Espressione.

1. Bright be the place of thy soul! No love - li - er spirit than thine E'er burst from its mor-tal con - trol, In the orbs of the blessed to shine. On
2. Light be the turf of thy tomb— May its ver - dure like emeralds be! There should not be the shadow of gloom, In aught that reminds us of thee. Young

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.



GRAY'S ODE ON THE SPRING.

(SEE PLATE.)

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude or moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose!
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors dressed;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

A FATHER'S VISIT TO THE NURSERY.

Silence of slumber, how profound,
Save breathings from each shrouded bed!
The place to me is holy ground,
A sepulchre of living-dead.
The fire's lone flick'ring flame is shed
O'er each pale face, that sees reveal'd
A loveliness from daylight hid—
The radiant realms of bliss unveil'd.

As the archangel, veiling, bends
Before the uncreated Light,
So here, each fringéd eyelid lends
A shade to glory, all too bright
For mortal eye. Oh, solemn sight!
To gaze on those who gaze on heaven—
To feel as if a parent's right
Had ceased, and all to God been given.

No consciousness my presence brings:
All, saint-like, resting on their bed—
The group that in the day-time springs
Around a father, fond and glad:
The myst'ry makes my spirit sad,
Unnoticed, unsaluted, lorn;
The scene might drive a parent mad,
But for the thought of merry morn.

Cheer'd by this hope, I calmly now
Can walk around from bier to bier,
And read upon each marble brow
The innocence engraven there.
Sleep on, sleep on, my children dear!
Still may these dreams of bliss be given,
And after all your slumbers here,
May your awak'ning be in heaven!

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